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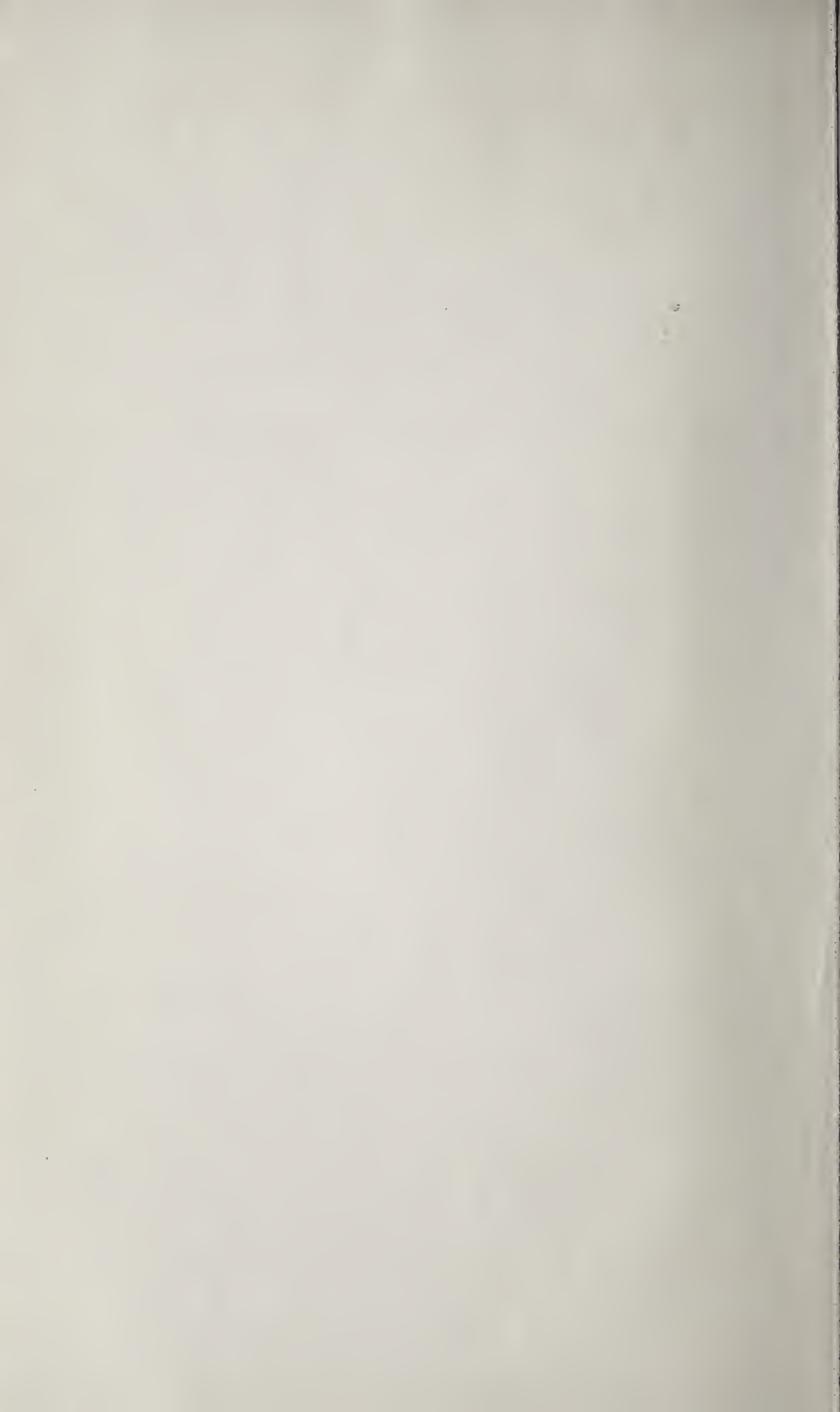


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Long Ago And Far Away

Being An Account Of The Life And Times Of

JOHN WILLARD BOLTE

Eldest Surviving Child Of Charles Guy Bolte And

Jessie (Willard) Bolte. Done In The City Of

Indianapolis, Indiana, In The Year A. D.

1934, In The Fiftieth Year Of His

Age, For The Benefit And

Instruction Of His Un-

born Descendants.



Printed In Indianapolis, Indiana, 1962



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: The Publication Of These
Memoirs Was Made Possible Through The Generosity
Of Anne Louise (Bass) Bolte, Beloved Wife Of The
Author And His Second Cousin In The Willard Line
Of Descent.

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**THE AUTHOR IN 1935, WHEN THESE
MEMOIRS WERE COMPLETED**

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FOREWORD

My only excuse for writing this rambling and possibly incoherent and probably uninteresting record is the fact that I wish that each one of my grandfathers had left a similar record of his life and times for me to read. And since I feel that way about it, my belief is that at least some few of my descendants may also be interested in knowing something about me — or at least something about the things that happened and changes that came and thoughts that were thought during my brief period on this earth.

The idea of writing this record has been, shall I say, rattling around in my mind for a number of years. But I am certain that nothing would have come of it had it not been for two things that recently occurred in my life — a book, and a visit.

Some months ago I came into possession of a book which, so far as I know, contains the only permanent thoughts of any single one of my millions of ancestors. The sole exception to this is the last will and testament of Richard Willard of Horsmonden in Kent, England, who was the father of Major Simon Willard — who came to the British Colony Of Massachusetts Bay in 1634 and founded my branch of the Willard family in America.

The book which I mentioned was published in 1726, and the following reproduction of its title page will give you a reasonably vivid idea of its general character:

A Compleat
BODY OF DIVINITY
in
Two Hundred and Fifty
EXPOSITORY LECTURES
ON THE
Affembly's Shorter Catechism
WHEREIN

The DOCTRINES of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION are unfolded, their TRUTH confirm'd, their EXCELLENCE difplay'd, their UFEFULLNEFF improv'd; contrary Errors and Vices Refut'd and Exposed, Objections Anfwer'd, Controversies Fettle'd, cafes of Conscience resolv'd, and a Great Light thereby reflect'd on the Prefent Age.

By the REVERENT & LEARNED
SAMUEL WILLARD M. A.

Late Paftor of the South Church in Boston and Vice President
of Harvard College in Cambridge, in NEW-ENGLAND.

BOSTON in NEW-ENGLAND
Printed by B. GREEN and S. KNEELAND for B. ELLIOT and
D. HENCHMAN, and sold at their shops.
MDCCXXVI

This Reverent & Learned Mr. Samuel Willard M. A. was my grandfather's grandfather's grandfather's grandfather. He was a son of that Simon Willard previously referred to — and the first of the family to be born in the New World. He was born in 1640 — and he died in 1707, in the 67th year of his life, full of honor and good works — for was he not twice President of Harvard College and Pastor of the Old South Church for thirty years. He was also full of that comfort and satisfaction which comes to the man who knows exactly how God wants man to act and to speak and to think.

No one who reads Grandfather Samuel's "Compleat Body of Divinity" can entertain the slightest doubt of the fact that the Reverend Mr. Samuel Willard entertained no doubts whatever.

Starting on page 1 with a discourse entitled "The Chief End of Man is the Glory of God," he continued for nine hundred and fifteen pages to instruct the faithful — and so authoritative were his instructions that the reverend gentleman who preached for some three or four hours at his funeral service finally wound up by declaring that the taking away of this great leader was proof that God was angry with the congregation and that it behooved them to search their souls and make their peace with God before worse should befall them.

I am convinced that I would not have liked Grandfather Samuel Willard. For one thing, he was altogether too sure of himself; and, for another thing, he lived and preached in a day when the preacher could have you fined or exposed in the stocks if you failed to attend church or used profanity or went fishing on Sunday. Not only that, but I am convinced by reading a few of his sermons (and even more by looking at his granite countenance) that he would not have hesitated to put me in the stocks.

And now for the visit which I mentioned. This spring, early in June, 1934, I stood in a grave-yard on top of a lovely hill in the little town of Wilton in Maine, and gazed upon the gravestone of my great-grandfather, John Haven Willard. On either side of him were the gravestones of his two wives, Eliza and Beede. And to the right of the line was a somewhat newer black slate stone marking the grave of my great-great-grandmother, Olive Willard, and carrying the simple inscription that she was the "relict of the Reverend Joseph Willard of Lancaster, N. H."

As I stood there, feeling, I confess, much inclined to adopt the Chinese custom of burning a bit of incense in honor of the memory of these men and women who had gone before me, it suddenly came to me that I wished that they had left me a message — that they had found some way to pass on to me at least some small portion of the accumulated experience and wisdom that they had gleaned from life — for they certainly must have been

wiser than I am. And it then occurred to me that it was not yet too late for me to do that very thing for those of my blood who might come after me — and that I had better be about it before I ran out of years. Hence this record.

Not that I deceive myself into thinking that I would have paid the slightest attention to any advice that they might have left behind, any more than I think that my present reader will pay any attention to my advice if I should be sufficiently fatuous to attempt to give advice to the unborn. My own experience with the nine hundred odd pages of advice in the Rev. Samuel Willard's book is sufficient evidence. For I not only find it almost impossible to understand, but I am advised by my friends of the clergy that his ideas on religion are by now so antediluvian that it is almost impossible for a minister of his own church to understand them.

How much more interesting and useful it would have been if Grandfather Samuel had taken those pages to tell his descendants how men lived and what changes took place and what they thought about the things that happened when they were preaching and teaching and working and loving and living and dying in those cool green hills and valleys so long ago.

I am of the ninth generation of the Willard family to be born in America, for Grandfather Samuel was the first and his father was born in England. The most simple mathematical calculation develops the fact that I had four grandparents in the seventh generation — eight in the sixth generation — sixteen in the fifth generation — thirty-two in the fourth generation — sixty-four in the third — one hundred and twenty-eight in the second — and no less than two hundred and fifty-six grandfathers and grandmothers in the first generation. Here is a total, then, of five hundred and eight grandparents. And so far as I am concerned they are practically a total loss to me. I never saw but three of them. I am unable to discover the names of more than a dozen or so. I do not know where they lived or where and when they died. The work they did and the property they left has long since vanished. It is as though they had never lived at all. But the greatest loss to me lies in the fact that nobody can ever know what they thought.

It is my intention to attempt to repair this loss — to fill this gap — so far as possible, and I hope that I will be able to do a reasonably fair job for the period covered by the last one hundred and seventeen years. For my grandfather—Alonzo Joseph Willard — was born in 1817 in the town of Lancaster, New Hampshire; grew to early manhood in Wilton, Maine; pioneered his way west to Chicago in 1839; and I was born in his home in that city in 1884 and lived in close daily contact with him for nineteen years. For he lived to be eighty-seven years old and then passed away

peacefully — my hand in his, and the picture of his beloved wife, Laura Ann Walter, of Goshen, Connecticut, beside him on the pillow. He had lived a full and useful life and he was ready to go, for he had outlived his generation — his wife had preceded him by ten years — and as his giant frame and sturdy constitution carried him on, year after year, with never a day of illness, he had the feeling that God had forgotten him.



GRANDFATHER WILLARD

If I had to depend upon this grandfather for a picture of his life and times, his eighty-seven years would have been as complete a loss as are the years of his most distant forefathers. For he was a silent man during the nineteen years that he formed a part of my daily life. He had no patience with his grandchildren and no visible interest in them. He arose in the morning, struggled into a pair of high boots — the kind that required a boot-jack to get them off at night — struggled still more vigorously with what he called a “fried” shirt, having huge, round, detachable cuffs and a black string tie — stumped his way downstairs to the dining room — and breakfast had better be ready when he got there because he immediately sat down in his accustomed chair and reached for the cream pitcher. Winter and summer, his first breakfast course was an ample bowl of oatmeal, upon which he invariably poured slightly more than one-half of the visible supply of cream, to the great distress of his four grandchildren. Some day, we were convinced, grandfather would forget to stop pouring and there would be no cream for the rest of us.

Then came the morning paper, and then he went to town. When I first knew him he went to the Washington Ice Company offices in Chicago, for he was one of the founders, and eventually president, of the second oldest ice company in that city. Later, after it was sold to the Consumers Company, he spent his days at the Chicago Chess Club, where he played chess and checkers and cribbage and casino with a group of old-timers like Fernando Jones, and read the rest of the Republican papers and took a nap in his chair and finally came home for dinner. At dinner he had nothing to say. And after dinner there was a standard routine. First he read the newspapers, from the northwest corner of the front page to the southeast corner of the back page. During this process he sat in his own great arm chair — which is now my great arm chair. Nobody dared sit down in that chair when grandfather was in the house. If, by chance, it should be occupied when he was ready to use it, he simply stood in front of the occupant and glared in silence. I have seen him do it to total strangers, and it always worked. I am not always so successful in glaring people out of my chair, possibly because I am not such a firm glarer. Grandfather’s glare was especially effective because he was two inches over six feet and he had a great reddish beard and the kind of eyebrows that stick out straight in front for nearly an inch, like a toothbrush.

He wore what he called "specks" when I first knew him, but his eyes changed and for his last ten years he read without glasses — read rather slowly and with a silent moving of the lips at times. And when the reading was done he was ready to play cards and someone had to play with him. Usually it was his daughter — my mother. If she was not available my reluctant father was the victim. They played cribbage until nine o'clock and then he went to bed. He was an irascible cribbage player. It did not annoy him to be defeated, but delay in playing and in counting irritated him. He used to say "play one card and look at the rest of them" — and how often I have wished to use the same phrase in playing bridge. The family is not as tough as it once was, I fear. And I can still — after thirty-one years — hear him bark, "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, fifteen-six and a pair is eight. What's the matter? Can't you see them?"

Occasionally grandfather found himself without an opponent for the evening cribbage game, and then I was elected to play casino with him. He hated that petty game and constantly attempted to make me learn to play cribbage. But even at that tender age I was too wary to get caught in that trap, for if I showed that I had the slightest idea of the game I well knew who would be elected for the evening sacrifice. My father, also, would have been only too glad to plead ignorance, but in his case the damage was done. For he had been courting my mother since they were both twelve years old and one of his methods of ingratiating himself with her family was to play cribbage with Grandfather Willard when he went to call upon the daughter.

Grandfather Willard, as I have indicated, was of no help to me in gaining information about his life and times. He kept his mouth shut. But since I knew him for so many years, and since I also knew the town where he was brought up and the town where he spent all of his years of manhood, he is a useful link with the past.



WILTON

I visited Wilton, Maine, in the middle nineties of the last century, and from that visit I was able to secure a very vivid picture of how people lived when this grandfather was a boy in that community. For practically all of the houses that grandfather knew were still standing and still occupied. Not only that, but many of them were exactly the same, in most respects, as they had been when he knew them — and often the same families were living in them.

Lovers of old New England know these houses full well, for they are standing today. Small-paned windows. Center halls. Large rooms with low ceilings. Planks and beams that were shaped and finished by hand. Shingles that were split by hand. Inner doors with latches instead of knobs. Sloping floors and sway-backed roofs. Great kitchens where the family life centered. Hand-made furniture. A cradle in every house and a trundle bed under the four-poster. Pieced quilts stuffed with wool off your own sheep. Feather beds or wool pallets over the cords or slats. Back of the house, and attached to it — a woodshed — and attached to the woodshed a barn — for the snows came deep enough to cover the tops of the stone walls and it saved much shoveling if a man could get to the barn without going outdoors.

Wood was the only fuel, and the men spent the winter months cutting wood and hauling it in on bob-sleds pulled by great yokes of oxen — usually Devons. There were horses in Wilton in grandfather's day — but most of the farm work and the heavy hauling was done by oxen — and that was still true to a considerable extent, especially in the back country, when I first saw Wilton. Nobody was in much of a hurry, and oxen were cheaper to feed than horses and much better for plowing those rocky fields — fields where the frost brought a new crop of rocks to the surface of the soil each year. Oxen will stop when the plow strikes a rock or stump, while horses are quite likely to plunge and break up what the Yankees call their "riggin."

Sixty years had passed between the time when grandfather left Wilton and the time I saw it first. But I went to school there for a month or two — in a school that might well have been, and possibly was, the same school that he attended in the winter months. And I was taught exactly the same subjects, in exactly the same way. Reading and writing and arithmetic and spelling

and grammar and geography and history. Only the books and the teacher were different. The room was heated with a better stove, but it still burned wood which the big boys brought in with much racket. We did not sit in rows on backless benches, but we sat two or three in a seat — and we sat there from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. There was no longer a tall stool and a dunce cap, but the teacher did not hesitate to lick the boys who deserved it. He licked them with a hickory pointer — or smacked the palm of the hand with a ruler. The outdoor toilets were decorated with the initials and pornographic art and literature of bygone generations. And in the corner of the room was the pail of drinking water with its rusty tin cup.

I do not know what books grandfather studied, but I own the geography which his wife studied when she was a girl in Goshen, Connecticut, and since she was born at about the same time it is quite possible that he studied the same book.



The title of this book reads thus:

A
RHYMING GEOGRAPHY;
OR, A
POETIC DESCRIPTION
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, &c.



BY VICTORIANUS CLARK



HARTFORD
PRINTED BY PETER B. GLEASON & CO.

1819

I propose to quote certain passages from this book at length, both because it presents a vivid and often unconsciously humorous picture of the United States of those days, and because it likewise gives us an intimate insight into the typical mental attitude of the early New Englander.

In his preface the author explains that he wrote his geography in rhyme because of the proven fact that it is much easier to remember facts that are set to rhyme. And the following plaint has a most familiar sound to the school teachers of today:

“The importance of Geography demands that the scholar should receive every assistance, of which its nature will admit. The grand obstacle in the way of becoming a master of this science, consists not in the labour which is required to commit the facts to memory, but in the difficulty of retaining them in the mind after they have been committed. Thus the Scholar who has spent a year in the study of Geography, after the lapse of a few months, retains no ideas but those which are of the most general nature. . . . Indeed, scholars ordinarily forget much of one lesson, while they are committing another . . .”

For this reason our author wrote his book in a series of rhymes, and if they fail to scan or to rhyme, the failure must not be attributed to lack of effort but rather to the unfortunate character of the names of many towns and rivers. Incidentally, it should be noted that at this time there was considerable agitation to abandon the unwieldy title of “United States of America” and change the name of this country to “Fredonia” — hence this author frequently used the latter name, it being much better suited to the hand of the poet.

While the book is small, I find it impossible to do more than browse through its fascinating pages and select therefrom those passages which most intrigue me. First he gives us a list of the grand divisions of the United States as they existed in 1819.

“NEW-ENGLAND

Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, and the District of Maine (which belong to Massachusetts).

MIDDLE STATES

New-York, New-Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and the Michigan Territory (which included both upper and lower Michigan and all of what is now Wisconsin).

SOUTHERN STATES

Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and the District of Columbia.”

The last section of the country was listed as Louisiana — recently purchased from the French and almost totally unexplored by Americans.

The author, a staunch adherent of the then dominant religious sect, has this to say about the religions of the United States:

RELIGION

“Here law establishes no creed
But sects to differ are agreed
Most men throughout the four divisions
May be denominated Christians
The Congregationalists are
The sect most numerous by far.”

POPULATION

“These states within their wide domain
About nine million souls contain.”

MILITIA

“As standing troops have ever broke
Republics to the tyrant’s yoke
A brave militia train’d to arms
Protects this country from alarms.”

LANGUAGE

“The English tongue predominates
Unrivall’d through these federal states
Yet other languages there are
French, Dutch and German, here and there
But these will shortly be unknown
And English will be us’d alone.”

COLLEGES

“Of colleges the first of all
Are Harvard, Yale and Nassua Hall
Harvard (as is by all allow’d)
Is oldest and the best endow’d
Yet as to numbers in the scale
It ranks inferior to Yale.”

RIVERS

“The river Mississippi’s found
Upon Fredonia’s western bound
Its falling banks and floating logs
Isles, Bayous, Planters, Sawyers, fogs
With dangers thick appall the heart
And try the pilot’s veteran art.”

MOUNTAINS

“The chief (Mount Washington) oft shrouds
Its height mysterious in the clouds
This mountain rises to the sight
Eleven thousand feet in height
And is of course the highest found
Within Fredonia’s circling bound.”

So much for Mr. Clark’s general description of the country. He then proceeds to take up the various general sections and the individual states in each section. Thus he speaks of New-England:

“Compar’d with Canada we find
New-England has a fickle clime
And yet the weather fluctuates
Much less than in the Southern States
Here men are neither great nor small
As fortune let her bandage fall
And dealt near equally with all
Thus meagre want and bloated wealth
But seldom undermine their health.
A million and a half souls
Are on the population rolls.
There’s no spot on this earthly ball
Where common people one and all
Of male and female population
Can boast of equal education.
By talents and by worth alone
Are candidates for office known
And he who asks to be elected
Is very sure to be rejected.

VERMONT

These mountaineers are hardy, rough
Good nature and good sense enough
Their bravery is proverbial
Religion Congregational
The sky is usually serene
The winter air extremely keen.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE

The country soil is rich and fertile
But all the coast is poor and sterile.

DISTRICT OF MAINE

The average length and breadth of Maine
Are each two hundred, both the same
The only college in this district
Is Bowdoin College, fix'd at Brunswick
Of exports, which are few in number
The chief, are various kinds of lumber
Maine's climate though cold, is uniform
And heirs to health, her sons are born

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, the largest of the towns
Within New-England's spacious bounds
Is built on Massachusetts Bay
Upon a small peninsula
Glass manufactured in this town
Is better than the English crown
The great canal called Middlesex
Boston with Merrimac connects
'Tis ten leagues long and eight yards wide
And on its surface travelers ride
Through swamps and rivers, rocks and ledges
Floating on terraqueous sledges
'Tis said this Commonwealth maintains
One-third our commerce on the main."

The author evidently has never forgiven Roger Williams for breaking with the Puritans in Massachusetts and founding the settlement in Rhode Island, especially since the Rhode Islanders were not required by law to support the clergy. Here is what he has to say about this smallest of all the states:

"All Christians here support religion
By voluntary contribution
For contracts have no binding force
Made with the clergy, and of course

Reduc'd to very low condition
Are morals, virtue and religion
West of the Bay's a moral waste
Unknown t' improvement, science, taste
The people there are dissolute
Of every privilege destitute."

Nor does he favor certain arrangements in connection with
Brown University, viz:

"Brown University is found
In Providence, on sightly ground
The rules of this establishment
Require a Baptist president
Providence stands on either side
The head of Narragansett's tide
For population this is found
To be New-England's third great town
The neighborhood of Providence
Has many great establishments
For manufacturing cotton cloth
Which outvies sale, in real worth
The cider of this state is noted
For excellence, and much exported.

CONNECTICUT

Its size, upon the strictest view
Is ninety miles by seventy-two
Tho' year by year from this small state
Twelve thousand people emigrate
'Tis found upon enumeration
Not to decrease in population.

NEW-YORK

The Dutch, with governour Van Twiller
First settled here on Hudson River
The chief town of Fredonia
And grand mart of America
NEW-YORK — is built at Hudson's mouth
On Isle Manhattan — point the south
Its port (where fleets at anchor ride)
Is nine miles long and four miles wide
Old wooden buildings yet are found
Which mar the beauty of the town
Some streets here are too narrow far
And some are quite irregular
Fever-and-ague and bilious fevers
Are common on the lakes and rivers.

NEW-JERSEY

Its length one hundred-sixty found
Breadth, seventy-five from bound to bound
This state for iron ore is noted
And iron often is exported.

DELAWARE

This state but ninety-six is found
By thirty-six from bound to bound
This state has yet no seminary
Which ranks above an academy
The famous manufacturing seat
Establish'd here for flouring wheat
Near Wilmington, upon this stream
Twelve gristmills, at one view are seen
Wheat is the staple, excellent
And much to foreign markets sent.

PENNSYLVANIA

And its three hundred miles or more
By but one hundred and four-score
This state receiv'd its population
From almost every foreign nation
Hence jealousies which oft embroil
The citizens in sad turmoil
In this state, and in this alone
An alien an estate may own
The noble city Philadelphia
The capital of Pennsylvania
And the second largest town
Which in Fredonia is found
This town is three miles in extent
Brick built, with little ornament
Here is the federal mint for coining
And fifty offices for printing
The streets are broad, neat, paved with pebbles
And cross each other at right angles
Wheat's the chief grain, and from wild vines
Some people manufacture wines
Horses (here us'd to great extent)
In size and strength are excellent."

Our author then completes his description of Pennsylvania by referring to a strange flowing spring of petroleum, which then had no name.

"On Susquehannah coals abound
This mineral is also found

Upon the largest streams which bear
Their waters to the Delaware
From Pittsburg, north one hundred miles
Out of the earth a fountain boils
From which a healing oil is gleaned
It floats like scum, and one, they say,
May gather gallons in a day.

OHIO

It length and breadth are both the same
And both two hundred by the chain
The town of Marietta stands
Upon Ohio's western strand
This village is becoming wealthy
And is accounted very healthy
But Gallipolis, a town,
First peopled from old France, and found
Upon a bend of this great river
Has suffered with the yellow fever."

Our geographer then explains in a footnote that the disease was generated by the uncommon filthiness of the place. Cincinnati, which then had a population of 2,500, is disposed of thus:

"The town of Cincinnati's seen
Upon Ohio's placid stream
And is the first in size and rank
Upon the river's northern bank
Fine springs everywhere abound
Good mill-seats are rarely found
Bears and deer are often seen
Fish abound in every stream

MICHIGAN TERRITORY

This tract extends through gloomy wilds
Five hundred by three hundred miles."

Of the inhabitants he says:

"No general character is fixed
The bulk are Roman Catholics
Detroit, the only town of size
Upon the river Detroit lies
Between lakes Erie and St. Clair
Its fort in form is nearly square
Superior, Erie, Michigan
All border on this favor's land
For trade the site of Michigan
Excels all other tracts inland
Isle Mackinaw, of trifling size

'Tween Michigan and Huron lies
It has a safe, commodious port
A sightly village and a fort.

INDIANA

Its length and breadth are found to be
Thrice ninety, by thrice forty-three
Vincennes, now the largest town
Is fifty leagues up Wabash found
Tho' seat of government, this place
Is peopled by a mongrel race
Of French extraction, mean and base
The other towns are Washington,
Wabash, Greenville and Harrison
Salt springs are on the Wabash found
And coal-beds in the state abound
It has a silver mine, but sore
Laments the want of iron ore.

ILLINOIS

This noble tract from bound to bound
Eight hundred seventy miles is found
Its breadth expands through gloomy wilds
About six hundred fifty miles
The first town is Kaskaskia
The second is Cahokia
Goshen the third town rising fair
Graces the county of St. Clair
This country has a fertile soil
Which well repays the planter's toil."

Then he takes us to the Southern States, his third grand division of the United States, and makes certain remarks about them which undoubtedly did not further the use of his geography in those parts:

"MARYLAND

Here eighty thousand Catholics
Their stated residence have fixed
Which is one-half the number found
Within Fredonia's circling bound
Accustom'd from their infancy
To live by negro slavery
The people have a haughty air
And pride's a trait of character."

He also seems to intimate that these haughty slave-holding Catholics knew more then they cared to admit about a Methodist college in Baltimore, for he writes:

“The Methodists, year after year
Strove much to found a college here
But all in vain, for twice the flames
Have raz’d it, and left no remains
Baltimore, on examination
Seems third in point of population
The fruits are peaches, cherries, apples
Wheat and tobacco are the staples.

VIRGINIA

And its extremities are sunder’d
Four hundred forty by three hundred
Whole counties here no house afford
No altar sacred to the Lord
For this state’s laws make no provision
For the supporting of religion
Here are two classes, and no more
The very rich and very poor
On their plantations separate
The planters live in princely state
Tho’ here, the base concomitants
Of slavery, pride and indolence
Have taunted and depraved their morals
And op’d the sluices to all evils
Yet men of worth are sometimes found
And men of genius here abound
To wit, the patriot Washington
With Jefferson and Madison
Our Worthy President Monroe
And others but a grade below
Richmond, the town of highest rank
Is built upon the northern bank
Of the James. A bridge of boats
Here upon the river floats
Tobacco of the choicest rate
Is now the staple of the state.

KENTUCKY

And its three hundred and no more
By but one hundred and four score
No settlers in this state arrived
Till seventeen hundred seventy-five
Kentucky’s law makes no provision
For the supporting of religion
Of manners we can only tell
That each man’s his own parallel
Like the wild Arabs, without home
The poorer sorts the forest roam

Sometimes a little hut they build
Sometimes a little land they till
But chiefly upon game depend
From the wide wood and mountain den."

After mentioning Lexington, Frankfort, Washington, Paris, and Louisville, he concludes:

"The present staples of the state
Are three, tobacco, hemp and wheat
Hemp's the chief crop, for wheat of late
Has been neglected in this state.

NORTH-CAROLINA

Its breadth twice ninety miles we find
Its length four hundred twenty-nine
In this land no hard-hearted boor
Rejects the weary wandering poor
To perish on the neighboring moor
Yet faults have they, which e'en the muse
Though much their friend, can ne'er excuse
The roads are poor and men and teams
Are all compelled to ford the streams
The coast, the creeks, and sluggish rivers
Are scourg'd with intermittent fevers
This state abounds with long leav'd pine
And here the mistletoe we find.

TENNESSEE

Four hundred by one hundred four
Is its extent, no less nor more
Tribes, Chickasaw and Cherokee
Alone remain in Tennessee
Soon these small tribes must emigrate
As game will fail them in this state
Let no rash foe presumptuously
Rouse up the sons of Tennessee
For brave they are, inur'd to wars
All ornamented with the scars
Receiv'd in rescuing their lands
From murderous and savage bands
So far as known this state has no traits
Resembling other southern states
At present there are said to be
Three colleges in Tennessee
Hemp, cotton and tobacco are
The great and leading staples here
The Mississippi long must be
The only outlet to the sea

A little snow is sometimes seen
Lodg'd on a wall or evergreen
The farmers here raise indigo
Here various grains and grasses grow
And there are places in the state
Where soil has prov'd too rich for wheat
Both fish and fowl are plenty here
With wolves and bear and herds of deer
Yet boasting huntsmen no more show
The panther, elk or buffaloe
In this state iron ore is found
And coal mines probably abound.

SOUTH-CAROLINA

The blacks are by enumeration
A moiety of the population
Some heavenly angel loose their cords
And free them from their haughty lords
Some Pitt, or Fox, or Franklin stand
And plead the cause of injured man
Three colleges from ancient date
Have been established in this state
But these are all unknown to fame
And all unworthy of the name
For tho' they boast their college rules
They are in fact but grammar schools."

(Thus wrote our Puritan author, and still people wonder why
South Carolina twice rose in rebellion against a Union which
linked her politically with New-England.)

"Most of the farmers cultivate
Cotton, the staple of the state
Three kinds of cotton here are seen
Sea Island, upland, and nankeen
We have not even time to mention
The mountains in the Western section
Tho' there are some which proudly rise
And seem to pierce the vaulted skies
Here range bear, deer, the buffaloe
The catamount and panther, too.

GEORGIA

Two hundred seventy is this state
By breadth, two hundred forty-eight
The Western section of this state
Where soil is of the choicest rate
Is still claim'd by those savages
Now call'd the Creeks or Muskogees

Here the slave master from his dome
Sees thousands toil for him alone
For him, sees thousands sunk in woe
Who hope no happiness here below
Drinking and gaming, sloth and pride
Here pain the eye on every side
And every virtue hence has flown
Save hospitality."

But the author ameliorates these harsh sentiments in a footnote, where he explains that "This is only a general description; There are some gentlemen in Georgia whose virtues and talents are an honour to their native state and an honour to their country."

He then continues:

"The putrid rice-swamp exhalation
And great heat cause relaxation
Bad water and intemperance
Unite their force in indolence
And gen'rate fevers big with danger
To both the citizen and stranger
The indigo plant is of late
Out-done by cotton in this state

MISSISSIPPI

Its breadth thrice ninety miles may be
Its length three hundred thirty-three
Here four large savage tribes are found
Who ply the arts and till the ground
The Chickasaws and Cherokees
The Chacktaws, Creeks, or Muskogees
Natchez, by far the largest town
Is on the Mississippi found
The stagnant ponds and sluggish rivers
Are scourg'd with intermittent fevers
The soil is good and cotton late
Has been the staple of the state."

This brings our author to the end of his rhyming and he takes up the new Louisiana Purchase in prose form. He has a very low opinion of the inhabitants of this territory, particularly those who reside in New Orleans. It appears that "The state of religion is sufficiently deplorable — the Spanish and French are professedly Catholic — the emigrants from the States are more intent upon gain than they are concerned with their religious interests — and the whole country is proper missionary ground. There are no colleges in Louisiana and not more than one-half of the inhabitants are supposed to be able to read and write." In speaking of New Orleans, he states that "the city is one-half mile wide and

extends along the Mississippi River for at least a mile. The fashionable part of the town is divided into two parties, who have each their respective ball rooms. Into that of the whites no one known to have a trace of negro blood is admitted. Into that of the yellows no one is admitted who does not have at least a trace of white blood. But (he goes on to say) the white gentlemen are admitted freely to the ball room of the yellows, and in fact seem to prefer it. There are two French theatres — the largest crowds attend upon the Sabbath — and billiards is the general amusement on Sunday morning and afternoon — the stroke of the cue and the sound of the mace (whatever that is) resounding from one end of the city to the other. In other words, New Orleans, in the licentiousness of its morals, rivals the corruption of the Old World.”

“The wilderness north of the Missouri is still unexplored . . . the savannahs west of the Mississippi swamps are described as too rich to bear forest trees and as covered with a tall, rank grass, in which numberless herds of buffaloes and deer are lost.”

Turning to religion he gives us a report as follows:

“No Pope here loads us with his chains
No bulls here push us to the flames
And none peculiar rights may plead
Or lord it o’er another’s creed.”

He reports the Congregationalists as the most numerous sect in Vermont, Connecticut, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts and the District of Maine. The Presbyterians lead in New-York, New-Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia and Georgia. Baptists are most numerous in Rhode Island and Kentucky. The great Methodist church of today then led only in North-Carolina. In South-Carolina and Tennessee the lead was divided between Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians.

Mr. Clark's figures on population in 1819 are decidedly of interest:

New-York, N. Y.	94,000	Lexington, Ky.	4,000
Philadelphia, Pa.	54,000	Windsor, Vt.	3,000
Baltimore, Md.	36,000	Concord, N. H.	3,000
Boston, Mass.	33,000	Bath, Me.	3,000
Charleston, S. C.	24,000	York, Me.	3,000
Salem, Mass.	12,000	New-London, Conn. ..	3,000
Providence, R. I.	10,000	Norwich, Conn.	3,000
Albany, N. Y.	10,000	Trenton, N. J.	3,000
Richmond, Va.	10,000	Elizabethtown, N. J....	3,000
Norfolk, Va.	10,000	Rutland, Vt.	2,500
Portland, Me.	8,000	Bennington, Vt.	2,500
Newburyport, Mass. ..	8,000	Bristol, R. I.	2,500
Newport, R. I.	8,000	Burlington, N. J.	2,500
Newark, N. J.	8,000	Carlisle, Pa.	2,500
Washington, D. C.	8,000	Cincinnati, Ohio	2,500
Alexandria, Va.	8,000	Fredericktown, Md.	2,500
Portsmouth, N. H.	6,000	Middlebury, Vt.	2,000
Marblehead, Mass.	6,000	Exeter, N. H.	2,000
New-Haven, Conn.	6,000	Dartmouth, N. H.	2,000
Schenectady, N. Y.	6,000	Wiscasset, Me.	2,000
New Brunswick, N. J....	6,000	Hallowell, Me.	2,000
Petersburg, Va.	6,000	Augusta, Me.	2,000
Charlestown, Mass.	5,000	Middletown, Conn.	2,000
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. ..	5,000	Georgetown, S. C.	2,000
Lancaster, Pa.	5,000	Burlington, Vt.	1,500
Pittsburg, Pa.	5,000	Keene, N. H.	1,500
Georgetown, D. C.	5,000	Charleston, N. H.	1,500
Savannah, Ga.	5,000	Lansingburg, N. Y.	1,500
Hartford, Conn.	4,000	Marietta, Ohio	1,500
Hudson, N. Y.	4,000	Chillicothe, Ohio	1,500
Troy, N. Y.	4,000	Fredericksburg, Va.	1,500
Wilmington, Del.	4,000	Milledgeville, Ga.	1,500

These population figures are worthy of some study. They show us that at this time — in 1819 — there were but sixty-four towns in the United States which had as many as fifteen hundred people — and that in a total population of nine million inhabitants less than one-half million lived in these sixty-four towns. Seventeen out of every eighteen inhabitants lived in the little villages, like Wilton, Maine, and Lancaster, New-Hampshire — or they lived on the farms and in the forests. Apparently there was no town of fifteen hundred population in all of Tennessee and Indiana and Illinois and the Michigan territory — only one in Georgia — only three in Ohio — and he does not tell us the population of St. Louis and New Orleans, probably because they were so newly acquired that no census had been taken.

This, then, was the United States of America as Grandfather Alonzo Willard knew it in his boyhood. In addition to the original thirteen states which formed the first union, Kentucky and Tennessee and Ohio and Indiana had been admitted to statehood by the time of his birth in 1817. And when he arrived in Chicago, in 1839, seven additional states had been admitted — first Louisiana, in 1812, and then, in chronological order, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine, Missouri and Arkansas. Michigan was still a territory and still owned all of the land of the Wisconsin. From the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast was no-man's land — prairies and swamps, mountains and rivers — savage horse-back Indians and equally savage trappers and traders. And the tremendous area which now comprises the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and parts of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado still belonged to the Spaniards of Mexico. His United States, when he reached the age of twenty-one years — contained but twenty-four states.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Grandfather Willard lived in Wilton until he had passed his twentieth birthday, and during those twenty years certain things had happened which caused momentous changes in the life of mankind, not only in this country but throughout the world.

At the time of his birth, man's daily life was much as it had been for hundreds of years. When men had to travel they walked — or rode a horse — or drove horses or oxen — or took passage in a sailboat. Transportation had not made any particular progress since the first horse was tamed and the first sail was attached to a boat. Men used horses and oxen to plow and prepare the ground, but hay and grain were still harvested by hand and much of the grain was threshed by hand. Flour was still ground by stone mills, driven by water-power. Water-powered machinery for spinning and weaving wool and cotton and linen cloth had come into existence, but much of the cloth that men used was

still spun and woven and dyed and made into garments by the women in their own isolated homes.

Houses were heated by fireplaces in most communities, and these same fireplaces, with an oven built into one side, were used for cooking. A crude stove was a great luxury, and during warm weather cooking and washing of clothes was done in iron pots over an outdoor fire.

Fortunate was the home that boasted a few books — usually religious treatises — in addition to a Bible — and still more fortunate was the recipient of an occasional weekly newspaper.

The use of coal was understood, but its use was limited largely to those who lived in the vicinity of the coal mines, or in communities where coal could be delivered from the mines by sailing vessel. Wood was the universal fuel, and the settled country was so thickly wooded that getting rid of it was a nuisance.

Under these conditions it was also natural that buildings should be built of wood, in spite of the fact that settlers from Europe had a strong preference for the stone and brick of their home-lands.

The principal business of the people of the District of Maine was raising enough food for themselves and their livestock, securing wood for fuel, spinning and weaving wool cloth and making it into clothes, and attending to all of those affairs involved in being self-supporting and self-sufficient. Certain things must be purchased — and money, or trade goods, were secured by selling or trading surplus crops and stock — by working at the lumbering business in winter, and in similar ways. The people near the coast made their living by fishing or working as sailors. Ship building was active and there was considerable trade at one or two small ports.

North of Wilton, and inland, was an almost unbroken wilderness that extended for hundreds of miles to the northward until one came to the scattered settlements along the St. Lawrence. In the winter, men hunted and trapped through these thousands of square miles of tangled timber and mountains and lakes and rivers and marshes — and the furs brought money with which to buy shoes and tea and sugar and spices and felt hats and buttons.

Men wore beards and when their hair got too long their wives cut it. Shoes were made by hand from the farmer's own hides, if he liked, and they were usually repaired at home.

Taxes amounted to little or nothing, for the cost of government was negligible. Tobacco was used but little and carried no tax. Men of low morals could, and did, make their own whiskey from their own corn and drank it, but the practice was severely condemned by the elders of the church.

Education was held in high esteem but it was not compulsory and there were no state-supported schools. One's parents paid to send a boy to school. Instead of a high school they had what they called an academy, but few of the children of these villages managed to finish the academy. Still fewer went on to the colleges of which the author of our rhyming geography was so proud, and these few were almost invariably intended for the ministry. Aside from instruction in religion and in Latin and Greek and Hebrew, the courses of study then offered in the best universities were far less comprehensive and advanced than the courses now offered in our most backward high schools.

For men of those days knew practically nothing of most of our familiar sciences of today. And this was particularly true of those sciences that have to do with the physical welfare of mankind. The practice of medicine, most vital of those sciences, had progressed but little beyond the days of the Arabian masters. No man knew how the digestive tract worked, or what part of the various foods was used by the human body and how. No man knew that the body used oxygen, for oxygen had not yet been discovered. The whole field of contagion — of microbes and germs and antisepsis — was a closed book. And when it became necessary to amputate a leg or an arm, in order to save a man's life, the patient was fully conscious during the entire proceeding, for men had not yet dreamed of chloroform or ether or any of our local anaesthetics. Apparently the best technique was to fill the patient as full of rum as possible and then start cutting and sawing. Smallpox was a scourge and vaccination was unknown. Those who contracted the disease either died — or got well. If they got well they then were available for nursing other sufferers in the pest house. Typhoid fever, which often swept through an entire family or a small section of some town, without spreading to the next house, was a total mystery and probably a visitation of God's wrath upon the household. Blood-letting was still widely practiced, and such knowledge of medicines as they had was the result of the folk-lore and superstition and witchcraft and trial and error of ten times ten thousand years. Probably something more than one-half of the children of the nation died in infancy, and the graveyards of New England are full of families of two and three and four wives to one husband. It was a cruel world for the women and children.

It was a cruel world for the men as well. For the cold hand of the coldest religion of all time still held New-Englanders firmly in its grasp. Since the very beginnings of what we call Christianity, the rulers of religion had interfered with men's daily conduct as well as with their religious beliefs. But never had any important sect gone so far in this interference as had some of the Protestant sects, and of these the Puritans had been most interfering.

In the days of Grandfather Alonzo's boyhood, this grip was very much less firm than it had been when Grandfather Samuel preached in the Old South Church, one hundred-odd years earlier. It was no longer a felony "To Deny The Attributes Of The True God" and men were no longer put in the stocks or the pillory for blasphemy. But I have no doubt that they still had stocks and pillory in Wilton, or at least in the nearest town where there was a magistrate.

Little by little, religion had ceased to be state-supported and religious misbehavior was no longer punished. But two hundred years of patriarchal tyranny had stamped the New England mind and the New England social structure into a definite and harsh mould. The old men of the church ruled the lives of the people through the old men of each family.

By law the work and the wages of his children belonged to him during their minority. By custom he ruled their daily life and conduct. And by the training of his church and his parents he ruled that practically all of the pleasant and happy things of life were wrong and against the will of God.

Grandfather Willard was forced to go to church and to prayer meeting each Sunday. The rest of the day was to be devoted to quiet meditation and the reading of the Scriptures. During the rest of the week, each day was started with morning prayers and Scripture readings — each meal must have a blessing — each day must end with prayer.

The upshot of the matter was that he left Wilton as soon as he was old enough to do as he pleased, and it is my private suspicion that he was influenced in taking this radical step by a desire to get away from all of this nagging and praying and going to church. At least he never prayed or went to church, to the best of my knowledge, after landing in Chicago.

In 1839, as I have mentioned before, he packed up his few belongings and left the home of his youth for the far-away country in the farthest-western state then in the Union. I have no idea why, of all places, he selected that marshy and unhealthy and dilapidated village at the mouth of the Chicago River. I have no doubt that he would have told me if I had asked him — but it never occurred to me to ask, and, as I have intimated, he apparently did not think it worth while to volunteer information about himself. He kept his mouth shut. The only direct testimony I have on the subject was a chance remark which he made to some other member of the family. He said that he came West because there had been a plenty of poverty-stricken teachers and preachers and farmers in the family and he figgered that it was time somebody made some money for a change.

As a matter of fact, most of the surplus and ambitious young men of Maine, like those of Connecticut and the rest of New England in those days, got up and got out of there as soon as their fathers would let them go. But the Maine boys, as a rule, turned to the sea. They went to the coast and built ships. They joined as sailors on the tall clipper ships in the China tea trade or the rum traffic with the West Indies. They sailed to the Banks in winter with the fishing fleet — or put out from Salem and Marblehead on the whalers that would not be home for two or three years.

But there was no tang of the sea in the veins of Grandfather Willard. When he came to the sober decision that he was going into the business of making money, I suspect that he did not give the sea a second thought. For he certainly knew that there was no money to be made working for day wages on either land or sea, even by an unusually strong and determined man in a country largely peopled by strong and determined men.

So he went west and finally located in Chicago, where he lived for sixty-seven years, and where he lies buried in Graceland Cemetery, by the side of his wife and the little grandson who bore his name — and the little grand-daughter whom he loved so much that it taxed his New England sternness to keep from showing it.

I do not know what route he took to reach Chicago, or how long the trip required. At that time, the obvious course was to somehow get to Buffalo and there take a boat. The problem was how to get to Buffalo. He could have taken a stage coach from Wilton down to Portland — then a boat to Boston — then a boat to New York — then a boat up the Hudson River to Albany — then a canal boat through the new Erie Canal — and there you were in Buffalo, and it probably would not have required more than two or three weeks to get that far if you made good connections. Once in Buffalo the problem was simple. You took another boat to Detroit and there waited until one came along that was going to Chicago.

The astounding thing about his trip was that he rode on a steamboat from Buffalo to Detroit — and still more astounding was the fact that there was sufficient traffic on this frontier to support a daily steamboat service between these two cities. For it should be noted that the first practical steamboat in all the history of the world had been built and tested on the Hudson River only seven years before he was born, and there never was a steamboat on the Great Lakes until 1818, although they were in use on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers shortly before the war of 1812.

Lest my sophisticated descendants wonder why this grandfather did not take the railroad, I point out the fact that at the time when he went west it was impossible to go anywhere by

railroad. True, the railroad had been invented. A small coal-hauling road was in operation between Carbondale and Honesdale, Pa., in 1829, and by the time that Grandfather Willard reached Albany he could have ridden from Albany to Schenectady on the Mohawk & Hudson, for that line was in service as early as 1831. But this apparently was the only stretch of track between Wilton and the West and there was not a single foot of railroad in all New England until the line was opened between Boston and Albany in 1842 — and by that time he had been in Chicago for three years.



CHICAGO

When Grandfather Alonzo arrived at Chicago, his boat anchored off the mouth of the Chicago River and passengers and freight were floated to the shore in small boats — for sand-bars prevented all but shallow-draft vessels from entering the river.

I do not know how many people were living in Chicago at the time of his arrival. Certainly it was less than four thousand, for the first official census — they called it the enumeration in those days — showed a total population of only 4,470 in 1840. The fort — old Fort Dearborn — was on the south bank of the river, but already the business men and the better-class settlers were on the north side and the only way to get across the river was by the ferry or the floating log bridge.

Chicago was still a village, but settlers were pouring in on foot and horseback — by prairie schooner and lake schooner and an occasional side-wheel steamboat — and the year after his arrival it secured its charter as a city and became the county seat of Cook County, which then included all of the present Cook County, together with the territory now included in the counties of Lake, McHenry, Will and Dupage.

What a different world from the one he had but recently left. People living in log cabins and slab shacks and even buffalo-hide tepees. Indians in the streets. Half-breeds and trappers and hundreds of unclassified frontier people engaged in the various activities of the Indian trade. Soldiers from the fort. Frenchmen left over from the days when this land belonged to France. New England preachers and Catholic priests. Devil-may-care borderers and strict Sabbatarians. Cultured women and college graduates. Sturdy drinking and savage fighting and energetic petitioning of the Lord. Dances where officers and gentlemen and traders danced with ladies in silks and trappers' daughters in buckskin smocks and leggins.

Streets paved with planks, because the mud was impassable for wagons in wet weather. Tallow or wax candles for light. Wood for fuel. Wild game was so plentiful that it cost less than beef or pork.

The mail came in on foot from Ft. Wayne and it cost 25c cash to send a letter. The settlers on the north bank, at least, could go to the town well for water — for the town had spent \$95 two years before to have a well dug at the corner of Cass and Michigan Streets. Or they could haul it from the lake or the

river in barrels, or public water carts would deliver it for 10c a barrel and run it into your reservoir through a short leather hose. There was no sewer system — there were no street lights — and there was not a single bath-tub in the whole town. In fact, there were few bath-tubs in the United States of America.

Men without families — (and that included most of the inhabitants, because for years men outnumbered women in Chicago by four or five to one) — rented rooms in private homes or in some frontier tavern. Dinners cost 25c and the legally established tavern charge for two in a bed was 12½c per night. Board and room in private homes cost \$5.00 per week. Good whiskey was 50c per pint — poor whiskey in proportion.

Into this strange community came young Alonzo, grandson of a preacher, fresh from a little New England village where life was cast in an iron mould — where every man knew every man — where nothing ever happened.

I do not know where he lived or how he made his living. At one time he worked as a porter in a tavern. He helped build houses. He worked on a canal boat on the Illinois & Michigan Canal, and eventually became captain of a canal boat and still later owned several canal boats. And finally, as I have noted, he got into the ice business — cutting ice in the winter on Lake Calumet and later on Geneva Lake — and storing it in great ice houses for the summer trade.

Daniel Webster came to Chicago the year after he landed and made a famous speech in behalf of the Whig party. Alonzo was much impressed by Black Dan'l, but at that particular time I suspect that he was even more concerned with the financial situation in Chicago. For the city was going through one of its several money crises best described by quoting from the reminiscences of early Chicago by "Long John" Wentworth — six-foot-five-inch Dartmouth graduate who was also a mental giant of the early days and twice mayor of the turbulent city. He says:

"The history of early Chicago furnishes one with a complete history of an irredeemable paper-money system. Emigration was fast tending westward in 1835. Government land was selling at \$1.25 per acre. (Chicago was then the principal point where western lands were sold by auction, which accounts in part for the crowds of settlers and speculators who came to that city.) The emigrants had little or no money and would purchase land on credit at greatly advanced prices. Eastern speculators flocked here and took advantage of this condition of things. The government money received for lands would be deposited in the banks, credited to the government, and then re-loaned back to the speculators. Thus the government had credit in the banks to more than the amount of their capital, and their assets consisted almost

entirely of the notes of western speculators . . . money was taken from every branch of business to invest in these western speculations.

“The President (Andrew Jackson) . . . had no power to stop the sale of these lands or to limit bank discounts . . . so he ordered that nothing but gold and silver should be received for the public lands. . . . The redundancy of paper money had driven the precious metals out of the country . . . the banks had not the specie to redeem their bills . . . and they all failed . . .

“States, counties and cities paid their debts with warrants upon an empty treasury. Corporations and individuals issued certificates of indebtedness which were exchanged as currency. . . . Nearly every man doing business in Chicago was issuing his own individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as ‘Good at our store for ten cents,’ ‘Good for a loaf of bread,’ ‘Good for one share,’ and ‘Good for one drink.’

“The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency which was interchangeable . . . we suffered no inconvenience . . . except when it came to buy postage, for which the government demanded cash. . . . But after a while want of confidence became general . . . some men declined to redeem their scrip and others absconded. Nearly everyone failed and charged his failure to President Jackson’s specie circular. In after-times I asked an old settler, who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of General Jackson’s circular. His reply was that General Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, ‘I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for \$100,000, and could have failed for a million if he had left the bubble burst in the natural way.’

“Not long afterward, our citizens were victimized by another irredeemable currency device. Michigan legislators thought that while there was not enough specie in the country for a banking basis, there was land enough. So they passed what is known as the ‘Real Estate Banking Law.’ Chicago merchants, business men, and speculators generally, instead of paying their bills with money, bought Michigan wild lands, had them appraised, and then mortgaged them for bank notes which they brought home to pay their bills with. Real estate, which is generally the first property to feel the effects of an inflated currency, soon rose in value, and its owners paid Michigan another visit, secured a higher appraisal on their lands, and exchanged a second mortgage for more bank notes.

“For about a year we had excellent times in Chicago . . . but the bubble soon burst . . . everyone was poorer than before . . . and labor, which was the last thing to rise, found itself the last resting place of those worthless bills.

“Not satisfied with the real estate banking experiment in Michigan . . . some of the speculators of Illinois thought that they would try the Michigan system, but with state bonds substituted for lands. . . . Money was borrowed and the state bonds were purchased. . . . Banks were then established in the most inaccessible parts of the state and bank notes were extensively issued by all of these banks. Money was abundant, prices of everything advanced, and the financial millennium was once more upon us.

“The consequences of this system were quite as disastrous as those of the real estate system of Michigan. Considering its age, Chicago has been the greatest sufferer of any place in the world from an irredeemable paper-money system. Its losses in this respect will near approximate those from the great Chicago fire.”

For ten or twelve years after the arrival of young Alonzo, life in Chicago was almost as primitive as it had been in the Massachusetts colony in those days when Grandfather Samuel preached in the Old South Church — more than one hundred years earlier. People no longer spun and wove their own cloth. They no longer sawed planks by hand, for Chicago had not only a water-power saw mill but a second mill operated by one of the new steam engines. And steamboats were so common that men began to look upon them as something that had always existed.

But in most other ways things were as they had been, and apparently as they always would be. Men worked and speculated and went to church — they gambled and loafed and drank and fought — and when they sickened they got well or died in spite of the crude doctoring of the day. There was a constant stream of emigrants coming in (Chicago had jumped in population from 4,470 in 1840 to 29,963 in 1850 and to 109,260 in 1860), and another stream of wagon trains constantly taking the long trails toward the Mississippi. The Indians — Sacs and Foxes and Pottawatomies — had finally moved entirely out of the Chicago country toward the sunset. But there was a constant to and fro of trappers and traders — Indians and half-breeds from the Michigan lands — ponies by land and canoes by lake and river.

In 1848, something new happened. In that single year the first telegraph message was received in Chicago — from Milwaukee. Later in the year it was possible to telegraph to the East. And that was the year that the Illinois & Michigan Canal was finally opened and it was now possible to ship wheat and corn by canal boat from Chicago to Lockport on the Illinois River, where it was transferred to river steamers for shipment far down the rivers to New Orleans and abroad.

In 1848, two other things happened — both of them of vital importance in the future of Chicago and neither of them con-

sidered of any particular importance by the Chicagoans of that day. The first of these was the outbreak of the Mexican War — a war that was to result in the acquisition of the tremendous western territory whose trade was to enrich the Chicago of a later day. The second was the outbreak of abortive revolts in Germany which soon sent thousands of the finest citizens of Germany across the sea to take up their homes in Chicago and Cincinnati and St. Louis and Milwaukee and the entire Middle West — there to become among the finest citizens of America.

Chicagoans were more interested in other things. They were more interested in the new waterworks — completed by the end of 1842 with a steam engine and a 1,250-barrel reservoir and two miles of pipe made of cedar logs with 3½-inch holes bored through them by hand. They were more interested in the new railroad which had been completed between Chicago and Galena in 1848. In fact, 1848 was quite a year for Chicago.

Chicagoans were also interested in religious affairs. The Reverend Mr. Isaac T. Hinton — he who baptized seventeen converts through the ice in the Chicago River in the winter of '39 — announced at the close of service one Sunday that he thought that Chicago people ought to know more about the Devil than they did. Therefore he said he would take up his history in four lectures; first, he would give the origin of the Devil; second, he would state what the Devil had done; third, he would divulge what the Devil is now doing in Chicago; and, fourth, he would prescribe how to destroy the Devil.

These lectures were the talk of the town for the next four weeks. Saints and sinners crowded the church and people talked of little but their own personal devils. But, unfortunately, these inspiring and terrifying lectures were never preserved for posterity, although their fame spread over the long, slow trails throughout the entire West.

In 1855, Grandfather Alonzo married Laura Ann Walter of Goshen, Connecticut, who was now a widow and the mother of three living children — Louise and George and Jane Wooster — the issue of a previous marriage with David Wooster.

With this ready-made family he set up housekeeping in the fourteen-hundred block on South Wabash Avenue — then a quiet and high-class residential street, paved with plank — supplied with city water — connected with the new sewer system — lighted with the new gas street lights that were first installed on Lake Street five years earlier. There were no gas lights in the house. Indeed, gas lighting for homes did not become common until Civil War days. But there was an omnibus line on Wabash Avenue, which made it very convenient, and Grandfather always kept at least one horse — driving him to the office on week days

— and taking the family for a ride on Sunday afternoons. He could ruin a horse in less than a week — for his horsemanship consisted of jerking the reins with a heavy hand and saying “Glang, galang” when he wanted more speed.

Long before his marriage — in 1852, to be exact — the railroad from the East came into Chicago, and two years later the Rock Island line reached the Mississippi River. But it did not extend as far west as the Missouri River until 1859, when my mother — Jessie Willard — was three years old; and she was thirteen years old before the first train passed over the first railroad connecting the rest of the United States with the Pacific coast. For many years Omaha was the “Farthest West” for railroad travel.

At the time of Grandfather’s marriage, men were still very dubious regarding the railroads and many of them were bitterly opposed to them — particularly those who were financially interested in steamboats, canal boats and the plank toll roads. As late as 1850 there was still great activity in extending the long plank roads that were reaching out of Chicago in all directions, to provide farmers and public carters with an easy way to bring farm crops to Chicago. One of their chief advocates urged that plank roads, instead of railroads, should be built in the future, on the very sensible grounds that “they cost much less to build, the cost of transportation was far less, the speed of travel was ten miles per hour, which was fully equal to the speed of the freight trains on the Michigan Central Railroad, and they were ten times safer.”

Time went on and changes came. My mother was born in 1856, and two years later her brother — John Haven Willard — for whom I was named. And the next year Alonzo and his family could ride on the horse cars, for tracks had been spiked to the planks of South State Street as far south as the city limits at 39th Street, and the hoofs of the street-car horses thundered on the planks from daylight until nine o’clock every night except Sunday. When they got to the end of the line, the driver unhooked his team and drove them around to the other end of car. Straw was spread on the floor during wet or cold weather. When a wagon got on the tracks ahead of the street car — and the drivers discovered this attractive idea the first day that the tracks were laid — the conductor attempted to evict them from the right of way by vigorously ringing the tinny bell which was used to start the car. If this did not serve to clear the tracks the car driver, if he was a belligerent Irishman, which was usually the case, might run forward and invite the wagon driver to get off the track or get down and fight. Frequently he got down and fought, in which case the conductor and willing spirits among the passengers usually took a hand in the proceedings.

In 1882, this particular horse-car line was replaced by a cable-car system. This system consisted of a tremendously long wire rope running in a slot underground. Each cable car was provided with a steel bar which extended down into that slot — the constantly-moving wire rope passing through a sort of eyelet at the end of the bar. When the gripman wanted to start the car he moved a lever which gripped the moving cable — and away you went until the cable broke or something happened at the power house, when every car on the line stopped. The cable cars ran like the dickens — got you where you wanted to go much faster than the horse cars — and were constantly injuring people who attempted to get on or off while the cars were in motion.

In compiling a record of this kind, it is almost impossible to work out any practical sort of continuity. The story of the events ebbs and flows. It reaches out — overlaps — and then is forced to recede because I find myself way ahead of certain things.

In telling about early living conditions I have almost reached the year of my own birth, and I had no intention of reaching that point for some time. So, with your permission, we will turn back to those days when my mother was a small girl on Wabash Avenue in Chicago.

She was born, as I have said, in 1856 — and at that time Chicago probably had about 75,000 inhabitants, because it had 129,260 in 1860. Aside from the fact that she was stricken with infantile paralysis when she was two years old, she lived the normal life of a young girl in a comfortably well-to-do family of those days — private school — singing society — years of piano lessons — much training in French and German — opera and concerts and lectures when they were available — parties in private homes — hilarious sleigh rides in winter — candy pulls — summers at her father's summer home at Lake Geneva in her 'teens — several years of collegiate training at the old Howland School in Union Springs, New York — trips to New York City to visit an orthopedic surgeon almost every year — trips to Hot Springs, Arkansas, each March, where she rode horseback while Grandfather was getting his rheumatiz boiled out — a marvelous trip all by herself out to a frontier army post in New Mexico, to reach which she had to travel four days and nights in stage coaches and army ambulances. And finally her marriage — and me.

THE CIVIL WAR

In 1860 — when she was four years old — Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency by the Republican national convention which met in Chicago. Grandfather was an interested onlooker during the proceedings in the old Wigwam and did not think much of the selection of this gawky backwoods lawyer. Neither did he approve of the platform statement that the party had no intention of interfering with slavery in the states, in spite of the fact that they had sufficient courage to demand that Congress should prohibit slavery in the territories.

Up to this time the Democratic party had been outwardly united and was in control of the federal government. But now the demands of the slave-holding states were more than the northern Democrats could stomach. At the Democratic national convention in Charleston, South Carolina, the southerners demanded a platform advocating slavery in the territories. They also demanded that the northern Democrats must advocate slavery and declare that it was morally right. The northern Democrats were in the majority and refused. The slavery Democrats then withdrew from the convention. Douglas was nominated by the Northern element — Breckinridge by the Southern. The ultra-conservatives of all parties, together with the remains of the old Know-nothing party, nominated Governor John Bell of Tennessee.

Bell carried Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. Douglas carried only Missouri and New Jersey. Breckenridge won in Texas, Delaware, Maryland, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and the two Carolinas. Abraham Lincoln was elected president by winning the electoral votes of Oregon and California, the only two states then in existence west of Iowa (with the exception of Texas), together with Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and all of New England. Before Lincoln was inaugurated, seven of the southern states had seceded from the Union, and the following month the rebels fired on Ft. Sumter.

Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for three months. The war would certainly be finished by fall. Governor Yates called for volunteers from the patriotic sons of Illinois, and George Wooster — my mother's half-brother — enlisted in an Illinois infantry regiment and marched away with a knapsack and musket and bayonet and one of those little flat-topped blue caps. Uncle George was then about eighteen years

old — a Missouri farm boy whose chief amusement was walking on his hands for the edification of his small sisters, and standing in an empty barrel and raising a barrel of vinegar from the ground until it was above his head. I never saw him, for he stopped a minie ball at Shiloh and was brought home to die. But I have read the simple diary which he kept during the first few months of his service — all full of getting a new pair of pants that fitted him better — marching through the mud to this town and that in southern Illinois — what generals came to inspect camp — who had been made corporal — who was in the hospital — Chicago girls who visited camp — things like that.

When the war broke out, Illinois, like most of the other states, had no state troops. From time to time, Chicago and some of the smaller communities had organized cadet troops and companies of zouaves — outfits that paraded on the Fourth of July. The old-time militia of colonial days had gone by default and nothing had been created to take its place.

Governor Yates was a fighter — and he was greatly concerned over southern Illinois. For this territory was full of settlers from southern states and it was strongly pro-slavery — many of its citizens having been engaged in operating an Underground Railway of their own through which they smuggled hundreds of kidnapped free negroes who were captured in Illinois and sold to southern slave dealers.

Governor Yates fully expected that southern Illinois would secede. To prevent this, if possible, he delayed calling for volunteers until Cairo should be in the hands of loyal troops. Four days after receiving the President's call for men, Yates wired General Swift in Chicago to collect all of the troops available, arm them as best he might, place them on a train that was presumably going to Springfield, and, after leaving Chicago, instruct the conductor to re-route the train to Cairo.

With the great difficulty Gen. Swift assembled a force of 872 miscellaneous uniformed men from Chicago, Ottawa, Lockport and Plainfield, and went to Cairo, where they shortly captured two steamers that were carrying arms from the government arsenal in St. Louis to the southern armies. Swift had several brass cannon with powder for them, but no shot or shell. The rest of his "army" was equipped with 362 muskets which had been altered from flint-locks, 125 rifles of various kinds, 297 horse pistols, and 133 musketoons.

When the call for volunteers went out, Illinois responded mightily — and the surprising part was that from southern Illinois came the greatest number of volunteers in proportion to population. All in all, this state provided the Union armies with

231,488 officers and enlisted men and sailors — and it boasts the proud record of being the only state in the Union which never had to send a drafted man to fulfill its quota — in spite of the fact that it had a most unfair quota when compared with other states of equal population.

The war went on and Uncle George died, and so did the sons and husbands and fathers of thousands of other people in Chicago. For four years Chicago was full of soldiers. Wisconsin and Minnesota and Iowa regiments marching gaily through town with flags flying and a drummer boy at the head of each company. Illinois companies and regiments forming and drilling and then marching away to the railroad stations, baptized with tears. Trainloads of wounded coming back — the baggage cars loaded with silent pine boxes bearing the name of the soldier within and the name and address of his nearest and dearest. And down at Camp Douglas, at 34th Street and Cottage Grove Avenue — where the city limits stopped — as many as ten thousand Confederate prisoners at one time.

Throughout the entire war the situation in Chicago was very tense. While government reports fail to verify these figures, local historians of the day state that Chicago then had a population of about 300,000 people. One-third of the population consisted of Irish Catholics, most of them born in Ireland. One-fifth consisted of German Lutherans, almost all of them born in Germany. At least an additional one-fifth consisted of foreign-born people from various countries of Europe. And there was a very considerable and exceedingly vocal influx of riff-raff from the Southern states — gamblers, river-rats, black-sheep from better-class families — scamps of every degree who had fled the South to escape serving in the Southern armies and who had been attracted to Chicago by the possibilities of gambling and speculation. Chicago has the dubious distinction of having the largest and most uncontrolled underworld, in proportion to population, of any city in this country — and it first acquired this distinction during the Civil War days.

The vast Irish population constituted the first problem. At the beginning of the war many of the Irish enlisted — they even formed an "Irish Brigade" which rendered highly commendable service in the Union army. But as soon as the trend of events indicated that the liberation of the slaves was destined to be one of the chief results of Union victory — and especially after Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation — the Irish of Chicago became active Southern sympathizers. For the Irish of those days were common laborers. Chicago was full of ditches and the ditches were full of "Micks." As they worked toward the south in the days before the war they came into competition with the "naygurs" and they did not like them. And now it was proposed

to turn them loose and make them as good as any white man and they would all come north and take the food out of an honest man's mouth. To hell with such talk.

The Germans offered no such problem, for they came from a much higher class of society, on the whole, than did the early Irish immigrants. The Irish were starved out of Ireland. The Germans were driven out by political and religious disturbance. They came as small businessmen and skilled artisans, competing with neither the Irish nor the negroes. And they were almost unanimously pro-Union, at least in Chicago, being urged into this alliance with the native northern-born element of the population by the very fact that the Catholic Irish were opposed to the North.

However, the city was Democratic in politics, with a Democratic mayor and city council, and southern sympathizers of various types were in an undoubted majority. The northern sympathizers and the government were in constant fear that their enemies might succeed in liberating the thousands of Confederate soldiers from Camp Douglas — several conspiracies toward this end were discovered and a former mayor of Chicago was indicted and tried as one of the conspirators — and the long-expected explosion was almost touched off by the very ill-advised action of General Burnside — who suppressed the Democratic Chicago Times in June of 1863. A great mob of excited and drunken Irish and other southern sympathizers gathered and threatened to destroy the plant of the Republican Tribune if the Times was not permitted to resume publication — furious southern orators incited the mob to march out to Camp Douglas and release the ten thousands prisoners and then burn the city — and the uproar was quelled by some of its own more sober leaders with the greatest difficulty. A great mass-meeting of Union sympathizers immediately followed — President Lincoln was promptly petitioned to cancel Burnside's order — and Lincoln immediately ordered the general to permit the Times to publish without interference.

To most of us, the Civil War is so far in the past that we not only fail to get a clear picture of its men and events, but we are not even interested in it. Every few days I read in the newspaper of the death of the sole surviving veteran of the Civil War in some large and populous county. And yet it is so close to us that at least one of its generals, Joe Wheeler, was also a general in the Spanish American War in 1898 — and I saw thousands of Civil War veterans march in a Grand Army of the Republic parade in Denver as late as 1905 — striding briskly along — filling the streets from curb to curb — with those great fife and drum corps that shook the buildings and made your hair stand up with emotion.

Speaking of emotion, what would you have given to have been present in the Chicago Court House plaza with Alonzo Willard the night when Frank and Jules Verne — the golden-voiced singers of Civil War days — stepped forth on the flag-draped platform and sang for the first time in all the world the “Battle Cry of Freedom”? It chokes me to think of it.

The war went on and men grew weary and discouraged. Grant had destroyed Confederate armies in the West, and in doing it had killed more Union troops than Confederates. Now he was smashing into Lee’s army in the East, killing three men in order to kill one of the enemy.

The Democratic convention was held in Chicago in 1864, with delegates from all but the Confederate states. Kansas was a state now, and so was Nevada. The delegates to that convention were enemies of the Republicans — enemies of Lincoln — enemies of the war — enemies of emancipation — enemies of the Protestants — all of them enemies of something or other. In the convention meetings the debate and the proceedings were reasonably discreet, for rules and platform committees and the chairmanship were in strong hands. But the convention hall and the Sherman House, convention headquarters, were constantly surrounded by yelling crowds, and here the firebrands of the Democratic party were under no restraint. One inflammatory speech followed another. At times several impassioned orators were speaking at the same time from the windows and balconies of the Sherman House. Governors and senators and preachers. They called Lincoln “Felon — gorilla tyrant — monster usurper — traitor.” One famous orator roared, “We do not want a candidate with the smell of war on his garments. The great Democratic party should have resisted this war from the beginning. Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four billion dollars, and sacrificed two million lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy. Even Jefferson Davis is no greater enemy of the Constitution.”

They nominated General McClellan — apparently because he had been so hesitant a general that he had lost few men. Lincoln beat him by 17,000 votes out of a total of 150,000. The Democratic orators and the Democratic newspapers buried Lincoln with abuse and filth. It is no wonder that he was assassinated within six months. The wonder is that the North won the war with this enemy gnawing at its entrails.

Those were the days of sturdy hatreds. The southern Democrats hated the Republicans — and particularly the Connecticut and Massachusetts Yankees — so much that they seceded from the Union when Lincoln was elected President. And they hated Lincoln so much that when he was again elected they killed him.

The war was over. George Wooster lived only in the heart of his mother, my sweet and gentle grandmother. More than seventy-two thousand soldiers came home to Illinois — nearly half of them to Chicago — to take up life where they left it if they could find the raveled ends. They saw children who had been born since they left home. They visited graves that had been made while they were away. Many of them had been with the armies for three and four years. Arms and legs were often missing. Jobs were invariably missing.

It was the same Chicago — and yet different. European immigrants had continued to pour into the country all through the war years. Multitudes of them had come to Chicago — and the eastern states were still sending their young men to the West. In spite of war losses, the population of Chicago jumped from 109,000 in 1860 to nearly 299,000 in 1870, nearly three times as many people as it had ten years before. Its growth was all out of proportion to that of the United States, for the country as a whole had only increased from 31,400,000 in 1860 to 38,500,000 in 1870.

Business was booming in Chicago. Increases in downtown real estate were making some men rich. Retail and jobbing businesses and manufacturing and transportation were making other men rich. Business had gradually moved from the north side to the south side of the river. Lake Street was the fashionable center for retail stores. The fashionable society of the town still clung to the north side. To the northwest lay the German peoples. To the southwest lay the bulk of the Irish — living in wood shacks, all mixed up with goats and pigs and chickens and ducks and geese and cows and children and saloons and slaughter houses. Out on the lake shore near the north bank of the river and along the river — and in several other pestilential spots in the city — were swarms of squatters living in shacks and boxes and house boats. It was estimated that there were no less than fifteen thousand of these nomads in Chicago at the end of the war — paying no rent or taxes — defying the police to enter their settlements — preying off the rest of the community.

I have mentioned "Long John" Wentworth, the giant from Dartmouth College. He was elected mayor of Chicago twice, in 1857 and 1860. Long John was not only reputed to be the best mayor Chicago ever had, even up to the present day, but he also had the distinction of being the first Republican mayor elected anywhere in the United States.

Characteristic of the man was his handling of a festering municipal sore known as the Sands. This settlement of squatters was located in what was later known as Streeterville, north of the river on the lake shore. It was full of the lowest type

of houses of ill-fame. From it came the thugs and murderers — and to it they fled. Long John decided to get rid of the Sands and the technicalities of the law stood in his way. He had a police force which might be sufficient, unless they met with determined resistance. He also had a number of fire companies, but most of them were volunteer organizations and to be officially used only in case of fire.

Long John and his policemen descended upon the filthy Sands community one night, armed with axes and sledge hammers, and started in to demolish building after building. Half-dressed prostitutes and rat-faced men fled the streets in all directions. But the work was proceeding too slowly, so someone set fire to a wooden shack. This was to Long John's liking. He called out the fire companies and they were a great help to the police in knocking down the rest of the buildings and helping the fire to purify the district. A large number of these disreputable buildings were owned by a man of considerable wealth and some standing in the city. The story goes that he arranged with the police that they were not to molest those of his tenants who had paid their rent — that he would mark the front doors of such houses with red chalk. Then he made the mistake of boasting, during the demolition, that Long John was collecting his rents for him. The boast came to the ears of the giant mayor and those houses fell first of all.

When Long John went out of office, Harvey Colvin and the so-called People's Party secured control of the city government — and threw the town wide open to the underworld. The prostitutes who were driven out of the Sands had scattered to the south side, and year by year their numbers were augmented. Wells Street became the center of a genuine red-light district — achieving a reputation throughout the nation that made its property owners eventually petition to have the odorous name of the street changed to Fifth Avenue.

The Southern gamblers were in the saddle. Gambling houses abounded, and when the keno craze struck Chicago hundreds of empty store rooms were converted into keno joints — thronged with players. Roulette and faro and poker and craps were recognized gambling games and were run behind closed doors. But keno was not gambling. It was nothing but the old and innocent game of lotto, and today we call it bingo. So the police let them alone.

This condition of affairs was quite natural under the circumstances, for Chicago was still much of a frontier town in spite of its mushroom growth and twenty-odd years of existence as a city. Men still outnumbered the women at least two to one and possibly more. These men lived in rooming houses in the center of

town — and they had practically none of the amusements of today. McVicker's was the only theatre in the city at the end of the Civil War. There were no bowling alleys or pool rooms. There were no baseball parks or golf courses or tennis courts. There were no parks, with the exception of a few open spaces near the lake. There were no magazines for men — and no public libraries. Churches had not yet opened their doors for social festivities. The lonesome man, away from home, had no way to meet genteel women and girls. For female companionship he had the choice of an evening walk with some Irish hired girl, or the painted women of the red lights. If his thoughts did not turn to women, he could gamble, or drink, or be lonesome.



THE CHICAGO FIRE

In 1871, my mother was fifteen years old. Chicago now had over fifty miles of cedar block pavements, made by sawing cedar logs into short lengths and placing them on end on the mud. It had more than six hundred and fifty miles of wood side-walks. And practically all of its fifty thousand buildings were built of wood, with roofs of wood shingles.

The city was divided into three divisions — the South Division, south of the river and east of its south branch — the West Division, including all of the territory west of the two branches — and the North Division.

For many weeks the weather had been exceedingly hot and dry. Grass fires on the outlying prairies had been common, and, on the night of Saturday, October 7, 1871, a fire had broken out which destroyed every building on four blocks in downtown Chicago.

Firemen were still exhausted from this fire — in fact they were still fighting it — when fire broke out in a cow-shed near the corner of Jefferson and 12th Streets on the evening of Sunday, October 8.

This was the start of the Great Chicago Fire, and since it destroyed his business and came within a few blocks of destroying his home — since it was a catastrophe which occurred under the eyes of my mother and her father — I am including it in this record.

The entire family of those days — those who dwelt in Chicago — saw the fire that consumed at least one-half of the city and made one hundred thousand people homeless. But their fortunate position was that of the onlooker, for which reason we must turn to the accounts of actual participants for accurate details.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin leaves us a record of the very start of the conflagration. Says he:

“The land was thickly studded with one-story frame dwellings, cow-stables, pig-styes, corncribs, sheds innumerable; every wretched building within four feet of its neighbors and everything of wood. The fire was under full headway before the engines arrived . . . fanned by a terrific gale from the south. Streams were thrown into the flames and evaporated almost as soon as they struck. A single fire engine in the blazing forests of Wis-

consin would have been as effective as were these machines in a forest of shanties twice as combustible as the pine woods of the North.

"The wretched Irish women of the district were rushing about almost naked, imploring spectators to help them with their burdens of bed-quilts, cane-bottom chairs, iron kettles, etc. Drays were thundering along in single procession, which was all the narrowness of the streets allowed, and all was confusion.

"Sweeping north, from roof to roof, the fire reached Harrison Street and broke out almost simultaneously for a distance of two squares. The two fire engines which stood in Harrison Street fled in terror. Great brands of fire, driven by the gale, struck the houses on the north side of the street and though mostly of brick they ignited like tinder.

"A vacant square on Jefferson Street was covered with people . . . half a dozen rescued pianos watched by delicate ladies . . . drunken boys and men with casks of whiskey which they pressed upon all comers.

"A single fire engine in Van Buren Street suddenly hitched up and dashed northward on Jefferson Street. Could it be possible that the fire had actually jumped the river?

"I beat a hasty retreat to Lake Street and came back south again on LaSalle to the scene of the fire. Wagons were rushing through the streets laden with stocks of goods, books, valuable papers, boxes of money, everything conceivable. Scores of men were dragging trunks frantically along the sidewalks, knocking down women and children. Fabulous sums were offered to truckmen. The scene was indescribable. And above it all the roar of the fire, added to the roar of the hurricane.

"The Randolph Street bridge was a strange scene. Drays, trucks, express wagons and vehicles of every kind crowded across to the west side in indiscriminate haste. When wagons collided or broke down, the crowds of men simply moved them across the bridge by brute force. There were the same long lines of men dragging trunks . . . women staggering under loads of bedding . . . wailing and lost children. Whole establishments of ill-fame, loaded into the bottom of express wagons with pimps and gamblers driving. Now and then a stray schooner came up from the South branch and the bridge must be opened. Then arose a howl of indignation along the line . . . a howl audible above the general tumult.

"About daylight the Wells Street bridge took fire, and when the south end was burned away the greater weight of the north end caused the bridge to tip into the river and stand at an angle of sixty degrees.

“As I passed up West Street on my way home, I met scores of working girls on their way downtown as usual, bearing their lunch baskets as if nothing had happened. They saw the fire ahead of them, but could not believe that the city, with their means of livelihood, had been swept away during the night.”

Mr. Chamberlin's account carried us from the original outbreak of the fire down the western edge of what we now call the Loop to the river. The account of Alexander Frear takes us to the lake shore of the Loop:

“My nephew asked me if I wanted to see the fire, saying that he had one of George Garrison's horses and only wanted a rubber blanket to throw over him to protect him from the sparks. When we went out a man was unhitching the horse and when we came up he sprang into the wagon and would have driven off if I had not caught the horse by the head. He then sprang out, hit my nephew in the face, and ran toward State Street.

“Wabash Avenue was a scene of desolation . . . the storm of falling fire increasing every second and it was as much as we could do to protect ourselves from the burning rain and guide the horse through the flying people and hurrying vehicles. Flames from the burning houses on the west side of the street made a diagonal arch which reached entirely across the street.

“All the mansions of the district were being rapidly emptied. A mob of men and women, all screaming and shouting, ran about wildly, crossing each other's paths and intercepting each other as if deranged. We tried to force our way up the avenue, which was littered with costly furniture, much of it beginning to burn. While leading the horse I was struck on the arm by a bird cage thrown from an upper window . . . the horse shied into a burning truck-load of furniture . . . smashed the wheel of the wagon, throwing my nephew out . . . and then disappeared up the street with a leap like that of a panther. I saw one man deliberately set fire to a heap of costly furniture lying on the sidewalk.

“When we reached the wholesale stores north of Madison Street the confusion was even worse. It was impossible to save the costly merchandise . . . the fire was almost on them . . . there were no police and no effort was made to control the rabble. Costermongers' carts, dirt carts, and even coaches were backed up to every store and a villainous crowd of men and boys was looting the stores . . . those without vehicles tearing open their packages in the street to gloat over their booty or to return for something more desirable . . . the crowd broke into a liquor

store and men, women and boys were yelling with the fury of demons as they brandished champagne and brandy bottles. And in this chaos hundreds of children wailing and crying for their parents.

"In crossing the bridge to the north side, one rail was broken away . . . I saw one man stumble under a load of goods and fall into the river and disappear. Small boats loaded with goods were passing down the river but they made no effort to assist him. When I reached my sister's house in Huron Street the north side was evidently doomed. We put my sister in a baker's wagon and my nephew and I dragged it through the streets, with my sister in hysterics over her children. . . . Desplaines Street and North Jefferson Street were piled fifteen feet high with goods, so that we could not get through. In Desplaines Street we met an omnibus loaded with frightened children. The driver stopped and yelled to us to know where we were taking that woman . . . he did not know where to take the children."

Shortly after midnight the fire had traveled nearly two miles to the north and the downtown area, from the river on the west to the lake shore, was in flames. The gas works had blown up and the entire south side was in darkness. Bridges between the north and south sides were in flames. Burning shingles and boards were being blown for hundreds of yards ahead of the flames and buildings on the north bank of the river caught fire even before the last buildings on the south bank were well under way. Before daylight the fire had reached and burned the pumping station for the water works and now there was no water.

Mr. Lambert Tree tells us of conditions on the North Side:

"As we stood at the corner of Cass and Ontario Streets, I discovered that my wife, in her fright, had thrown away the box containing her jewelry and other valuables, but it was too late to go back after it. My wife, sister and son were all slightly burned about heads and faces and hands, and our clothes had numerous holes burned in them. Nor had we any hats.

"We went along Ontario Street until we came to the vacant grounds on the shore of the lake . . . perhaps forty or fifty acres . . . east of St. Clair Street between Superior and Indiana Streets. When we arrived we found thousands of men, women and children, and hundreds of dogs and horses, who had already fled there for refuge. The grounds were dotted with piles of trunks, chairs, tables, beds and household furniture of every description. It seemed as if this great open space, with nothing but the broad lake on the east of us, ought to be safe; but there a few hours later we nearly perished from suffocation again.

"It was between three and four o'clock in the morning when we arrived. Many men and women had found liquor and were reeling around drunk . . . rough-looking men were going around in gangs breaking open and rifling trunks . . . one poor sick woman, who had been carried there on a mattress, died in the midst of the throng . . . sparks and cinders began to fall fast as nearby buildings caught fire, and bedding and furniture began to burn on the ground. An hour later the immense piles of lumber directly south of us caught fire . . . dense clouds of smoke and burning brands rolled over us and enveloped the entire space and it became almost impossible to breathe.

"Men and beast alike rushed to the water's edge and into the lake to avoid suffocation . . . the lake shore was lined with people who were standing in the water, all with their backs to the storm of fire and smoke which raged over them . . . and there they remained for several hours until the lumber yards were destroyed and the heat and smoke had in some measure subsided."

The fire did not reach the West Division, and its march to the south was prevented by the hurricane blowing from that direction and by the quick action of General Phil Sheridan in blowing up frame buildings in that section. It came within a very few blocks of the Willard home on Wabash at 14th Street and their house was full to overflowing with friends and relatives and total strangers who had been burned out.

By Monday morning there was not a business house or a bank or an office building standing in downtown Chicago. By Tuesday morning there was not a house standing in the entire North Division of the city, with the exception of the mansion of Mahlon D. Ogden, which stood where the Newberry Library is now located. Only when it reached Fullerton Avenue and ran out of combustible material did the fire stop.

Seventeen and more thousand buildings lay in ruins. More than one hundred thousand people were homeless and penniless. The streets were impassable. There was no gas. Sewers did not work because of lack of water. Water for drinking had to be hauled from the lake in barrels — for 300,000 people. Food supplies were exhausted in one day. All of the railroad stations were burned and the tracks were twisted and warped. No one could get money from the banks, for they were all burned. The city was prostrate and in the hands of riotous mobs of ruffians. No wonder that William Bross wrote:

"Wednesday morning . . . another sleepless night. And in the morning, as I sat sipping my coffee with some cold ham, I saw Sheridan's boys with knapsack and musket march proudly by. Never did deeper emotions of joy overcome me. . . . Had

it not been for General Sheridan's prompt, bold and energetic action (in telegraphing General Nelson A. Miles to rush the 5th U. S. Infantry from Ft. Leavenworth to Chicago), I verily believe that what was left of the city would have been nearly if not quite destroyed by the cutthroats and vagabonds who flocked here from every point of the compass."

The growth of Chicago had been the marvel of the age — and its speed of recovery from this catastrophe was even more marvelous. Perhaps it cannot better be pictured than in the words of William A. Croffut:

"Before the raging fiend had died — while the great storage piles of coal were still in flames — the old energy came forth. On Tuesday morning the last house was burnt away at the north. By Tuesday afternoon carpenters were knocking together a rough plank store for some merchant on the South Side. By Wednesday hundreds of carts and wagons were hauling twisted and melted iron away to the foundries . . . while other hundreds were hauling thousands of loads of ashes and broken brick to dump them into the lake and make more land for an already opulent railroad company.

"When the crimson canopy of Monday night merged into the dawn of Tuesday, it was found that some thousands of loads of merchandise had been saved — stowed away in tunnels, buried in back alleys, piled up on the lake shore, strewn in front yards, run out of the city to safety on railroad cars and even on schooners. And, far more than this, five thousand merchants still had their good names.

"Then began the raids of the barbarians of trade upon our aristocratic thoroughfares — Wabash and Michigan and West Washington and West Lake and Randolph and Madison and Monroe. Block after block of handsome homes were swallowed up by merchants and speculators. Nor was this invasion of trade confined to strangers. For many a man who had done a business of a half million a year moved his family and furniture upstairs in his own home and on the first floor installed emergency counters and show cases and merchandise and clerks.

"Three or four kinds of business were frequently crowded under the roof of a single dwelling — a shoeshop in the basement — a button factory on the first floor — doctors and lawyers and insurance men on the second floor — and a printer in the garret.

"Far down State Street, at the corner of 20th, was the horse-barn of the street car company. And this was the new store of Field, Leiter & Co. Immediately after the fire the hay was pitched out of the loft, the horses and oats and harness were hustled into

another building, both floors were varnished and the beams and walls received a coat of whitewash. And soon readymade dresses hung on the harness hooks and the lace department was in a box stall.

“One church housed the postoffice. Another was occupied by an express company. In a third was a watch factory. And all through that winter more than three hundred buildings of the better class were rising. Men were building brick walls in freezing weather for the first time — with bonfires to keep the mortar and masons from freezing. A thousand more were started in March, and by the end of two years Chicago was entirely rebuilt — bigger and better than ever.”

In 1880, Jessie Willard married Charles Guy Bolte — who was born in Brockville, Ontario — the son of William Henry Bolte, who was born in the Citadel in Quebec, and of Jane Usher Bolte, who was born in Shannonville, Ontario. The Ushers and the Bakers, Grandmother Bolte’s forebears, were in America long before the revolution and possibly as early as Grandfather Samuel Willard. But I knew little about the Bolte family history of those days until it came to me in some detail from my father’s youngest sister, Edith Bolte MacCracken. (See Appendix.)

Seven children came to William Bolte and Jane. Henry and Guy — both killed by accidents in early boyhood. Emmaline, who married Emory Hall — the famous banjo player of minstrel days who was lost in the Iroquois Theatre fire. Philip, the jolly fat uncle of my early boyhood. Charles Guy, my father. Anson, the beloved “Colonel Bolte” to thousands of friends in Chicago. And Edith — the baby of the family who was not born until the family had left Canada for Chicago.

So Charles Guy Bolte married Jessie Willard and they went to live with Grandfather Willard in his three-story brown-stone-front home at 1248 Michigan Avenue — and there I was born in the midst of an equinoctial heat wave on September 21, 1884 — which makes me an even half-century old as I write this record.

Chicago was still growing. It probably had three-quarters of a million people by that time, in view of the fact that the 1890 census shows nearly 1,100,000. But aside from its greater area and greater population it had not changed a great deal.

I do not know when electric lights and telephones came to Chicago and it does not particularly matter. Electric arc lights were invented in 1876 and I can remember them — sputtering and hissing and going out — in my early boyhood. Incandescent bulbs were not invented by Thomas Edison until 1878, and the first impression they made on me was at the World’s Columbian

Exposition — which was literally jeweled with them in 1893. I never saw a telephone until we moved to Winnetka in 1892 — and Grandfather never had a telephone, or a typewriter either, in all of the years he was in business. In fact, I do not know that he ever talked over a telephone, although he lived for at least ten years after they came into use in Chicago. Letters in those days were written with pen and ink and were then laid in a copy book with a damp cloth and pressed so that the ink was transferred to a sheet of tissue paper. If your mail did not look as if it had been left out in the rain, you knew that the writer did not have a copy of the letter in his copy book.

I lived in Chicago until I was nine years old and my chief recollection of those days is associated with fear. I had been warned so thoroughly about the dangers of crossing the street that I was scared to death of traffic. A neighbor's dog went mad in the backyard next door and raced around in foaming circles until a policeman came and shot him with a revolver, and from then on I was afraid of both dogs and revolvers — all firearms, in fact. My parents had a terrible time breaking me of the pleasant habit of stealing small bits of money with which to buy candy. When ordinary methods failed, Mother would threaten to tell Father when he came home from work — and I shuddered over that home-coming, although I do not remember that he ever did anything about it. Grandfather used to take us riding with an old plug of a horse named Frank. He had to keep jerking on the reins to prevent Frank from slowing down to a walk — but at least once on each trip old Frank would stretch his neck suddenly forward to get some slack on the reins — and then take a kick at the dashboard with both hind feet and start to run like the dickens. That made me afraid of horses. And, finally, I was in constant terror of gangs of tough boys that we called "Alley Micks." When we were playing marbles and other games out on the street, these gangs of ragamuffins would suddenly appear out of the alleys — search us for marbles and knives and other boyhood valuables — help themselves to our caps and mittens — punch a couple of us in the nose for good luck — and disappear with derisive yells. The trouble with the Micks was that we always kept our front doors locked. Even if I saw the marauders coming in time to flee, I could not reach safety inside the house because of that locked door. Several times they pursued me right inside of our vestibule and gave me the works. I led a fearful life.

In the spring of 1893, my parents moved to Winnetka, Illinois, seventeen miles out north of the center of Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan. Here was an entirely new environment and a new kind of life for our branch of the family, and I think it worth describing in some detail, because it is a life that has largely disappeared.

WINNETKA

Winnetka, then as now, occupied a tract of land approximately three miles north and south by approximately one mile wide. On the east was the lake, with bluffs as high as eighty feet at the north end. On the west was the Skokie Swamp, a delightfully useless refuge for crawfish and bull-heads and violets and bob-o-links and meadow larks and rails and shitepokes and small boys — covered deep with water in the spring and quaking underfoot most of the summer. Some misguided early speculator had platted a portion of the Skokie and had laid a mile or two of wooden sidewalks along his phantom streets. When the water was high, the boys used to break off a fifteen or twenty-foot section of sidewalk and use it for a raft. By putting a couple of fat boys on the front end it was possible to sink that end somewhat under water and the bull-heads would swim right up onto the raft.

In those days, Winnetka claimed a population of some twelve hundred souls, including the suburb of Lakeside, and also including Jerry Cross, the sole colored voter of the diocese.

It was not necessary to go clear out to the Skokie to find water during April and May. It rained for thirty or forty days in those two months our first spring. There was no sewer system, and the heavy clay soil held the spring rains in every hollow and low spot until the summer sun dried up the water and the tadpoles. And we had mosquitoes. I understand that there are a few left on the North Shore, but I am sure that they can never compare with the aboriginal inhabitants.

Even as we had no sewer system, so likewise we had no water system. Every man had his own well and his own cistern. If the wells ran dry in summer we used to haul water from the lake in barrels — just as they did in Chicago after the fire. Pete Conrad and Fred Richardson and old man Preston made pretty good money when this happened. They would put three or four barrels in a wagon and drive down to the foot of Elm Street or Willow Street and back out into the lake. They let us boys fill the barrels with pails of water in return for the privilege of riding with them. Riding in a wagon was a major summer sport with us — especially riding out into the farming country west of the Skokie with old Charles Schroeder when he went to buy calves for butchering. But he cooled me off when he cut a calf's throat and caught and drank a glass full of hot blood. He said it was good to prevent the "toobercoloose." But the main point I wish to make here is

that nobody had to pay any water rates or buy garden hose or feel ashamed of the looks of his lawn. Later on the village put in a water system with a high brick water tower and soaked us 18c a thousand gallons.

There was not a foot of cement sidewalk in the village, but we had miles of board walks — the kind with the boards laid crosswise. People used to walk single file, because if you walked abreast and your companion stepped on the end of a loose board, the other end came up and tripped you.

The only street that was paved was a stretch of a couple of hundred feet along the railroad tracks, and that was paved with cinders. The rest of the roads were just plain Cook County clay — mud in the spring — dust in the summer — and covered with a foot or two of snow the rest of the year, as I remember it.

Then, as now, the rich city people used to move out there for the summer and rent houses for as much as three hundred dollars for the season, which money the thrifty natives used for a summer in Michigan or New England. Their furniture came out from the city in huge vans, which invariably got stuck in the mud on Green Bay Road.

The town went to bed early because there was nothing else to do. About once or twice a year some hardy couple stayed in Chicago for the opera and arrived home on the "Owl" train after making every stop, including Rose Hill and Calvary. It cost you double fare to have a hack meet you that late, and the whole trip would have dismayed Lindberg.

The streets were lighted with kerosene lamps set on wooden posts. Each post had a hole bored through it and the lamplighter used to stick a piece of gas pipe through the hole and stand on the pipe while he was filling the lamp, trimming the wick, and lighting it. To make the paint on the post last longer they used to throw sand all over the paint while it was still wet. Possibly I should not say that the streets were lighted by these lamps. They simply served as lighthouses on each corner — something to steer for as you felt your way along and counted your steps to avoid stepping into holes where the boards were missing.

In the winter we went to school in the old brick academy building that had once been operated by Chicago University. There was no high school closer than Evanston, and pupils from our township had to go there for their higher education, so far as I can remember. When I reached high school, the Eighth Grade teacher taught three of us for one year in the front row of the Eighth Grade, so perhaps that is what they did with the pupils ahead of me.

In the summer we had fun. Long hot days on the beach, swimming in the foamy surf and fishing for perch off the piers. Picking hepaticas and violets and trilliums and the rare shooting stars and still rarer Indian moccasins in Hubbard's Woods (which then contained but a single house). Riding bicycles and playing split-top on the wooden sidewalks. Climbing the tall Douglas Fir trees and getting all covered with pitch. Hooking apples and grapes from the neighbors, in spite of the fact that we had more than enough at home.

The warm-weather season was ushered in with marbles — cincy and knuckle-ring and hudging-ring. As soon as it was really warm enough and dry enough to play marbles comfortably we would have nothing to do with them. And it ended with expeditions to gather walnuts and hickory nuts and butternuts and hazelnuts in the woods and thickets west of the tracks in Lakeside.

Winter was fun, too. Everybody had a sleigh and almost everybody let you hitch on the runners or tie your sled on behind. There was a private skating rink in Hubbard's Woods where we played shinny and sting-gool. And we coasted on Greeley's hill and skated on Lloyd's pond and sometimes out in the Skokie when there was clear ice there. The lake was no good for skating. The ice was rotten and full of air-holes, and when a storm came it piled the ice as high as a house along the shore.

For social affairs we had parties in various homes. Sometimes dancing, for a dancing school had been started in Totten's Hall and my mother bought me my first pair of long pants to wear to the darn thing — and made me wear them, too — and the other boys laughed at me in front of the girls because the legs of my pants were nearly twice as wide as they should have been. Mother evidently did not know that pant legs were being worn very narrow. But most of the parties were just Spin the Platter and Clap In Clap Out and Walking The Dismal Swamp — with an occasional bit of excitement in the form of Truth or Postoffice. And what homely girls — if any — I got letters from in Postoffice.

I have been wondering how to give you a real picture of that life as compared with the present, and I think that possibly the best way will be to make a financial comparison between then and now.

When we moved to Winnetka my father had finally reached a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and as far back as I can remember five thousand dollars a year has been very important money. In fact it still is, except in New York and one or two other foreign concessions in this country, where they pay you twice as much as you are worth and then charge you twice as much for everything that you buy.

To repeat, then, five thousand a year is a "good" salary. It means that the lucky recipient has arrived somewhere in his career. He has a position instead of a job.

We lived in a rented house for which I think Dad paid something like \$70.00 per month rent — a very high rent for that town and time. The house sat on a hill facing Maple Avenue, right smack in the middle of an entire block. It had three living rooms — six or eight bedrooms — fourteen-foot ceilings — a marvelous cupola on top of the roof — a porch that ran around three sides of the house — and a furnace that ate forty tons of anthracite and kept the temperature just above freezing except in the coldest weather. There was also a good barn, somewhat warmer than the house when our two horses and our cow got it well warmed up — and an ancient wooden windmill which pretended to pump water into a tank in the attic. The windmill squeaked and the tank leaked, but it was much better than pumping by hand.

That was part of what five thousand dollars bought in those days, but far from all. We had an acre or two of garden and a couple of dozen apple and pear and cherry trees, a rhubarb patch and an asparagus bed and a patch of horseradish and another of mint.

For eight or ten dollars a week the folks secured two capable hired girls who did all of the housework, including washing and ironing even unto Grandfather's fried shirts and collars and cuffs. When house cleaning time came they just tied into the job and licked it by hand. Most of the time we also had a hired man who took care of the cow and horses, made the garden, cut square miles of grass, tended the furnace and put the ashes on the drive-ways, met Dad at the train, and drove Mother to market. He got \$25 a month and slept in the basement in winter and in the barn in summer. He was usually an ex-sailor or some kind of a Dane or Dutchman, and he always quit about house-cleaning time.

There was only one telephone in town — located in Mrs. Willy's candy store — and it cost a quarter to call Chicago. The butcher's boy and the grocer's boy called at the backdoor every morning and wrote your order down in your own order-book with your name on it, just like a bank book. Then they delivered your order in the afternoon, so what did you need of a telephone? Mother liked to drive, however, so we usually went to market in the buggy and Charlie Schroeder always came out to the street wiping his hands on his white apron and brought each of us kids a weenie or a slice of boloney. He would recommend "weal chops" or "native" beef. Charlie did much of his own killing, and from him I got the idea that meat that was shipped in was artificial or something. He used to tell me stories about "Chack the Guyant Killer."

Taken all in all, the food bill for our family of nine or ten people sometimes ran as high as \$50 a month, but then we were pretty extravagant. We always had turkey for Sunday dinner during the winter months until we got tired of turkey. Then we had great rolled roasts of beef. Of course the cow helped out, as did the hens and the garden. We used to stake the cow out in one of the many neighboring vacant lots every day in the summer. Everybody did that with their cows in those days. Once in a while she pulled the stake loose and that invariably cost Dad five dollars, because she had a passion for heading direct for the Pound instead of coming home.

Outside of the things I have mentioned, and our clothes and incidentals, Dad had very few expenses. There were no utility bills to pay. There were no movies — no clubs — no laundries or dry-cleaners. I never had a suit cleaned in my life until after I was married. And there were no automobiles until Jim Pugh startled the town with some kind of buckboard with an engine sitting on the rear end, many years later.

Social competition, if it was present in the village, had not reached the financial stage. It is true that we had a real millionaire in Henry D. Lloyd. But he was far from being a satisfactory millionaire, because he refused to live the part. I'll bet I ate four hundred meals in his house and it never occurred to me that he had any more money than we had. He was that way.



MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

It cost Dad a little less than \$1200 to put me through a four-year course at Michigan State College thirty years ago. I know that is correct because I can well remember those blue checks for \$25 which were drawn on the Corn Exchange Bank each month. I wish that I were still getting them — but Dad is gone and so is the Corn Exchange Bank.

A room with another fellow cost \$7 for each term of three months and board in the best boarding club cost an average of \$2.31 per week. Poor enough board, too. There were no fraternity houses, for three national fraternities of earlier days had turned drunk and disorderly and the State Board of Agriculture or somebody had thrown out all fraternities on their ear. But we had fraternities just the same — we called them Literary Clubs — and had fifteen minutes of literary bunk each Saturday night before the real meeting got under way. We had two swell rooms in the attic of one of the dormitories and our dues of a dollar a month were spent on an occasional feed and the one dance that we were permitted to have each term. If there was any surplus in the spring we re-decorated the walls with Alabastine.

Lucky was the Literary Society that happened to have a good pianist, for they made him play for their dances. Otherwise they hired a pianist for about five dollars. The girls had to be back in their dormitory by eleven, so we usually started to dance at seven. The girls' dorm was only a few hundred feet from our dorm, so there was no chance to ride home three-deep in a Ford. In fact, there were no Fords. About that time Henry Ford was riding a bicycle himself. But it used to take us twenty minutes to walk that few hundred feet under the stars.

A plain black suit was regular party clothes and you could get your pants pressed by some guy with a charcoal goose for a dime. Or you could put them under the mattress between two boards. Or you could borrow a pair of pants from some fellow who was not going to a dance that night.

In the spring term we had shirtwaist dances, because it was too darned hot to dance with a coat on. The girls thought that was awfully sensible. Along in my Junior year my uncle gave me a dress suit that he had been married in in 1884. It fitted nicely and was not at all green or moth-eaten. But the rest of the gang thought I was going a little far. Nobody tried to borrow it, but my girl liked it.

Of course we had a Junior Hop — for Juniors only. And a commencement dance when the famous old boys came back and felt lonesome and avoided coming to fraternity meeting for fear we would bone them for money to build our projected fraternity house.

Each term there was a military hop, when we privates had to wear 22-ounce cadet-grey uniforms so stiff that you could not bend your knees. And they hooked down so far in front that you could not sit down. These uniforms used to sell for about \$7 at the end of your Senior year, and some of them would be in college yet if the war had not come along and switched the boys to O. D.

I never heard of a college student wearing plus-fours or a fur coat. We thought we were all fixed up if we had a slick pair of peg-top pants, a black coat, a pair of high-cut shoes and a turtle neck sweater or jersey. Any girl with brains could and did make her own dresses in sewing class, and silk stockings were something for parties.

Dates were not called dates but they meant the same thing. They were confined to Friday and Saturday evenings in the parlor of the Women's Building, and the first fellow to arrive was the lucky one because he and his girl got the seat behind the piano. Every other spot in the room was right out in the open. The total expense of a date, if any, was a box of candy that cost a maximum of fifty cents and always made a hit. That is, nearly always. Once when I was down to my last quarter I bought her a pound of molasses kisses and unwrapped them and carefully repacked them in a candy box that I bought with my last nickel. I thought that I had her fooled, but years later I found out that I was mistaken. Some other fellow had given her the same kind of candy in a bag that afternoon and she knew that kisses did not come in fifty-cent boxes. Women can be very cruel. She hung that darn box on the tennis net which held a couple of hundred photographs on the walls of her room — and made fun of me to the entire Themian Society and many of the Feronians. But I got even with her. I married her.

My total expense for liquor during four years covered three glasses of beer, which I drank by myself one evening when I was feeling very despondent and tempted to end it all in drink — and one-sixth of the cost of a dozen pints of beer which Phil Wessels brought out from town in a suitcase stuffed with dirty shirts. Drinking on the campus — drinking anywhere — was strictly verboten. Every year about a dozen of the freshman class got chased home because they could not believe that the faculty meant that rule. They used to get tight and ride out to the college on the old Toonerville Trolley and jump up and down on the

back end to make her teeter. Sometimes a real good teeter would make her jump the track. Big fun, but too many times some faculty member was aboard — and then somebody went home to papa.

I had no particular objection to drinking, but I had great respect for the faculty. Not that I liked them, you understand. I hated many of them, but they could get you in bad trouble, so I obeyed that rule anyway.

Smoking was another expense that meant nothing to me, because I did not smoke. In fact, I should say that not over two or three hundred of the thousand boys in the college at that time did smoke, although it was permitted in the dormitories. However, practically all of the engineers learned to chew dark sweet burley when they got into machine shop. The theory was that the smell of the screw-cutting oil would make you sick to your stomach if you did not chew. But the Ags did not take machine shop so they did not have to learn to chew. I was tempted to take up cigarettes several times. Rolling them and blowing smoke rings was rather intriguing. But each time I remembered that my Uncle John Willard got to be a “cigarette fiend” at the University of Michigan so I laid off. Also, my girl swore that she would never marry a man who used tobacco.

Once or twice a month I used to sneak off and meet her downtown in Lansing and buy her an Angel’s Delight or a Banana Split at the Sugar Bowl. But that only set me back thirty cents and was well worth it if the faculty did not catch us. There was none of this “Gee, I’m hungry” or “Where shall we go now” business to contend with in my college days. There was nowhere to go, and the faculty would not have let the girls go with you if there had been.

But don’t get the idea that the system was a failure, even though it was financially economical and very cramping in personal freedom. No system is a failure which buys you eight hours of class or laboratory a day for five days a week for nine months a year for four years under the best teachers in the world at the time for less than twelve hundred dollars. And no social system is a failure which induces thirty-four swell young people from the same college class of seventy-five to marry each other within two years after graduation — and to stay married. I say it was financially sound, because it did not cost one of us more than a couple of dollars a month to win and hold our girls long enough for us to graduate and get a job and get married.

Well, I finally graduated and got a swell job that paid me \$1,500 a year and got married and in less than five years there were five of us. That was not so humorous. However, to use the language of the successful men of my youth, by hard work and natural perseverance and teaching Sunday School and striving to please my employers in every way I finally reached a salary of five thousand dollars a year myself — the goal of all ambitious young men. God bless Julius Rosenwald. It was he who first recognized my true worth and paid me the salary which marks one as a commercial gentleman and a leader. Albert Lasker had the first chance, but he muffed it by about \$600.

Now \$5,000 did not go nearly as far with me in 1916 as it did with Dad in 1896, but it did me very nicely. It rented a fine big house in Oak Park and enabled me to join the City Club and eat lunch in the same dining room with Walter Fisher. It paid for a first-class Swedish maid whom we got for \$9 a week on account of the fact that she had a five-year-old boy and her previous employer on Lake Shore Drive insisted on her keeping the lad in the basement. We got her for a cut price because we let him have the run of the place. It really made very little difference, because our house was literally dripping with small boys in those days. But it sometimes got on my nerves to have him stick his head out of the pantry door and watch me by the hour with his mouth open. He never said a word to me for an entire year — just looked. I discovered later that I resembled his father, who had gone back to Sweden to serve his term in the army or something, and little Arthur could not understand what I was doing in the front part of the house.

A year or so later we moved to Indianapolis to get rich, but on the same old salary. We did not get rich. What we did do was to put up a fifteen-year battle trying to keep the salary from dropping below \$5,000 and the expenses from going above \$10,000. The only satisfaction I had in leaving Winnetka was found in the fact that we were leaving a circle of friends where I was earning a somewhat higher salary than any of the bunch — and all of them were spending about twice as much as I was earning. Their folks kept dying on them and leaving them money. I grew tired of riding in other people's automobiles, but I grew even more tired of not riding in them. I noticed a decided tendency on the part of those owning cars to invite those who also owned cars, when they wanted to fill up the back seat. I had no car, and probably never would have had a car if the manufacturers had not thought up the time-payment plan.

INDIANAPOLIS

However, Indianapolis is an ideal city for people earning \$5,000 a year, because there are so many of them. At least, there were so many of them until the depression took a hand in their affairs. They always did think that five grand was a good salary in this town and most of them made a genuine effort not to spend all of their salary. You don't have to dress the part here, either. It is perfectly okay to wear a pair of pants that do not match your coat while the others are being mended.

Of course there are sections of the town where you have to keep your car polished as well as washed — where it is not considered just the thing to cut your own grass or wash the windows for your wife. But no town can be one hundred percent perfect. What I like about Indianapolis is the fact that people think you are pretty smart if you can make an automobile last for five years. They do not judge you entirely by the length of your wheel-base.

I do not know the value of a \$5,000 salary in Winnetka today, but I have my suspicions. It is worth a lot more than it was five years ago, but I understand that they are paying the boys in Mex. money in Chicago, the same as they do in New York, and taking it away from them just as fast, too.

Here is what it is worth in Indianapolis in terms of what it will buy for a family of five people who live like we do.

House rent	\$ 840
Food	1,000
Gas	75
Telephone	75
Electricity	85
Water	25
Laundry and dry cleaning	350
Maid (six half days)	416
Insurance	400
Taxes	200
Doctor and dentist	200
Clothing	200
Personal expenses	450
Operation and replacement of small automobile	500
Fuel	250
Total	<hr/> \$5,766

It is obvious that this budget starts you out only \$766 in the hole, which is fair enough. Of course, there is no provision for amusements, vacations, Christmas, Mother's Day, five birthdays, golf, or the expenses of three six-foot sons all in college at the same time. I find that these things must receive consideration from time to time. But I comfort myself with the recollection that at no time in nearly thirty years of married life have I earned quite as much money as it cost me to live, yet I am still free from past-due debts and have managed to wear out six automobiles and acquire an equity of several thousand dollars in my home, which equity has been thoroughly liquidated by the depression. Not only that, but the boys are through college and all married. Explain it if you can, but don't ask me to help you. All I can say is that Indianapolis is a great town for a five-thousand-dollar man and I have proved it.

In the interest of those of my descendants who may be less fortunate or less successful than this writer, let us briefly consider these various items of expense.

My eight-room house is located five miles east of the Monument in an excellent residential section and there is not a single chauffeur or country club in this whole end of town. I have 110-foot frontage on a brick street, which will soon have to be repaved, and there is a perfectly good garage which I understand was once a hen-house but does not look it.

Two blocks away is Butler University, which my boys attended for three or possibly four hours a day (I used to get eight hours a day of lecture and laboratory at Michigan State for one-fourth the price). The Sigma Chi house, which they attended at about the same expense as the university, lies but three doors north of us, so we are very handy if any of the Sigs are sick or broke or hungry or want to borrow dishes or chairs or the piano or my hip-boots or vases or rakes, axes, garden hose, food or suspenders. They also borrow tuxedo collars and studs, automobile tools, tires and electric bulb. Some of them know how to siphon gasoline out of a car with a rubber hose, if they can borrow the hose.

I started to buy the house on a contract for \$70 a month, which was about what it would rent for during the war. On that basis it would have been mine in about fourteen years. Now when you consider it solely as rent, the sum of \$70 a month is far from excessive, especially if you divide it between five people or between eight rooms. In fact it is less than Dad paid in 1895, and the beauty of the scheme was that I was saving \$23.79 per month in the form of payments on the house itself. Of course the house might be so old that it would fall all to pieces before it was ever paid off, but it offered the only plan I ever found for

saving \$23.79 per month, so I decided to stay with it. Dad never saved that much money in a month, because they did not have monthly payments in his day.

The plan, however, did not work out. We had to dig up the root-clogged sewer about twice each year and we had to paint and overhaul the furnace and put on a new roof and fix the gas heater and buy new screens and put back the ceiling plaster that fell down each winter and pay for fire insurance and tornado insurance and \$200 for taxes. First thing we knew we were saving \$23.79 a month and spending about twice that over the monthly payments. So I had to get refinanced — and now I am trying to get refinanced again.

A grocery and meat bill of \$100 a month and a milk bill of \$100 a year was sufficient to give me pause. Even after living for four months in Greenwich, Connecticut, it still scared me to death. Dad used to holler if his food bills went over \$50 a month and he had four more mouths to feed. But then, we put out about 450 individual meals per month and that makes it come to less than 24c per meal. It looks reasonable. The only trouble is to raise the money to pay for so many reasonably-priced meals.

As I have set forth, earlier in this record, gas, electricity, water, telephone and an automobile cost Dad nothing in the early days in Winnetka, because he did not have them. Nor did the lack hurt his social standing in the slightest. Henry D. Lloyd did not have them either. And I am here to say that we got along just as well if not better without them. With three sons living at home and going to college at the same time, I wish to submit that a telephone in the house is an unparalleled nuisance. When I was a boy in Winnetka I knew every living domesticated creature in town, including hired help, dogs, horses and cows. But they had no telephones. Now I am living in a city of four hundred thousand people — and I am convinced that my sons know everybody in Indianapolis who owns a telephone.

Until recently I have been a firm believer in the theory of being a pal to your kids and staying young and all of that bunk. But how can you do it when the dratted telephone wakens you two or three times a night to tell you that somebody with two girls in party clothes and silk slippers is stuck out in the country and likewise out of both gasoline and money. Or some distracted mother or angry father wishes to know whether I have seen anything of some Charles or Mary Elizabeth that I never even heard of before.

The doctors of this town have hit upon a slick scheme. They hire a girl to sit up all night and tell people where they are attending a party, if they do not answer their home phone. If the doctors will not let me in on their syndicate, I am going to have

the telephone company print a notice under my name in the book — telling the entire college and high-school population of Indianapolis that if they want help after nine o'clock in the evening they are to call up the Family Welfare Society. I need more sleep if I am going to stay young and friendly.

But there is one thing that gets my goat worse than all of the other items of expense — and that is cleaning bills. I never paid to have a suit pressed in my life until long after I was married. I pressed them, if any, myself. And I never had anything dry-cleaned until after I moved to Indianapolis, where it is polite to burn soft coal. But when the boys were at home my monthly cleaning and pressing bill was so high that I could not afford to send any of my own clothes. I had to wear these dark, gloomy looking suits that look sooty the day you get them and gradually get no better. I made up my mind that as soon as I got the boys off my hands I was going to wear suits of virgin white — like Mark Twain — and have them cleaned every day, just to get even. But along came the depression.

Well, there is no use worrying about fixed expenses. They managed to keep themselves fixed without my help. But those three college careers were something else. Tuition at Butler was about \$80 per boy per term, which multiplied by three boys and two terms comes to the neat sum of \$480 per year. Books, laboratory fees, special examinations for those who forgot to go to class from time to time, and a multitude of similar petty items, brought the honest, genuine college tithes up to a good \$600 for the year.

That sum will seem remarkably low to some of these high-powered fathers who send their boys away to college with a racing car and a check-book of their own. In fact, my nephew felt very cramped on an allowance of \$1,200 a year in Dartmouth at the same time that I kept my three sons in Butler for half that amount or thereabouts. But you must remember that I started out to compare my five thousand dollar income with my Dad's five thousand dollar income, and I was already \$766 in the hole before taking on this last \$600.

What one might call genuine college expenses are merely a start in going to college these days. Tuition and fees and books are mere incidentals, both from a financial standpoint and from the standpoint of the students themselves. In my day, at least at Michigan State, the boys went to college to learn to be farmers and engineers and the girls went to college to learn to be teachers — those who did not go for the main purpose of getting away from home and meeting some nice fellows. But today I am firmly convinced that ninety out of every hundred youngsters go to college to get a fraternity pin.

And they go to the small colleges because they think that there will be a better chance of getting that pin where there is less competition. After they get the pin, those whose parents can afford it finish up at one of the big universities because they think it will give them more prestige after they graduate. But the pin is the most important and perhaps the most expensive thing about going to college today. People ask what fraternity a boy or girl belongs to before they ask where they went to college.

Fraternity dues vary in size and severity. Here at Butler they ran about \$100 for the school year, which caused me to pay \$300 in one year to a fraternity to which I was never even bid. My old local bunch at Michigan State did not take in \$300 from thirty members in a whole year, and we got that all back in the form of food and dances.

When you are a member of a fraternity you belong to the social set in college — you are one of the fellows who get bid to the formal dances and have to buy corsages and wear Tux clothes. Nobody ever serves anything to eat at the dances any more, either. You have to take your date to some sandwich shop and buy her refreshments — on Dad. Even the girls who live at home have forgotten how to make sandwiches and fudge. When you go there for a date they are waiting for you with their hats on. And their mothers actually encourage the idea, obviously because the mothers do not wish to stay home and act as chaperones. If this thing keeps up, the fathers of sons will soon be stuck with the wedding expenses. First and last, I must have paid for two hundred corsages and five hundred dances and five thousand dates — all for other men's girls.

However, I was pretty hard-boiled on the incidental good-time expenses and managed to keep the boys down to \$2 each per week for cigarettes and carfare and this and that — so they occasionally would bestir themselves and get a part-time job to help provide spending money. These bursts of self-help usually did not last long, however, because they were always interfering with trips to Wabash or DePauw or I. U. or somewhere.

Taken altogether, I suppose that the miscellaneous items did not cost me much over an extra \$600 per year, thus bringing my total expense thus far to a tidy \$6,700. But we had Christmas at our house, too. About \$200 worth of it, when you count the presents and the extra food and theatres and general looseness that prevails at that joyous celebration of the . . . of the . . . of the birth of Jesus Christ, but most of us seem to have forgotten that part of it.

And I suppose that I spent another \$300 a year going fishing and playing golf at 50c per round on the public course. Birthdays do not need to be counted, because I cross them up by giving them suits of clothes on those festive occasions. But I have to pay for the suits, at that.

Enough of troubles. I have proved that a man with three sons can live in Indianapolis very nicely on a salary of \$5,000 — if he can only find some way to dig up enough extra money to come out even at the end of the year.



GRANDMOTHER BOLTE

Families are known by their heroes — by those members of the tribe who were knighted or came over with William the Conqueror or landed in the Mayflower or fought in the Revolution or accumulated a million dollars.

To my descendants I wish to introduce a new type of family hero — my Grandmother Bolte, who was born Jane Usher Baker.

Grandmother Bolte had intestinal fortitude. She could take it — and she had to. She was one of fifteen children born to Guy Carleton Baker and Maria (Strohm) Baker — and their descendants are scattered far and wide. Of all of her brothers and sisters I knew only Aunt Milly — who married Guy Lee and settled in Walhalla, North Dakota (where I spent the summer of the Spanish-American War) — and dear old Uncle Jim Baker, who lived in Cleveland and who visited us several times in Winnetka. However, during my college days I became well acquainted with a delightful family of Fuller cousins in Grand Rapids — who were grandchildren of her sister Maria. Her younger sister, Emmeline, married Major Patrick Geherty of the British army, and lived in India for several years after the Sepoy Rebellion.

Grandmother Bolte could take it — and had to. Her first son — Henry — coasted down a hill in Canada and had his back broken by being run over by a sleigh loaded with bricks. Her second son, Guy, went to see his first circus — and then he and his chums decided to have a circus of their own in the hayloft. Guy did a flip off of a springboard into the hay. The boy immediately behind him did a flip and landed on top of Guy — and Guy died with a broken back.

Emmeline was the next of her children — Emmeline who married banjoist Emory Hall. From this daughter came the first of Grandmother's grand-children — Grace and Arthur and Harry and Gladys. Grace and Arthur died of contagious diseases. Harry lived to marry and then died on the operating table from a ruptured appendix. The father died in the Iroquois Theatre fire — and the next year Emmeline followed him.

Grandmother Bolte could still take it. Philip, her oldest living son, practically passed out of her life. He married an Irish Catholic — and one who had been a hired girl. For some reason Philip seemed to think that he was no longer welcome. Possibly the rest of the family gave him reason to feel this way. I do not know. But Grandmother mourned the separation.

Grandfather Bolte was long since dead — he died six months before I was born — and she came to live with us in Winnetka. While she was there her son, Anson, lost his only daughter by scarlet fever. My baby brother was killed by a rifle bullet. And my sister died in the Iroquois Theatre holocaust.

Grandmother lived to be eighty-eight years old. She had seen the passing of six brothers and sisters, her husband, four of her own children, and six grandchildren.

Her faith was unwavering. She stood up under each blow without flinching. God, to her, had a definite plan and these things were part of that plan. She read her Bible and continued to live her simple, cheerful, loving daily life — one day at a time. And when death reached out a kindly finger and touched her with a brief and merciful paralysis — when she could neither speak nor see — I took her good hand in mine and told her who I was and she squeezed my hand to let me know that she knew me — and that all was well. Grandmother Bolte could take it. To my mind she was a greater hero than her grandfather who fought in the Revolution.

Two of her tragedies came home to me — and they are still a part of me.

The first was that of my brother Alonzo — whom we called Don. He was five years old that summer day in 1897 and a whole troop of us had taken a walk up Sheridan Road into Hubbard's Woods in the morning. Don was the smallest and I remembering him trailing at the end of the party, carrying a huge branch from a tree and complaining because we walked too fast for his short legs.

After lunch, a young man who was visiting at our house went out in the back yard with me to show me how to shoot a small rifle which had just been given to me by a family friend. Up to the time of that gift my mother had never permitted me to have anything to do with firearms. She was deathly afraid of them.

We placed a piece of paper on the wall of a small outhouse and took turns shooting at it. After a few shots someone suggested that we investigate to see whether the bullets were going entirely through the wall of the building — so we all went in to find out. They were going through. In fact, they were going through both walls. Four or five of the smaller children went in with us. Then we went back and shot at the target some more — and then we missed Don.

Don — when we found him — was on the floor of the shack with a bullet hole between his eyes. He had stayed in the building when we came out. Nobody knew that he had gone in with us. Nobody knew which of us fired the fatal shot.

I carried him into the house and went for a doctor on my bicycle — for there were no telephones. Nor were there any doctors to be found — all of them were out on calls.

That night he died. I saw my father cry for the first time — great tearing dry sobs. The next morning Grandfather Willard came home and I saw him walking fast up Prospect Avenue, so I went out to meet him. He said, “Nice kind of a boy you are,” and walked past me.

They trimmed the pedestal of his casket with lilies of the valley and I have hated them ever since. And for months afterward I used to hear people say “That is the boy who shot his little brother.” I was thirteen years old.



IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE

My second tragedy came with the death of my sister — Linda.

I was at home from college for the Christmas holidays and a cousin from Wilton, Maine, had invited our entire family, together with two children from another family and their nurse, to attend a matinee performance of Mister Bluebeard at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago on Wednesday, December 30, 1903. For some reason this cousin was unable to attend his own theatre party so his ticket was used by Uncle Emory Hall.

I remember that it was raining and we were late in getting to the theatre. The curtain had already gone up and there was a mix-up in the seats so that I had to sit in the row behind the rest of the family in the first balcony.

Sometime during the play there seemed to be an extra amount of light from the left wing of the stage. A man in overalls ran out onto the stage from that side — and then ran back. Sparks appeared and then smoke. Six women were on the stage and one of them fell over backward and hit her head on the floor.

Then people began to get up and start for the aisles. The scenery began to blaze — someone tried to lower the asbestos curtain and one end of the roller stuck about half way down and an actor tried to jump up and catch it.

By this time the interior of the theatre was a mad-house. The aisles were jammed and people were being knocked down and trampled. Bodies were flashing as men and women jumped from the gallery above us down into the pit. I did not know then that the flames had swept from the stage right up into that gallery and set fire to their clothing.

Of course I had no idea where the members of my family were, and I was delayed in getting out of my seat by a woman next to me who threw her arms around my neck and shrieked that she was going to faint. I persuaded her that she was not going to faint by slapping her, and by that time the aisles were so full of people that I put on my hat — wrapped my overcoat around my head to protect myself from the smoke and flames — and walked up over the seats to the back of the balcony. That crazy woman saved my life — for by the time I reached the back of the seats someone had the door open onto the fire escape. If it had not been for that slight delay I certainly would have turned toward the stairway well — and when the firemen entered the theatre they found that well full of bodies.

So far as I know, I was the last person who got out of that balcony alive. When I was finally in the doorway, the flames were licking by my ears. On the platform I saw my brother, Guy, and he told me that Dad and Mother were safe. It later turned out that Mother had sat down on the outer edge of the platform and there she stayed until firemen raised a ladder and carried her down. Dad was knocked entirely down the iron steps — and for hours neither of them knew what had become of their children.

It seemed to me that we were jammed on that fire-escape landing for an hour before people started to go down the steps. The gallery landing was right above us, and the people on that landing were on fire. People were constantly jumping from both landings down into the alley. One woman, stripped almost naked, hung by her hands almost immediately above me and then dropped down onto the head of a man wedged directly behind me. We were so closely crowded together that it was impossible for her to get any farther down and there she stayed on top of the mass of bodies.

Finally the people nearest the stairway regained enough sense to start down to the ground and the platform was emptied. If they had moved sooner it might have been possible to save the thirty or forty people whose bodies were piled up back of the crowd that managed to get out into the open air.

By the time I reached the ground, firemen were already carrying burning and blackened bodies out of the theatre and laying them in rows on the sidewalk and in nearby stores. I can remember my astonishment in seeing the streets completely massed with people as far as I could see in every direction.

Wedged in the frantic mass of people in Randolph Street was a ladder truck and I climbed up onto it in hopes of either seeing some of my family, or being seen. After waiting for a long time, I went over to the Northwestern Depot and decided to wait at the front door until someone came by who could provide me with means of getting home to Winnetka. And there my father and his brother, Anson, found me. Mother and Guy were safe, one in the hospital and the other with relatives. They knew nothing of Linda or the other four members of our party. So they put me on the train and set out to visit nearly one hundred temporary morgues. They found Uncle Emory and the two children and their nurse that night — all in different places. And all the next day they looked at bodies — five hundred and seventy-one bodies, more than half of them children — and it was not until the morning of the third day that they found Linda in an undertaking establishment far out in the foreign district near the stockyards — wrapped in a clean white blanket and without a mark on her.

For more than a week every flag was at half-mast and every building in downtown Chicago was draped with black and purple. Chicago was engaged in burying its dearly beloved dead.

Seventeen people that we knew were gone. And across the street from our home in Winnetka, George Higginson, whose only son was found lifeless in his seat in the theatre, said to my father, "Charlie, there are many worse things that can happen to a little boy than to die."



THE FAMILY WAR RECORD

People's descendants always seem to be more interested in the family war record than in any other single subject, hence it is incumbent upon me to set forth such fighting facts as I can discover.

Our earliest warrior of record is that same Major Simon Willard, born in Horsmonden in Kent, England, in 1604. He established our branch of the Willard family in this country — was made Commander-in-Chief of the British forces against the hostile Indians — and died in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1676.

His grandson, Major John Willard, was born at Groton, Massachusetts, on September 8, 1673. This Major must have done some military service to win that title, but of this we have no record.

After him came no less than three generations of preachers — followed by my own great-grandfather, Major John Haven Willard, who won his title as a member of the New Hampshire militia.

On the Walter side, the only warrior of record was my mother's half-brother, George Wooster, who fought and died in the Civil War as a volunteer in an Illinois infantry regiment.

On the Bolte side, the first warrior of record is my great-grandfather, Henry Bolte — born in Germany — emigrated to England, where he enlisted in a British infantry regiment — fought through the Napoleonic Wars, including Waterloo and the Siege of Quebec — and died at Kingston, Ontario.

From the Baker side, my descendants are eligible to membership in the DAR, the SAR and various other patriotic groups — due to the fact that my Grandmother Bolte's grandfather, Joseph Baker, fought in the Revolutionary War in two different Vermont companies. And her father, Guy Carleton Baker, fought in the New York militia at the Battle of Plattsburg, New York, in the War of 1812.

At this point we reach more recent events. (See appendix for a more complete military record.)

When the Spanish-American War came along, the Illinois National Guard was called to the colors. My father had been a member of the First Illinois Infantry for nearly nineteen years, but he had been out of the regiment for more than two years when the war broke out. His brother, Anson, was Captain of Company C in the same regiment and went with them to Cuba — where the regiment was very nervous their first night in the front lines — apparently shot into the Rough Riders — and Lieutenant-

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt rode over and proposed to bring his troops with him and capture the Dandy First if there was any more shooting in his direction. Uncle Anson was Officer of the Day or something and therefore chairman of the reception committee when Teddy arrived. Years later, when Roosevelt was President, he was given a reception by the Hamilton Club of Chicago and Uncle Anson was present. The remarkable Teddy took one look at him through those near-sighted glasses and said, "Captain Bolte, I have not seen you since Cuba." No wonder the man was a great politician. And to prove the point still further, my father took a trip around the world in 1910 and was at Shepherd's Hotel at the time when Teddy made his famous speech from its balcony. They were on the same steamer crossing from Egypt to Italy, and Dad, who looked a good deal like Uncle Anson, was in the smoking room when one of Roosevelt's companions came over to him and said, "If you are Captain Bolte, the Colonel would like to have you join our party." Did the Captain join the Colonel's party? He did — for life.

I saw the First Illinois march away to war, and I marched with the old Veteran Corps to welcome them home again — like a small boy following the circus band. They did not look so slick when they came home. Almost all of them had full beards — almost all of them had been through malaria and dengue — hundreds of them had been down, and many dead, with typhoid and the other water-borne diseases. They stepped briskly when they went away, but when they came back many of the brisk steppers were riding in carriages and ambulances.

Then came the World War — nearly twenty years later. By this time not only Dad and Uncle Anson were too old for military service, but I was thirty-three years old myself, besides having a wife and three sons to support. Uncle Anson was made Colonel of the Third Illinois Reserve Militia — one of the six new regiments that were sworn in to take the place of the National Guard for home service — and I was commissioned Battalion Adjutant in his regiment and helped fight the battle of Grant Park with great success. My sons thought that I looked grand in my uniform. And towards the end of the War, Dad was put in command of the convalescent hospital at Great Lakes Naval Training Station — just in time to meet the crest of the flu epidemic — and the strain killed him eventually.

So much for the old folks. The younger men of the family were in the thick of it, almost one hundred percent. Two of Uncle Anson's boys enlisted — Lawrence going over as a Captain in the 58th Infantry and Roswell coming back as a Lieutenant in the 149th Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division.

My brother Guy had been a private in the First Illinois Artillery during the monkey-business expedition on the Mexican border, and when he was discharged he made the public declaration that he was all through fighting the kind of wars that the Democrats ran.

Then along came the big war. His regiment was called to the colors. The first officers' training camp was started. And when the call for the second camp came, Dad took a look at him one morning and said, "Son, what about this war?"

I went up to Ft. Sheridan to visit him on "Commencement" day and he was plenty enraged. He was a trained artillery man — the only one in his company who had ever fired a field piece. He had taken the course of instruction to become an artillery officer and had passed with the highest marks in the entire company. Then somebody discovered that he was a graduate mechanical engineer — so that morning the board of majors who were running the business of giving out the commissions called him in and told him that they were going to make him a Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department. When he refused to take the commission they told him that he would take what they gave him or they would toss him out of the army. What the army needed, they said, was someone in the ordnance corps who knew something about engineering. Up to then, ordnance had been getting nothing but the lame ducks who were good for nothing else. So the lad took an appeal to the commandant. And he told the commandant that he had been offered a captaincy in ordnance before ever coming to the training camp, and he would be darned if he was going to take a lieutenancy in ordnance after passing his artillery training. The commandant told him that he was a damn fool. He said that if Guy knew anything about the army he would go for rank — and he offered Guy a captaincy in ordnance. Guy said NO — and then the commandant said that they would not throw him entirely out of the army — he could be a Second Lieutenant of Artillery — forever.

The final review of that second officers' training camp was sufficiently impressive, but it did not compare with the final review at the first camp, when there were five or six governors in the reviewing stand and the 149th Artillery and some other regiments were still there.

The troops were all massed, almost out of sight in the woods, way to the north end of the huge parade ground, and while they were gathering we heard a noise of distant drums from the direction of the railroad station and John Philip Sousa marched his immense Navy Band out to the middle of the field and faced them toward the reviewing stand. There must have been five hundred sailors in that band.

When they were in position, the column of troops broke away toward the west, then south, then east past the reviewing stand. Where they got them I never knew, but there were five regimental bands in the column. As each band got abreast of a certain point, they started to play "Over There" and played their troops past the stand. And the minute they reached a point at the far end of the stand they stopped playing — and on the very next beat that whaling big band of Sousa's crashed in and played them on down the line until the next band came along.

It was the most thrilling thing I ever expect to see in my life, and those young officers marched past us with their necks mighty stiff and their eyes looking toward France. When I could see, I looked at the face of a friend with me. It was white and the tears were rolling slowly down his cheeks, as they were down mine. His brother and his two cousins were in that line-up, and my God how he wanted to go.

And that's just it. That's where the trouble lies. Any time the rulers of a country want to get up a war, all they have to do is to tell their people that some of their own gang were killed by some foreign nation. And after they have let that news boil for a while, they send some stern message to the other government and the other government sends one back. The newspapers and the radio and the movies and the orators begin whooping things up and show the flag waving in the breeze of an electric fan and get people to singing the National Anthem and Dixie, or whatever fighting tunes they use at home, and the government stalls around on purpose, just like Wilson did, until the people get so mad at their own government that they can hardly stand it. And when they finally decide to spring the trap, they call out a lot of bands and you have a war.



WAR LETTERS OF GUY WILLARD BOLTE

Millions of words have been written about the World War — most of them by people who were writing something to sell. I am happy to be able to let you learn something about what the war was like through the letters that were sent home by my brother Guy with no idea that they would ever be read by anyone outside of the immediate family. Here they are:

(Written from the French Artillery Training Camp at Samur)

Sunday, February 3, 1918

Dear Dad:

We were all working at topography out on the levee which guards some of the lowlands nearby and I, being finished, was sitting on a stone parapet, smoking comfortably in the warm sunshine and watching mixed doubles on the tennis court of Le Club du Sports below me and it became very hard to convince myself that this was a war and that I was in France, a nation which has suffered so terrifically.

The tennis was a quaint sight, due to the peculiarly lady-like style of play, but a very pretty one altho the male end of it, both officers being in horizon-blue shirts and stocks with black broad-cloth trousers widely striped with red down the sides, rather hogged the show, the girls being quite dowdy. We left the spot almost at once, however, as the wind shifted, bringing a whiff the likes of which I've never met and hope to avoid from now on. Even our instructor, with three years at the front to his credit, turned kind of sickly and said, "Messieurs, it is too much — we go." Now the front is no bed of roses, as you've heard tell, so you can imagine we are not happy. The French are a bit careless the way they camouflage their odors anyway and a cross-section of the odors in any village would hardly bear analysis. I've sampled a number lately and I'm beginning to regret the super-developed olfactory nerve.

I've stopped riding two days this week with the aid of our French instructor, who is the acme of consideration for our feelings, but took a chance as long as Brodie's and went back at it Friday. My mare tried to kick the head off of the horse behind her the first minute of the session, but after that everything was lovely and I've felt fine ever since. We are galloping a bit now and we either have a good bunch of riders or an extra gentle lot of horses, for we've only had four spills since we started. ('Sall right — I've knocked wood.) We are going outdoors this week if the weather holds, and that may be something else again. Also,

the ground is much harder. I've got a lecture now — 8:45 P. M. — don't know what the subject is, but I'll bet 8 to 5 it is something unpleasant.

I was right.

We are gradually getting in shape and the work is developing very rapidly. Most of the stuff we took at Ft. Sheridan has to be relegated to the scrap heap — I knew this at the time — as the entire system of firing is different here. The only feature we will never be familiar with until we get an outfit of our own is the actual handling of men, this being by far the most important end of it.

The Big Push ought to be well under way by June 1st, and by that time I will be a fair imitation of an officer — or something.

February 6

Yesterday we took a motor truck and drove out to the sector which we are developing in preparation for the opening of a rather elaborate War Game, which is going to prove interesting. I think I got lost in the thickest, thorniest underbrush I ever met and was glad to get out with any clothes left on my back. Wound up about 50 feet from the enemy's line (imaginary) and could then report myself defunct. Very near it, anyway. We then drew sketches and I topped the class, which is something I don't plan to have happen again, for there is a special Topographical Corps in the army, the members of which are about half as safe as an orange shirt in Gaelic Park on St. Patrick's Day. My light goes under a bushel at once.

As we get better acquainted with our instructors we pick up many interesting bits of information in the line of personal experiences, which same I guarantee to put a permanent Marcel in my head of hair. I'll have to work up a line to pull when I get back, even if I never get any closer to the front than this. Fine chance — I'd like to go up tomorrow.

February 9

Being the Sad Tale of Three Falls

or

Pride and Guy Hit the Tanbark

For it came to pass that a new yaller-colored, mean-looking horse entered our peaceful lives today and for ways full of wile the heathen Chinees had not one iota on him. The instructor, looking either for a master-horseman or someone to have fun with, selected your modest, patriotic young Guy, who was doing his dingdest to efface himself in the rear rank, but to no avail.

Seeing 'twas to be, said patriot sprang lightly to the saddle via the horse's neck and all was merry as a wedding feast until the order was given to trot. This yaller mongrel claimed to have a monopoly on all of the going above a walk and proceeded to demonstrate vigorously. We covered two laps in $3\frac{1}{4}$ seconds and I was still aboard, but not so pleased with the view from where I sat. From then on, for twenty minutes, the one-armed paper-hanger looked like a picture in still life compared with "Lil" Guy. About that time, being enfeebled, I could see that my next stop was the hard, hard wall, or over the gate onto the cobbles. So I carefully rolled off, not without help, and hit the tanbark full-length and comfortable, while that fool animile went whanging down the line and then drew himself right up in the air and "whump" down on his side, amid loud cheers from me.

The sad part of this tale is that on one of my saner rounds of the hall I had told the instructor, blast his eyes, that the nag seemed to be a bit stiff as a trotter. So after my Brodie he picked out the hardest-gaited old bird in the fleet and had me on him at a trot before I had my wits about me; rising from the saddle ten inches every lick (we never have stirrups) and I was right amongst his ears, so he got my number and started to buck. No question about it this time, and I didn't use such good judgement in picking my landing position, but I rode that old plug to a standstill from then on.

We have just had news of the sinking of the Tuscania and are thanking our stars that the old Kroonland had such a wily skipper aboard. It's the blow we've all been waiting for and it ought to wake up the U. S. as nothing else could.

February 12

Saturday I went to equitation and the instructor selected the horse that dumped me Friday for another go and we liked each other much better at the end of the period. Found I had been riding with too tight a rein and had absolutely no trouble as soon as I slacked up. Thus do we live and learn.

February 16

Yesterday we went to the range and it was most interesting. We left early and went about ten miles on a funny old steam tramway and then took big trucks the rest of the way up a great hill to a rolling plateau. We watched firing for about an hour, and I give you my word I have no craving to be a doughboy. It was a bit cold and chill so our mid-morning lunch — a meal of no inconsiderable proportions — was more than welcome. Afterwards we went over the hill and fired our own howitzers at a target some three miles away. They are not like the gigantic affairs one sees drawings of, but they are impressive affairs nevertheless, and

to see the little pill whistling off up into the air while the gun settles back onto its haunches is very thrilling. We did some fair shooting for the first time and tomorrow we get another crack at it, which is a God-send after most of the stuff we have had to wade through. Today was as dull as I ever went through.

We are taking up physical training to get us in better shape and also to teach us how to get our men — if we ever get any — into the game right. It is strenuous, to say the least, and I got me a fine charley horse today playing a sort of exaggerated ring-around-Rosie. Gives me plenty of grief in the right leg, but I hope to live.

Friday was kind of cool. Wish it wouldn't do so, as it is hard to keep comfortable even with the weather as lovely as it has been. We were on the range all day and spent the morning directing fire from the observation posts. It was quite thrilling, as the shells were traveling directly overhead, giving us a perfectly good imitation of a bombardment over the trenches. The shells make a rather cheerful noise, to my notion, although some which were falling only two hundred meters directly in front of us changed their note directly overhead to something very nasty and menacing, causing one to duck the bean with surprising celerity.

It was very foggy at first, which caused our B. C. to make a slight but unmistakable error on our first shot — thereby causing our first shot to light only 150 feet from a squad of sergeants who were observing the flank. They were perfectly well protected, but they had a few words to say on various subjects when the class gathered for luncheon. Later we fired the guns ourselves and I had the job of handling the 'phone. Would you believe me, after I got the hang of it that French 'phone understood English perfectly. Strange, Joe! After giving the order to fire I had plenty of time to get the man on the other end of the wire and say "Here she comes" before the shell ever reached the point over his head. Isn't that remarkable? The day burned off bright and clear about this time, so we rode around the country doing a bit of panoramic sketching; an awful nuisance, but you will be astonished to know that I'm more than average good at it. Anyway, the bike-pushing completely cured my charley horse, so I feel quite fit.

February 20

Monday. We are getting to look like soldiers around here and I'm getting more hopeful all of the time. The men are taking hold in great shape and, believe me, we are getting some discipline. We have a new colonel on the job and he is one curly wolf — didn't go so big at first, due to an extreme violence of manner, but every man on the lot is for him now because he is a

man. If you are a man why the people under you take what you hand out. I shall set to work on my own case with increased vigor as I am about fed up with being a boy. It's much more fun, but it doesn't seem to get you anywhere. Selah!

Chuesdah, and still cold. On the range today and I enjoyed it very much. Very bright and sunny, which made our observation work most pleasant. One of the gunners firing over us did something foolish with his fuse and the old affair went off right over us but very high up. No danger, of course, but the way the boys scuttled into the bomb-proof was quite humorous. I was the farthest away, but a long shot from being the last man in. Had two French officers with us and their coolness was admirable; but what I liked most was their speed and agility. They do say that practice makes perfect and I will have to speed up the old frame before I can really compete with the French. We did some shooting and nearly hit a target, which is not considered good form at all.

The laws of dispersion, the bane of the artilleryman, are a fearful and wonderful institution; which reminds me that I have a quiz in same tomorrow, so I'm at last going to crack a book, and that right presently.

All the boys are roosting around making out pay vouchers — happy thought, altho' I still have a bale of francs — and there is a right cheerful fire in the little tin stove, so we are comfy as can be. We've hit a cold snap and most everybody has the sniffles. I'm the only man in the room who is breathing through his nose, and that's only because my nose has such noble proportions.

Guy

February 20

Dear Willard:

My letters home are supposed to be designed for more or less wholesale consumption and in a closely-held corporation like the Bolte tribe it seems to me like a duplication of effort to select the individual for my attention. Of course the newest member (his wife) gets the most epistles, but I've asked her to spread the news about, although, Lord knows, it looks uninteresting enough as it leaves my far from facile pen.

We are here — we work plenty — and we know nothing of the war, altho we are rapidly acquiring an elementary knowledge of how to do so. Our daily life is taken up with a great variety of things, some of which are like nothing I ever hoped to meet, but they are not things that we can talk about much nor do they appeal to me as being interesting to you over there.

Of course you know the details of the trip over and suffice to say it was plenty long and not a bit exciting, altho pregnant with possibilities. (The writer is sorry to report that he cannot locate Guy's letter telling of moving out of New York harbour with all troops under deck to prevent German spies from counting them, or something — the long slow trip on the Kroonland to Halifax — the still longer trip across the Atlantic [the Kroonland being so slow that the rest of the convoy went ahead and left her] — his relief at being met off the Irish coast by some American destroyers — a couple of weeks in the rain in a British camp — and then the landing in France and being sent to Samur to learn how to be an artillery officer.)

I can do with a little more attention in the line of convoys on a similar trip — which same I'm not too hopeful of embarking on at an early date. We stopped off at three places before getting here, and I must say I favor France, by comparison.

There's no question about this school. It's a wonder, and if we don't become able to take command of a battery following six month's training with men it's our own fault. That's the plan, anyway, and if one doesn't make the grade one simply is eased off the "Line" entirely — Q. M. or Ordnance — or else shipped home. There is a certain attraction in the latter idea, but I feel like playing my string out now that I have taken a hand in the game.

I've switched to the 155 m/m howitzers (6") and, me boy, it's a jewel of a gun — beautifully built throughout and very accurate. We get on the range twice a week regular and burn up more powder per month than the U. S. does — or did — in a year at their school of fire. None of the old standing off at one side and viewing the results from afar, either. We get down close as possible and directly on the line "gun's target" ("axial" as the French have it). Much better that way, as one gets used to the foolish noises made by the little iron pills swizzling by overhead — some not so far as one might desire. 'Course, we have a whale of a bombproof, but we stand outside most of the time and have had several chances to exhibit our speed in getting back into same, due to premature bursts, etc. It is perfectly fascinating, however, and I wouldn't be doing anything else in the army for worlds.

Had nearly a regiment of guns working yesterday, which gave us a pretty good imitation of the real thing and was noisy enough to please any small boy on the Fourth of July. Outside of the above, equitation is our best bet, and you either ride or go to the hospital — or someplace. I had two spills all at once, but the old lumbago back held up noble and they don't come too rough for me now. Our instructors are absolutely "sans" the bowels of

compassion and things were bad enough for a while, so the Col. put a clamp on their activities. O. K. by me.

Looks like open warfare for the big blow-off — when she comes — and the big idea is to keep Fritz from beating us to the punch. If there isn't hell to pay before we get out of here my nose for calamity is way off. If we get guns as fast as we get letters from home I'll never shoot off any personally-directed cannons. However, mail or no mail, 'spose I'm lucky to be where I am. We are as comfortable as can be in France, with good quarters and very fair eats. Had our best meal today (that is, for our mess) and the piece de resistance was — what more natural — steak and French fries. Oh, boys! How I did lean on those, especially as they were backed up by Brussels sprouts, pickled beets, Camembert and a pint of not-so-rotten Vin Rouge. Very good for our side, I claims.

Half a dozen non-coms from the 149th Field here, all booked for commissions shortly. One of them tells me that Roswell Bolte is doing fine and may be here for next camp. (He was.) Looks like this was a permanent institution for duration, and it's a blessing for those U. S.

Well, old boy, here's luck and much love to those kiddies and Jack. For the love o' Mike, write — as it's fierce not to have a cheering word now and again — and a cigarette frequently. Give Mary a whirl when you get a chance. She may not be lonesome, but make her feel that she belongs.

With love, your brother,

Guy

March 26

Dear Mary:

Had a little chat with my instructor this morning at breakfast and learned a lot of interesting things about the present situation. His calm assurance that everything is under control at the front was good to see, and his great enthusiasm over the way the Americans were getting along made me quite happy. He said our troops were much like the French in attacking, which was the greatest compliment in the world, from his standpoint. Guess he's right at that, altho I cannot quite chime in on the idea constantly expressed over here that the English are not so good on the attack but are the best of all on the defensive. God knows they need all of the latter ability they can summon these days — otherwise our war is going to assume an aspect quite new and most unpleasant.

Just dawned on me after I got home yesterday at 9 P. M. that I was supposed to be officer of the day, going on at 6:30, so I had a lot of prominent fixing to do to avoid getting my name on the "Late or Absent" list — an affair I have failed to decorate up to date. Had good success, I believe, as the Col. failed to light on me particularly tonight when we appeared for our dressing down. He was very mild, much to our disappointment, but I don't believe we will get any more passes this term — fact is, I know we won't. And just for that I hope their old war is a failure. It was quite amusing having a lot of grown men haled in and stood up in a row, kindergarten fashion; but I don't mind stating that I was able to keep my face straight without any trouble.

I went out to an old walled-in preserve this morning to establish a station for sending light flashes to a hill two miles away. Frank Warren, my immediate boss, was with me — so we blithely scaled the wall and found ourselves in a perfect paradise; quite the loveliest spot I have ever been in. The grounds lay along a gentle slope and were allowed to grow quite wild, with paths running here and there. The ground was perfectly carpeted with the most exquisite violets, and as we turned a corner toward the sunny slope wave after wave of golden daffodils burst into view, all turned toward the early morning sun. I read of such things in a poem once, but had no idea of ever seeing such a sight. We were simply spellbound at the riot of color — and visual signalling was farthest from our thoughts. Got at it finally, just as a small, peevish man came along and tried to put us out of the place; but as he talked no English and we refused all knowledge of French he made bad going of it. He declared a blockade, which suited us perfectly until a large French person rode by on the road beneath us and was slipped the tale of our misdeeds. We were then subjected to another torrent of French, which contained just one English word — OUT — so when the two tiny stars on the old party's cap finally impinged on my consciousness — he was a major general — I decided that for some reason we were not welcome there and we better go — which we did. We "retired in perfect order to previously prepared positions in our rear." As we left the place an old faded sign caught my eye, which stated that "pieges du loup" were placed in the grounds — and I was not too pleased when our instructor said the same were wolf traps. Shux, never was a paradise without some such sinful affair in it, but I'm mighty glad we had a look, anyway.

I have a violent attack of spring fever and seem to find a bit of trouble in wooing "Murphy" these nights, for no particular reason that I can discover. Lord knows I eat plenty and get a very good ration of liquids of various sorts, which together with thousands of fresh air ought to make sleep the least of my troubles. Perhaps my knack of getting in twice forty winks per

day may have something to do with it. Every time we go out to the range I sleep peacefully both ways, whether it's by tram or truck. We spent all day out there and have just returned. The weather has been simply gorgeous all week, with brilliant sunlight all day and the temp. around 60, so I really should enjoy life immensely. I am, too, when I consider it, for I'm still going rather strong as I was battery commander on Tuesday again. Pat Dolan was my executive officer and we had all French drivers to handle the carriages. Talk about a lark — we rode five miles out to a previously selected position where we found the rest of the section — they having come on their bikes. They took the horses then and we directed the movement into position. After which we hooked up again and drove back just before dusk along the great high bluff that borders the river southeast of town. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, with the descending sun lighting up the white plaster houses across the river as well as the apple and plum trees in full bloom on this side of the river. War was the farthest from my thoughts, but I had only to look over my shoulder to see the big guns rumbling along to bring me out of my reveries. Had a dandy little horse who was just more than frolicsome as she craved company — other than mine — most exuberantly, altho she essayed to kick the slats off'n Pat's horse every time said gentlemanly eunuch came near. I couldn't help thinking how often the old epis would have hit the road two months ago on such a ride. I really believe I may be a fair horseman if this keeps up. We are getting it in stiff doses and I have been in the saddle about ten hours this week without any feeling of wrong. But pimples are no good for sitting on. Mighty glad I can stick on a horse, but anybody could after the way we are taught. Had a regular riot in the riding hall yesterday doing some hurdling. My nag was nice as pie until they put up the bars, and then he tried to hop everything in sight with the speed and agility of "Cantaloupe a' la Tom Martin." More fun. Had a bit of a run-in with old Sarah yesterday, which peeved me scandalous and set me back some, but everything was O. K. today. He is inclined to treat us as naughty school children at times, which is either laughable or annoying, according to how your last meal happens to be setting. Mine wasn't so good, so I flew a few feet up into the air, but came down at once as I saw how useless it was — he simply does not understand. It's just like talking down a well with the bird as he does all of his thinking and hearing in French. Very quaint at times.

March 26

Beloved Mother:

Your letter of March 4th came today, which is very encouraging as to time of flight or "durees de trajet" as we say in the artillery. Bless those dear little kiddies. Unc. Guy sure enjoyed

their quaint little letters and especially Brown's cartoons. He looks like a clever youngster and the interest he takes in art work leads me to predict a dire career for him.

Pretty tough to have the whole flock of us move out on you, and I'm glad that I left you a new daughter to play with while I'm away. One thing she taught me was how to love my own people better than ever and to show them that I did. You must have noticed. I don't know — perhaps I'm fooling myself, but the thought was there.

Much later.

Had a fairish horse today but he couldn't jump for sour apples. Just ran up to the hurdles — stopped short — and then hopped over like a cat. We are still riding inside the big halls, of which there are four around our "campus" — but have been out for a short time once or twice. It's about the most fun we get out of the "course," altho I must say there is one spot where I sit down that absolutely refuses to get acclimatized.

Things are slacking off a bit now as the course is nearly over. We expect to be all through and on our way by April 15th — in fact, a crowd leaves this week-end for a short stay at the front, then to go to various spots as instructors. Not for mine, thanx. I'd rather handle a gang on railroad construction — which is not beyond the realm of possibility at that. Our assignments are liable to be almost anything: Q. M. — Ordnance — Liaison — Observation — Ammunition Train-Tractors — or straight Artillery. The last, of course, is my ambition, but I'll have no kick coming in any case as this apparently is a very large war with plenty to do for all hands. All recommendations go in by tomorrow, so the matter is on the knees of the gods and I'll say, before I know "where do we go from here," that I've had a bully good time and have learned more than I ever did before in a similar space of time.

Also, if I haven't been a star, it can be said that I simply am not born to shine, for I am the acknowledged "Teacher's Fair-haired Boy" in my section, which enviable position was achieved through a lot of bull-headed luck and one faint glimmer of ambition (shall I say) to do well for my family's sake if not for my own. My instructor says, every time I do well in an exam, "Monsieur Bolte, when you do not do well you are very guilty." Now, as Philip Starr said in the letter, you quote "when a man has a certain idea pounding away in his head all of the time, it is bound to have some ultimate effect," so I actually began to speed up a bit, and whether it gets me anything here or not, I have taught myself that it can be done. Selah. Had the news about Philip Starr last week from Vin. Taylor, another Kenilworth boy, and felt mighty badly for his family, although I consider his going to

have been accomplished in the most splendid way possible. Was very much interested in your quotations of him, as it gave us a sidelight on a soul that felt in the loftiest manner and yet was so shy and reticent that we who knew him well were quite in the dark. (Note: Philip Starr, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Starr, was one of the earliest childhood friends of my brother and myself. He could not wait for the United States to get into the war but went to Canada and enlisted in one of their "suicide" regiments. Upon reaching England he transferred to a British regiment — went to France — and on his first trip into No-Man's Land as an artillery observer he stopped a bit of shrapnel and his war was over.)

It seems the whole atmosphere over here has a tendency to make one think faster and on a higher plane than ever before. I have essayed a few tentative flights of fancy myself in my letters, but my Pegasus always turns out to be a lame duck, and the old shyness and unwillingness to deal with any subject seriously for any extended period brings me to earth with a flop. Good instance right above here somewhere, but perhaps it's just as well — the upper atmosphere makes me dizzy or bores me to tears, and having one's feet firmly planked in the good old clay is much more comfortable.

Speaking of comforts, by the way, I sure have all of the sweaters I can use and the sox you have on the way will be more than plenty until next year. Here's hoping that I need sox next year, but not that kind. As a matter of fact, the heavy ones such as you send can be worn only with service boots and my uses for such have been small up to now. May be greater soon, but it will be some time from now and I can let you know. Haven't seen any of the packages outside of those sent in December, but I hope they will turn up before I leave these parts. Suppose some of those bastriches in the S. O. S. are smoking my cigarettes.

With oceans of love,

Your son,

Guy

March 28

Dear Dad:

Your two very welcome letters of March 2nd and 5th came today, as well as one dated the 11th from Mother. So now we are getting bully good service — just as we are about to leave. The package containing four cartons of Luckies and the numerous sox came yesterday. The sox being appreciated, but the cigs. being hailed with cries of anguished joy. Joy because I've been out for a long time — and anguish because I've got a slight touch

of laryngitis mixed with bronchitis, so I can't enjoy a smoke no-how. But still I've managed to destroy two packs, as my friends fall on me with loud whoops whenever the little green package comes out. From your last letter I see I have many more on the way so I am duly pleased. I've reserved the whole top tray of the trunk for the next move and hope to have it well filled with smokes — the soldier's one best solace and never-failing friend.

Glad you dropped in on Oscar Johnson, as I'm nearly off that bird for not writing me. Things happen over here that would certainly intrigue him — and you, too. If it wasn't for the fact that it is positively necessary for you to remain where you are to take care of our "wimmin-folks," I would say move Heaven and earth to get over here for at least a gallery seat in the World's Greatest Show — and Lord knows I realize how much you want to be in it. "C'est la vie — c'est la guerre." Believe me, it's no picnic just now, however, and the intensity of the atmosphere here is so terrific that you can hear it crackle. Even so, we have absolute confidence in the armies which are undergoing this fierce buffeting, to come out on top — and already the news is most encouraging. If Fritz does not get what he is after this time — and he won't — the whole works may simply collapse and leave me out of a job. Hope they don't plan on making me mad. My own thought is that we will have plenty to do, however.

Phil Starr's death was a bit of a shock, but my great hope is that, if I am booked for the Big Ride any time within the next three years, I go in just such a glorious way. The thought is never open to discussion except in a joking way, but I believe it is doing a number of strange and perhaps useful things to me without my paying any particular attention to either the thought or the evolution. We shall see, later.

Your notes on Doctor MacCracken and Malcolm MacHarg interest me a lot — takes the Scotch a long time to get going, but they are generally hell-on-wheels when they do start. Regards to both.

By the way, I've got a perfectly good lighter — found that nobody uses anything else over here as matches are outrageously high; and as for papers, we get the Paris edition of the Tribune and of the London Daily Mail every day. And believe me, sir, we fall on them lately like pack of hungry wolves. Nothing was ever quite so interesting. At last our boys are in — and doing wonderfully well according to meagre reports which drift back now and then. Several men from the first school here have returned from the front as instructors and they tell us things that stir your pride up — all in the most matter-of-fact way. Just between us, the French are delighted with our showing and take no pains to conceal same.

We leave here by the 15th to be assigned to units in training up the line a way, so it means another three months before we get up where the going is really good. Looking forward to the end of all this camouflage with great interest, but confident that I've put in some good licks in any case. Carolyn Wilson visited us February 12th. Address P. O. 728 until further notice.

Guy

April 1

Dear Mater:

You are quite correct. Carolyn Wilson was here the middle of Feb. and I am writing this in the very beautiful "Y" she mentions with Roswell Bolte at my elbow and young Deveneau sitting just behind me. (Roswell is Uncle Anson's youngest son and Deveneau was a young Frenchman who came to Chicago to attend Armour Institute — went back to France with the regiment that had been the First Illinois Engineers — and committed suicide during the war.) Isn't that great? I met the kids today and we fell on each other's necks right on Main Street, to the scandal of all officers in sight. I should care. Ros. is looking bully, after over a month at the front with the 149th, where he had neither a bath nor a change of clothes, but some lovely cracks at the pestiferous Hun. Needless to say he is tickled to death to be here (at Saumur) and is full of determination to come through with a commission, which I am quite positive he will do with ease. He has a lot of wild tales to tell, which are narrated in the casual manner you might expect — just as if he were discussing a swimming meet at the Chicago Athletic Association. Great kid.

Right clever of you to dope out Carolyn Wilson's article. The Herbert Stoops whom she mentions is one of my gang and is the lad we met at the Tip Top Inn the Sunday after my wedding.

I went to St. Pierre for 11:30 mass on Easter and it was quite gorgeous, although the lack of music was a disappointment. The thought occurs to me that would not be so difficult to "get religion," as the darkies say. It seems to be the only refuge where any great amount of comfort may be obtained in times of very great sorrow or suffering, and all France seems to have turned to the church. One is very much impressed by it, but I presume I shall get over the feeling by the middle of the week — worse luck, perhaps. I'm to run along and play with the boys, as tomorrow is a holiday, nearly.

Tuesday A. M.

Perfectly gorgeous morning, with all the little dicky birds carolling most gayly and a wonderful sun streaming in my garret window. I've just come from an hour on horseback, which shook the cobwebs loose in great shape. Forgot to tell you that I met

a quaint old lady last week who spoke English and, how or why I don't know, we talked about kindergarten. She is a great fan on the subject, and especially on a new French system which she claims is the best ever. I bragged about you a little, so she insisted on having your address and you may get a letter from her. Be not surprised. Rather a funny experience for me, and I nearly had an arm talked off'n me.

Our course ends in two weeks, somewhat to my joy and considerably to my sorrow. It will probably be many moons before we are as comfortable again, but the stagnation is something I will be glad to get out of. Roswell says his two days of inactivity have nearly driven him wild. The poor kid lit in Paris on his 21st birthday with less than a franc in his pocket, which is my idea of the epitome of hard luck. No pay for some time, but I slipped him 100 fr. which I have no doubt will be split among his four pals, as they were all the same. Gay life, if you are not busted.

One hour later. I'm not, as I was just paid and have been down to the bank where I sent Mary \$75 which I have written her to squander for new scenery, as I recently did likewise — new uniform and everything. I'm very hopeful that you, Dad and Mary are having pictures taken as I feel the lack of them very much.

April 2

Dear Bro. Bill:

Your letter of March 4th came today and I had another from you last week, all of which increases my respect for your ability to plunge into the well-known abyss and come up bedecked with diamonds and smelling like a rose. If you don't quit trying to make Steve Brody look like a four-flush you will probably drive your family nuts — or to the poor-house — or to be a malefactor of great wealth. I hereby declare myself in on that twenty-five thou. per, which ought to be about ripe. (That was the twenty-five thousand dollars a year I was going to make in Indianapolis, glory be.) Keep your eye peeled for a good job as door-man in some large corporation, or else pick me out a nice corner where the demand for pencils and shoe-laces is extra brisk. None of us heroes over here contemplates ever doing any work after we return.

Bully news yesterday — just stepping down the street when I ran plop into Roswell and young Devvy. Lordy — was sure glad to see that honest Bolte mug and we fell right on each other's necks and then into a saloon where Couz. Guy must needs crack a bottle of good fizz and get the dope on the old bunch at the

front. (He was with the 149th gang on the Mexican border.) Ros. has been up there for six weeks — so he is full of good stuff and made me feel like a pickle talking about things I've been trying to learn from books.

Certainly favor your letters, as they are the only newsy ones dealing with things in the U. S. in general. Of course you savvy how Mary's run and the Mater deals with war relief, while the Governor gives me the real low-down on the likker situation and the old bunch in general. The biggest thing in the soldat's life is mail. I try to assume a lot of that grand old indifference when the Section O. D. goes for the mail, but it's hard for me not to stand around with the rest of the bunch with my hand out like a beggar. It's a grand life — with mail.

We are nearly through, impossible as it may seem, for it's hard to account for these three months, so little has occurred to mark the passage of time. Don't know what the next stop will be, but probably attachment to some unit and a look at the front sometime within the next three months, maybe sooner. No chance of my getting back as instructor, for my size guns — 155 m/m — are made over here and it's easier to send the men to the guns. We may hook up with French units for a while — what do you of that? Suits me sweet and lovely, as I can imagine nothing that would be more fun. Every American unit over here is simply lousy with officers and the French have nearly none left, so the guess may come true.

All our recommendations are in and the final exams are now under way — not so amusing to contemplate but fairly easy — so we will have our assignments presently. Kidded myself along for some time that I might fetch a good job out of this, with perhaps a jump ahead in rank, as I was certainly sitting pretty in the golden chair for quite a period. That's all off now and I'll be pleased to stay in the artillery, let along going ahead a notch. Our 6' 6" French instructor ran wild on the bases last week and nearly disrupted the whole section, so we are off'n him both collectively and separately. He is known as "Sarah," after the Divine One, in his milder moods, and "Wild Olaf" when he's on the loose, so you can imagine he is quite an interesting sketch. There's nothing doing on promotions right from school, anyway, so I've as good a chance as the next bird as soon as I get with troops, for that's sure the place where you either do or don't. I've developed in some mysterious fashion the best command in my bunch of twenty men (including five first lieutenants) and that's on old Sarah's say-so, the which may help me. However, I'm not worrying about anything much until I see whether I can make a good 2nd Lieut. — and then it's either "up" or I don't come home — that's all. I'm about fed up on having my family disappointed in me. Selah!

You sure would enjoy the life here, old boy, and I'm rather sorry to be bucking out of it so soon. It's a skinch we won't be so comfortable again this side — of a lot of places. Take today, for instance — we oozed out of bed at 5:45 and had breakfast at 6:15. First class physical drill for 45 minutes out in the early morning sun; then an hour on horseback, most of the time at a gallop over a hurdle or two. Then we spent an hour getting paid — joyous event — followed by a few lines of study. After a very decent lunch we hooked up four of our squatty old howitzers and pulled them over along the river bank to demonstrate a new method of laying for a Major of Marines who is visiting the school. This took two hours and we finished off with an exam on "Fire for Effect and Destruction" — very interesting but a bit abstruse. Had an hour and a half to watch a ball game and ketch me two beers before dinner, which ended the day. Talk about your horrors of war — we simply scream with anguish over the awfulness of our lot. O Gee! O Gosh! O Maria! Hot sketch your running into Ted Atwater and Stan. Brooks in Indpls.

Good luck to you, Old Timer, and thousands of love to Jess, John, Brown and Chas. Guy.

With love,

Your Bro. Guy

April 10

Dear Dad:

I'm so full of things today that I'm about to bust, but I doubt if much of it would get by the censor. However, I may do a Brodie and endeavor to give you at least an earful. We left the school Sunday night under very favorable conditions and right company, but the all-night ride to Paris was not so good in spite of our fair preparations for same.

Just before we go any farther I want to state that I am writing this some meters underground, and on top of these few but very valuable meters is a battery of not-so-puny guns heaving the afternoon's compliments over the hill to Fritz, so I may be a bit jumpy. There is a French sous-lieutenant at the phone at my elbow who is making more noise than the guns, so taking it by and large it's a very clubby place to dash off an inspiring epistle.

To continue — we hit the Main Stem (Paris) about 7 in the morning and had five hours — isn't that rotten luck? — to see what we could see. Bad weather, but we went around to William's and had a Halstead Street or four, then hopped the rattler and rode to the World's Greatest Currant Preserve (with cheese) village (Bar-le-Duc).

You savvy my lingo so I'll steal a bunch of O. Henry's stuff and give you a tip-off that after a three-hour ride in a bus we hit the spot "where beats the heart of France" (Verdun). Slip it to Gouverneur Morris that he has nothing on me except as a writer, for I slept where he did and I've seen all that he saw, only I'm here on business and not to write about the place. I've enjoyed some few thrills in my life, but I had the biggest one when I found out where I was. It is really too wonderful to be true, and I said to myself just before I hit my bunk after a good meal, "Gee, if Father could see me now he would sure open something for all hands."

Hopped a Henry in the A. M. and did a promenade out here just as casual as if it were five o'clock on the "Boul Mich" back in Chicago. Dropped my four pals at various places around the scenery to play with pea-shooters for two weeks, while I came on here to my own favorites for the same length of time. Fun? If I don't have the time of my life it will be because I lose my Angora or my w. k. sense of humor.

Here I am with a bunch of Frogs and orientals, none of whom speak more than few words of English, and my French has broken down under the strain complete; but we are getting along famously and are real companions-in-arms already. Everybody is working together for one end, so we have really very little trouble in making a go of the thing. Would not miss it for millions.

It is very quiet — by comparison — and we have a perfectly slick place to do so, which makes it quite unnecessary to do any worrying. We have no desire to unduly annoy Fritz while the Big Show is going on up the line, and he seems to be inclined in like manner, so we just make our presence known once a day and let it go at that. Fritz occasionally gets more liberal, and yesterday I was fortunate enough to see a really first-class mess of German confetti come over the hill and clutter up the landscape. Wish I had a free rein to tell you about it while it is still warm in my memory, but will have to pass up the privilege. Made the hair stand up on the back of my neck, but didn't affect my stomach, so you will know I was headed the right way. Nothing to worry me much about my feelings after that, especially as I viewed the scene from a bare knob so full of shell-pox — and other things not so pleasant — that one had to walk a mile to progress a block. Even with all we know about the devastation, it simply cannot be understood until it is seen. Heleva place — nothing stands up when once either side gets after it. But where I am the untouched spots are simply massed with violets and anemones — the little dicky birds sing cheerfully on the stumps — and we are outside most of the time when it stops raining, which is not frequent. This would be a grand world if there were

no people living in it. But as far as the weather and the wind goes, nobody ever exaggerated when they wrote about this neck of the woods in the early spring, so I won't say more except that it is "tres punk."

I now number among my most valued possessions a nose bag and a steel kelly — and the first thing they know I am going to take this war seriously, which might be a good thing for me, at that. I begin to look like a soldier anyway, and that is half the battle. I lunched with the French captain of this group today, along with my Battery Commander, who is a 1st Lieut. of about the stance of Russell Wiles — only taller and much skinny — also about ten times as excited. The lunch was a hot sketch, altho very good, and I took no part in the conversation until they dug up an English-speaking cook. After that the din was terrific. As for the menu, we had sardines, sausage, pickled hash, beef steak, French fried potatoes (they all cheered when I told them our name for same), jam, cakes, cheese, figs, not to mention Pinard, Pomard, Barsaco and rhum for our coffee. Also my cigarettes, which disappeared like snow in June. Don't let anybody kid you about cigarettes, for while they are cheap and easy to get at permanent camps — when you go to the lines you take your own or you don't smoke — which reminds me that I received your package with Murads, candy, soap, etc., just before I left and many thanks for same, as nothing could have been more opportune. Everything but the soap has been contributed to our mess and the same is very, very good — plenty food and plenty "beire." In fact, I have no kick coming on this war at all except for the dampness and the chill. However, our dug-out is very snug and I'm quite comfortable, although cramped for room as there are five of us here — one 1st Lieut., one 2nd Lieut., one Adjutant (a non-com. in France), one Aspirant, and yours truly. Nearly took an Act of the House to get my cot spread, but it's O. K. now and I sleep like a log.

It looks like a mighty safe spot to me, but accidents are always possible in a place like this, where the hills are so steep and the birds fly so high. I expect to come home as good as I went away, but if the chances of "la guerre" should decide it otherwise, just keep your mind on the fact that I have no kick against the world or its treatment of me and I'm glad to go for the sake of the Great Ideal. You know so very well my great love and respect for you and the Mater that my feelings do not need repetition, but I want to say that I would not trade my parents for any others I ever saw or heard of. They leave nothing to be desired, in my mind.

I shall be here for two weeks and then go where Roswell was until my 3rd Division arrives (which they don't need to hurry much). What I'm to do I've no idea and I'm not going to waste

valuable space discussing it. It won't be much at the start, but if we get a bunch just green from the States we should be able to make their officers step a few. Here's up and at 'em.

Going to stop now — will put more dope on my last sheet of paper soon, as this won't go for some time. Tell my wife not to worry if she doesn't hear from me for quite a time, as the writing is very punk.

Love,

Guy

Later. Pardon the spoofing — somewhat after the above was penned, Fritz pulled a raid and just as our guns went off all together I hit the top of the dug-out stairs on my way out and the old legs just quit working altogether for about ten seconds. Gosh, it was a funny feeling, but it's old stuff now. We had a good working out for about 30 minutes, but this night-fighting is a scandalous affair, to my way of thinking, altho very beautiful to watch. We had another bit of goings-on — on our own hook — last night; but I was just in bed, very weary, so didn't get up as there was nothing for me to see this time. Fact is, I slept right through it, but reports from the first line indicate good success.

I went to visit my pals this A. M. as they were not so far away, and the first bunch was most awfully glad to see me. I just missed running into a frightful jam down in their alley — the noise of she is what started me — and I now enjoy great pleasure in the fact that I am in the heavies. The party only lasted about two hours, but it was vigorous to suit the most exacting. Sorry I can't tell you more — it was a bit impressive. I can say now that I have been under fire, for the ball opened over the hill just as we left the place and we got a handful of old junk that was all feeble from traveling but still able to make most annoying sounds. Read all you can about the noise a shell makes when flying your way, multiply by ten, and then you might just as well have been born deaf for all you will know about it. But the strange part of it is that I am perfectly fascinated by it and wish to go where it is happening. However, I assure you that I restrain this impulse with comparative ease. Shells leaving have a rather soothing whistling noise which I favor even more — so looks like I am bound to be pleased.

The weather has been just about the poorest dish I ever had served, and to cap the w. k. climax it snowed last night and we had a half inch of ice early this morning — not that I saw it, for nobody got up until 10:30. I've only seen the sun twice in a week and that was mostly today. It brought out a fine crop of sausage-balloons, the looks of which I term plain sinister, and the first planes I've seen — none of which were flying in anger. From the

few items noted can you wonder that I'm so interested that I've just stopped thinking and do nothing but look goggle-eyed at this new world?

Now comes the word that we must move, which is something that I want to see very much as it will probably be my first act if I ever hook with a bunch of my very own. We don't know where we are going — but you have one guess. WHOOPEE — here goes nothing — only I'm afraid that my two weeks with the French will be up before we get there. Did I say afraid? Pardon me — encore. Doing so with the French leaves me with that lonesome feeling that is not conducive to one's best efforts. I've a perfectly corking bunch here and the Lieut. has just ordered a hot grog for all hands — but the difficulties of getting clubby with these lads are quite obvious. We played bridge last night and I give you my word it was a scream. You can imagine how I suffered when one of my opponents reneged and I could not bawl him out for it because I did not know the French word for the crime. No doubt my worst moment in France. Our mail is addressed 16th Battery, 117 Regt. Artillerie Lourde Secteur 111, 11 Armee Francoise. Write again soon as possible.

April 20

Dear Mary:

Talk about classy places to carry on intimate conversations, this beats them all. I've a bit of a milking stool at a pine table with a ¼" candle in front of me, a smoking stove at my back, and three smoking French officers across the planks making plenty of noise — all this some fifteen feet underground. Might just as well be on the highest hill around here, far as safety goes, for there is absolutely nothing doing in our own peaceful ravine, and I have to walk a long way before I see any of Fritz's activities. Much better that way — yes, indeedy. What I saw of the stuff fetched off yesterday makes me quite content not to be receiving more attention. It is so damnably useless, too, that I was sore about it. While I am still fresh in the game I get rare flashes of clarity of vision — almost a sixth sensing — which shows up the whole rotten mess in its true light, the way I believe the whole world will look at it in the generations to come — and then the next second I'm beating it off with my tongue hanging out to see who is being killed now — funny, isn't it?

Plup — there goes the candle and now comes Delpeche to set the table. I'm ready for food as always here, so you get no more attention this day, except in my thoughts.

Later. I fibbed about no more attention, for here I be. We had an early dinner — we generally do so at 8 — and afterwards I watched half the battery pull out in the gloaming. Quite a sight

and I was mighty glad to be in it, but I hate to have my good comrades-in-arms leave me. I received orders last night to remain on the position with the other bunch, who come soon, and it doesn't please me a bit. They didn't look so good when they made their reconnaissance this morning. My present companions are a rollicking crew — all very young, the Battery Commander being only 24 — and they raise the devil all of the time. I get in on some of it and brought down the house this A. M. when I translated a lot of shells in the next valley as "German Confetti." I'm getting a very keen ear for the lingo, but can't talk it to save my neck except in phrases. So everything except the weather is lovely and that is fierce — ice again today but not much rain after the thaw. Tonight is warmer, so I'm hopeful about the balance of my stay, which will be about eight more days, including my birthday. Wouldn't that fly your fanny all over the lot? Gee, perhaps I'll have a day in Paris, however, on my way to the next stop, which is way up in Brittany at a spot which is not on the map or I would tell you its name.

The marvelous defenses of this place defy description, and how the Hun did as well as he did in 1916 is a wonder to me. He'll never do as well again, for it is written in history for all time "On ne passevous pas" (They Shall Not Pass). And every Frenchman who comes here just shuts off all connection with things he left behind him and prepares to stay for all time. Thousands of them have done so — the whole works is a cemetery — but they sent a totally disproportionate number of Huns whining around the Devil before they did so — and you can lay to that. Never have I seen such superb country for defense and you have to admire the sheer guts of the men who tried to take it, or else they were plain damned fools.

I'm just as much at home here as anyone you ever saw — slept through some fast work last night — and some more at 5 A. M. this morning just brought me to a semi-conscious state. Nothing for me to do, of course, for the dope is all figured and all the B. C. does is shout "Batterie attendez — derivation 6235 hausse (or some such dope) — 6-30" — deux coups par minute." And then he sits at the phone until it is all over. Isn't that a grand system? I'm learning more here than I did at school in three months; but that training was extremely valuable and I use it every day in some way or other.

Visited around quite a bit yesterday and had lots of fun. (One of these French nuts just filled the stove and ran off with the cover, so we've had a sketchy five minutes. "Position untenable.") It may just so happen that my four pals and I will all hit Paris on Saturday night together, as our orders are about the same. Do you think it at all likely? Probably not, and it will be the end of the month and we will all be just free from money. Wot a pity.

However, you never know what may happen to a bunch that is used to thinking on their feet. I've a hunch that one of ye lads has a large roll on him, but he is in an awful bad spot and may have an accident. I visited him yesterday just to be sure that he was still in one piece — thoughtful.

Lots of planes out today — all ours — and Fritz has fun heaving little shrapnels at them whenever they get over his lines. Haven't seen a Boche in the air as yet, and, believe me, I don't want to as this position would show up like a fly in a pan of milk. I'll take another week without seeing one and not be mad at anybody. Yes'm.

Sunday. Will get this off tonight as it's a whole week since I sent you a letter. Very sorry, but "C'est la guerre" — the universal excuse over here. I came down into the dug-out a while ago and found a little service going on. The altar was just a shelf — which usually held most everything — with two candles on it and a cloth — but I've seldom been to a service which impressed me more, with the soldier-priest performing the mass and the eight devout men packed into a narrow aisle about four by ten. I doubt very much if the Americans will ever carry their religion this far, but they may have much the same renaissance as the French along those lines. Cherish the enclosed violets. They were picked right at the mouth of our dug-out and are the only souvenir I can think of fit to send.

April 22

Just had some very poor news. It seems that the long letter I wrote you at odd times last week will probably not be delivered as the French have made a new ruling requiring stamps on letters to the U. S. and I did not know of it. Too bad, for it is impossible for me to remember all of the gems of thoughts it must have contained. Don't believe it had an address on it, either. One I wrote the Governor may be returned to me as it had the number of my French battery, but even that is not likely as a new battery moved in yesterday. I was going to say "worse luck" as the other crew were a regular circus, but the new ones are beginning to show up in very good style and I'm for 'em.

We have a very secluded spot here and have received practically no attention up to date, although there has been quite a bit of strafing going on in the valleys around us that are better known and more crowded. All right by me. Two of my friends are in rather a bad spot and received a bombardment that was a peach. We will catch it here one of these days, I presume, and then I will be more than content to remain near my own nice little dug-out. It's about 35 degrees down here right now and

I'm practically "gelee," but I've finally persuaded these French sea-lions that a fire is the only thing that will save my life, so now we are passing through the ham-curing period.

I walked down through our ravine this morning to cut a stick and the slopes were a solid mass of blue violets and hepaticas. Never have I seen such masses of wild flowers. Got a grand stick, too, but it was a tough bird and costly — one-half day's labor at \$5.00 per day, one pair of gloves at \$1.75, one knife at \$1.25, and about a million dollars' worth of profanity. The thought occurred to me that this amount of energy, properly directed, ought to end the war in a week.

You ought to see me in my steel hat, latest French model, sky-blue with leather trimmings. Hope I can snare a picture for you as it would be worth having. Can't do so much for the gas-mask as the mere thought of it gives me the Willies, but fortunately there isn't a chance in the world of our getting any gas here as it wouldn't stick — too hilly. However, it's part of my wearing apparel from now on and I might as well get used to it. Everybody does so.

Took a long walk with my orderly (doesn't that sound grand) this P. M. down to the canteen about three miles away, hence this gaudy stationery. Got a few other supplies and stopped in at a rest camp on the way back where I grabbed off a HOT BATH — so hot I couldn't stand in it. Can you imagine my being so frivolous? My comrades here now look at me with suspicion and I'll wager that they have done so since St. John's Day. Bathing is not an old French custom, but you know me, Joe, high altitudes always made me kind of sick. They say that a bunch of Germans presents a formidable smell, but I can't say that an equal number of Frenchmen is any bunch of roses. Going through a French town is a good deal like a trip back of the stock yards at home. This region and the terrific battles waged over it will live as one of the marvels of all time and I believe it will be the Mecca of three nations after the war — possibly four, as our boys are here in numbers now. I wouldn't have missed this fortnight for worlds and will give you more dope after I leave.

April 23

Beloved Mater:

This is the time of year for me to offer you my congratulations on your surpassing achievement — that of fetching your youngest son into this not-so-pretty world. There have been very few times when I thought that congratulations were in order, but, perhaps, after thirty years of being more or less of a flivver (you have my permission to scratch the "less") I have at last started

on a work that will, at least, be an excuse for my having cluttered up the scenery for this length of time. Anyway, I'm right up near the heart of things and I'm very grateful to you and Dad for having given me the opportunity to live. It's a pretty complicated affair, surely, to get a perspective of one's value to the world at large, but here we are reduced to absolute fundamentals and, when one is treading softly on the edge of nothing values mean little — the great problem being not "What have you got?" but "What can you do with it, what can you take back with you, intact."

So far, so good. I never have bragged about what I have, but I'm finding out what I can do with the few qualities I possess and I'm somewhat comforted. The first discovery is that I can get along with most anybody, no matter how strange; and the second is that I am not put to it to fit a round peg in a square hole, or vice versa, as I find no great difficulty in becoming round or square as the occasion demands. Indicates no great solidity, perhaps, but I would much rather have that faculty — makes life much easier for me.

I'm positive I'll never have a tougher job of fitting than the one I've tackled these two weeks. For instance, the present scene — I'm sitting on a wee bench before a plank table on which reposes one very feeble kerosene lamp — the whole being down in a dug-out (abri) built in the shape of an L about 3 meters to the side, 2 meters wide, and 2 inches too low for me. There are four rude bunks nailed to the plank walls, filled with straw and covered with plenty of articles. Across the table sits "Mon Capitaine" — a large, florid individual who looks much like "Hindy" — with six service stripes on his sleeve and two ribbons on his breast. He reads *Le Petite Parisienna* violently as he does everything else, except eat soup (much gusto). At his right sits his Sous-Lieutenant, a peculiar chap whose ailment I could not decipher until I discovered that he wrote poetry and had a book of such published. Will try to get you a copy as some of it is far from bad "vers libre." At his left sits our Aspirant — busily writing to one of about a dozen girls. Very young, quite full of pep, and takes no end of pains to explain everything he can to me in his few words of English, assisted by a pocket dictionary — but he invariably wanders off into a flood of French which I gather without any difficulty at all, but can't talk back.

The temperature is about 45 degrees and outside is the gentle patter of rain (Gentle, my foot! I'm so fed up on rain that my disposition is a perfect mass of ruins), punctuated every moment by the distant thump of guns, big and little, passing the Hun his daily grits. No other sound except the scratching of our pens, and I am sure alone. Just to prove it wasn't so, I passed one of my few remaining packages of cigarettes, getting a bid from all

hands without any trouble. The Lieut. just opened the door and a genial odor as of 42nd & Halstead Street percolated down the steep stairs. Oh, that dear Chicago. But they are a mighty genial bunch at that and I'm perfectly content to be right here where I am doing my bit — or at least ready to do it — and I haven't had a really indigo moment since I've been here — outside of, perhaps, the first night, when we cut loose plenty and I nearly ceased to exist — I was so startled. Got my bearings now and I can tell at once whether we are listening to "arrivals" or "departures."

We've had the calmest little old spot any place around here and have received no attention at all up to now, glad to say. Had a new and rather unpleasant thought today, however. Somebody was heaving a lot of pills at a very noisy Boche plane, which was a most interesting sight to me until two of the shrapnel cases came down "plump" right near me and I right away lost my interest in such pastimes for keeps.

(Wednesday.) At this juncture a very charming Lieutenant came in from an adjoining battery, so writing was off for the day. He spoke English very well so we had a bully time, especially as two of my pals had been with him for five days. We chinned all evening and I joined him at 8 this morning to go to an observation post in the front lines to adjust the fire of his battery, so I've been quite close to the Hun. The experience was a fascinating one, but the wind and the rain were so strong that it was not exactly enjoyable, and the walking was so strenuous that this lad just ran me out of gas. We heaved over 40 shots on nothing much and came away. I had a large hot grog when I got back and have been in my bunk ever since, drying out.

The Capitaine just brought in "La Fanion du Batteries" — the battery flag — a gorgeous heavy silk affair made in Toncan, French Indo-China, where he used to be stationed. It has a Croix de Guerre with Star in one corner, and God knows it was earned. I saw the place where they had it in '17 and it's a hell-hole right. I'll be here four more days and then am on my way. Saw two of my friends from school again today and they claim they are ready to pull out right now. Carlier comes now with food — bully good food it is too, as our cook could do well at the Blackstone. If you want to eat well in France you eat at the front lines.

With much love to the best Mother and Father that a man ever had!

April 25

Dear Dad:

I'm off'n this war and ready to go any time. My battery hasn't fired a shot in three days and outside of a trip to the front lines yesterday there was nothing to mark the flight of so-called time.

The trip mentioned was a darb, alright. Heard the little Boche "whis-phitz" for the first time, and they sound about as harmful as a bean-blower, but I understand they are very annoying when encountered at close quarters. The man I was with was more or less of a nut, to my mind, and took me to several places I could have given a miss with great pleasure, but his precautions were quite commendable when it came to putting his head over the top to adjust his fire. Being up front is no great treat the first time and it affected me the same as dish-washing time. I had to go to the bath-room right away — and there was no bath-room.

It's a wonder all of these lads aren't web-footed, like ducks. My feet are dry only when I go to bed, which is one of my most prominent activities, taking up about 12 hours of my valuable time per diem. Don't sleep so pretty, but have to follow the custom of the French officers in the battery.

I'm thoroughly sold on our Captain, by the way, as he is a rock to take shelter behind in time of stress. Big, powerful, slow, never fussed in the slightest, he is extremely witty and never talks just to hear the sound of his own voice. He has taken hold of this position in great shape and everything is spick and span — as far as the wind will let it be. We have a swell new dining room, of 7 ft. radius $\frac{1}{4}$ " corrugated iron — new dug-outs are being made — and, prettiest touch of all, our only grave, which is nearly two years old, has a new border of violet plants in bloom. With the other battery a path ran across the grave and things were handled as you would expect a bunch of youngsters to handle them. The difference is very marked, and as for the men — well, our cook comes back to the States with me if I can get him.

A battery of big boys close at hand has had some bad news from up front and are making more than their share of the racket, so we may get a sign of life presently — but I doubt it, as everybody is too fed up on the wind to go outdoors. Fritz sure lacks his customary vigor and all eyes are turned toward the big front, where deeds even rivalling those performed here earlier in the war are matters of hourly occurrence, altho I don't think any defence was ever so heroic. Up there somebody gave way, while here nobody so much as budged. Goodbye for a few hours.

My 30th Anniversary. Don't see why that should interest me, but it does for some reason or other, as it seems sort of a milestone along the way and should mark the beginning of the most useful years of my existence. It's just like any other day here — grey and wet — but I've two quarts of Moet & Chandon carefully tucked away which will be cracked when the boys come over this afternoon, if they can make it. Hope you have lunch at the Tip Top for old times' sake. I should like to sit in with you, for I've a fancy it would be a "beaucoup" celebration. Ogee, yes!

I go on from day to day, doing a minimum amount of thinking for obvious reasons, but today all restrictions are off and I'm revelling in plans for that home-coming which should not be far off, for the Hun is slowly but surely breaking his back against the French, English and American line at Somme and the end is in sight. He came terribly close, in fact broke our lines because somebody blundered, as the papers show, but the story of the closing of that break will live in history, I'm sure. It was told in one of the Paris papers yesterday — how what will always be known as "Carey's Force" of 2,200 Signal Corps, railroad engineers and stretcher bearers — a great part of them Americans — were armed with machine guns and thrown into the breach where they fought and died in a Berserker rage, but saved the day for the Allies. Such tales are a matter of everyday occurrence in this brawl, however. I want to record another one so it will not be forgotten. During the first attack here (Verdun), a Major and 12 men were left as the sole survivors in a fort only a short distance from where I sit. And they held off a whole German army for three solid days — the best troops of Germany being thrown against that devoted little band. And, when finally exhausted by hunger and thirst they surrendered, the Crown Prince himself gave his sword back to the Major with permission to wear it with all of his decorations while he was a prisoner — an indication, perhaps, that the Hun is not all bad — but, then, even savages recognize great bravery.

Every person I meet has like stories to tell, so I'll try to put one down every little while as I think they are very interesting. We get one now and then about the Americans, but nothing of great moment so far. They are very willing workers, however, and are simply immense when it comes to night raids. Many American regiments have already been cited for gallant conduct by the French and it is possible that they may get a like citation from our own government in a few years.

We have an enormous amount to learn about many things, but we are fortunate in being able to start with the vast experience of our allies at our disposal. It will take us a long time, however, to develop the close accord which exists between officers and men in the French service — an accord which seems to produce maximum results with great freedom for all hands. Their discipline is perfect without being obvious in the slightest degree. The only bawling out I've heard so far was one addressed to the cook for getting too much kerosene in the carrots — an event which rather lent piquancy to that meal.

Later. Very fairish sort of lunch and the O. M. had a new bottle of rum for the cafe which he calls "Le Correcteur" — and always laughs when I call it by that name. The sun just came out for nearly thirty seconds, which is a good omen. It appears that company comes for dinner, as my Brigadier interpreter has spread the news of its being my birthday so a "gala soir" will be had. I've just sent a lad for reinforcements — a mere matter of seven miles the round-trip — so we will be sitting pretty. Isn't that very nice? I am gladly.

It is hard to believe that we are at the Front, for there are moments when there is no sound of activity. At others one would think it was early on Fourth of July morning, when the big bad boys are shooting off their dynamite crackers. This calm is the only good thing that one can lay to the foul weather. It favors the Allies, who have had three or four great German attacks stopped during the last two years by just such combinations of rain, cold and wind. If this terrain wasn't so hilly we wouldn't be able to move off the position at all.

Our soldier poet is reading a book of verse done by Stuart Merrill and dedicated to Francis Griffen, Sr. Suppose our fat Francis, Jr., is just as evident about town as usual — or has he gone into some branch of the service? Seems like most everybody has, from the news I get from home. Ecker Morton is in Paris and I shall try to look him up if I have any time there. Believe he is working in a factory there, as his eyes kept him out of active part in the Big Game — a fact which he feels keenly, I know, "sans blag." "Blag" is a good French word meaning "Bull" or "Kidding." You should adopt it at once to astound the natives. Everyone uses it here.

Lots of men in the little guns and infantry get a chance to go home as instructors for a three or six-months period. Wouldn't that make you ill? Nothing like that for the 155's as far as I've heard, which is the first time my luck has laid down on me. Oh, well!

Don't forget to find a little little place for me — for I never expect to work again. Us heroes are planning a life of sinful ease after the war, so make your plans accordingly. I surely won't want much — just a nice little dug-out on the lake front with a home-made stove and straw bunk — but let's dig it some place where the sun always shines — where it is never colder than 90 degrees — so I can get thawed out in 10 or 12 years. Hell has no terrors for me unless I get a seat in that dismal cold corridor pictured by Dante — which reminds me that I am too doggone chilly to shove this pen any more just now, especially as lunch is about to show up.

Sunday, May 5

Beloved Mother:

Here we are, safe as a church, but I'll take the Front any time with my old gang up there and be happy to go back. Haven't been doing so pretty with my letter-writing of late, but yesterday was great as I got in touch with the mail after three weeks' absence, so now I'm all primed again. Had two letters from you, one from Willard, Art Griese, and a whole bunch from Mary, also a splendid package from the Governor with about 600 cigarettes, so I'm very pleased again. The proofs of your pictures look splendid and I am awaiting the finished product with much anticipation. Certainly will appreciate having the same as I have missed them much. The thought occurring to us both at about the same moment was quite a coincidence, "n'est pas?"

I've done my best to give you all a little glimpse of my wonderful two weeks with the French and hope that the few lines have reached you, altho I'm not so certain. However, I wouldn't have missed the trip for a great deal and believe the time spent to be the most valuable put in since joining the army. The courtesy and affability of my companions up there simply beggars description, and we were blood-brothers when I left, which I was very sorry to do, by the way. Nothing so pleasing has happened to me as the Captain's last words when I left — "Voud e'tez tres gentil." I am rather sorry to admit that I believe he was surprised at his having formed that opinion of any American officer.

Lots of fun getting together with the old bunch and telling all the harrowing experiences — mostly hokum, of course, as nobody got it very bad while they were up Front. Two of the lads who went up in the bunch ahead of us got the Croix de Guerre, however, and that was stepping some. One of them was badly gassed — but the other was a real citation as the French battery he was with got badly walloped and he stepped in with three perfectly green men and served a gun himself under heavy German shelling for a matter of hours. Good work, and I'm proud of the fact that he was in my battery at Sheridan. 'Course the French were tickled almost to pieces to think that an officer would have the crust to do such a thing, and the story will spread all through the lines in no time. Such things are making for a splendid feeling between the two armies and are bound to count in the long run — for it is going to be a long run, all right.

We had a delightful time in Paris, altho not so hilarious as it might have been, due to the busted state of my three pals. Names are not so good with the censor, so I'll tab them off by their regular handles.

The "Terrible Swede" is a powerful, slow-moving chap about 6 ft. 2 in. and black as they make 'em — looking no more like a

Swede than I do. His family ran a large section of Mexico during the good days, so he's a most expensive youth with the most priceless wit I've encountered in many a long day. Nothing ever ruffles him and he receives more attention and service than any one I ever saw — mostly due to a very fascinating smile which tortoise-shell glasses of a trick shape seem to enhance rather than otherwise. "Annie" is smaller and more delicate all around, with a most ingratiating manner. He speaks French perfectly and furnishes the lights and shadows for our feature film as he is temperamental as a prima donna — assuring you one moment that he is so low he would have to stand on a step-ladder to kick a snake in the belly, and the next that this is a wonderful, rose-colored war. He is perfectly timid about the most ordinary things — and absolutely regardless of himself when there is anything hazardous to undertake. Parents both French, but he is a good American who has been in Chicago for a number of years. I'm genuinely fond of him. "Spike" is a big pink-and-tan Irishman, who wanders through life in a most innocent, child-like way, with very few thoughts but the readiest laugh in the world and an inclination to treat the army game with great respect. He makes a very good balance-wheel to the ensemble, to my way of thinking. Don't know where I come in — these lads are all First Lieuts. — but they claim I am one of their favorite "Generals" — even when I'm broke. They are a fine bunch and I'm mighty glad to be along on all occasions, as they will be friends to depend on, to my mind. Looks like we were going to travel along in the same brigade, which makes it nice all around.

Didn't do anything of any great moment in town but just live. Saw just one old friend — Mrs. John Root — who has been living there since last July, John being in the "Camelflage" corps. Eck Morton has gone into the French Artillery, which probably delights him. The French are not so fussy about bum eyes. He is at school where I thought we would go.

Prices are simply fierce for anything you want to buy and my dinners averaged me around five dollars per copy with practically nothing to drink. But, Ogee, what food. The last night in town we had two small lobsters just as hors d'oeuvres, which set us back twenty francs per copy — just boiled and served with mayonnaise. So we left them parts by the next possible train and came up to this very large camp where we are getting back into the game again, American style, which sure looks "tres Mauvais" to me after the French. We are just the most military little old sojers you ever saw and now begin for the third time in "fundamentals." I should be perturbed — nothing now makes me sick.

Our troops have not come yet, which is what sets us back so hard, but they should come along soon and I understand they are a splendid crew. They are just going to be officered plenty, is all I've got to say, with their own officers and this mob altogether. Will give you more details when I get a little better oriented. The country is beautiful but the weather mostly punk — besides, I'm hungry and "Pork-Porky" just blew.

With oceans of love,

Guy

Later. Just a wee addition. I've just finished a fairly reasonable repast, but we are back to the old tin mess-kits again, which is a comedown after the luxuries we had at the front — china dishes, glasses, napkins and real tools to work with. It's a hard war up there. Wait 'til I get me a battery and I'm sure going to get a French cook and a French orderly. Such delightful service you never saw. Boots polished every morning — regardless — clothes brushed and laid out — everything washed the day you took it off — and all with that air of real pleasure in being able to be of service. I sure am spoiled.

I am sending you a copy of a little note written by my French Captain and given to me just before I left. It was a very great and very pleasant surprise and I'm just a bit proud of it, altho he stretched things in the pleasant French manner. It happened that I was able to show him two new wrinkles in computing firing data that evidently pleased him much — and that's the only reason I can think of. Keep the copy for me as I may want to use the original over here. Lord knows, I need help, as I'm still just part of a "mob" and I've about made up my mind to be a professional 2nd Lieut. Big time coming, though, and some of these lads sure go back to the States to handle the new draft. Sshh!

May 18

Dear Dad:

Got a letter from you yesterday and 'twas mighty welcome, being the first one in two weeks. The mail service is improving considerably, however, so I really have no kick coming. This moving around is what gets it all balled up and I trust that we adopt the French system for our units — that is, giving each regiment a definite postal number which follows it always — so it's up to the P. O. to keep track.

My regiment (18th Field Artillery, 3rd Division, A. E. F.) is here and they look like a mighty fine lot — well-trained and disciplined as our Regulars always are. I was assigned to Battery A yesterday and start in as Instructor on Monday, my specialty

being the sighting apparatus, which is a bit tricky but very good after you are once wise to it. Will give you details on how the system works after we get going awhile. Suffice it to say I'm going to be busy and that's a blessing, for I'm terribly stale after these two weeks of killing time.

In addition to the above, I'm Mess Officer, or at least his assistant, until I get onto the ropes — and this last is not so good, to my mind. However, 'spose I might just as well get the experience, for I'm in the army at last after eight months of effort and the more I know about everything the better off I'll be. Our connection with this regiment ought to be the best of our training so far, even if we do not stay with them. The latter is hardly possible as we are just flooded with officers and I expect we will teach until the Brigade moves on and then we'll get hooked up with a new outfit — probably N. A. — who don't know so much about the game as played over here. 'Sall right with me — I've got a charter-plus life membership in the "Don't Worry" Club, and while I'm not the little old Merry Sunshine I usually strive to be, I'm far from gloomy. Mostly due to the weather, no doubt, which has been gorgeous for three days now with only occasional showers, and you know how that bucks me up.

Wonderful bunch of grouzers around the camp, though, which is a pretty good sign that things are moving favorably and everybody is beginning to see daylight ahead. The American soldier is a good deal like the "Tommy" in that he sobs loudest when he is best off. 'S a funny angle.

Don't worry about my getting any silver bars — that pipe dream has gone for keeps. They just don't give them away over here and we appear to have a number of other things to think about. Not worrying about packages just now, but will send in a request if I can think of a need. Canteen here well supplied with most necessities and I've lots of smokes, which is a comfort. Glad the embargo was slapped on, so far as socks go — for I'm swamped with same. Even Ruth Mitchell came thru with a pair on my arrival.

'Snuff for today — I'm now going over for a little bunk fatigue as I never catch up on my sleep.

Tomorrow and E-e-you! Wot a day!

The above is composed of seven parts anguish — one part misfortune — and two parts pain. In the first place, just after finishing telling you all of those jolly things on the first page, a Medico Captain, who took a fancy to my way of drawing five cards the other day, routed me out for a walk — much against my better judgement. But who am I to refuse a Captain — so

away we went and didn't walk far, but split a few, thereby spoiling not only my evening meal but also my sleep. Then out I hops at 5:30 A. M. today and met my Battery A for the first time. They gave me a squad of twenty men to "O'Grady" drill with, and I thought I was going to faint for the first five minutes, just from nervousness. Old tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and everything — but the stuff was new to these kids and pretty soon they were all laughing and having a grand time. O'Grady drill is just old "Simon Says Thumbs Up" and it's good fun when one gets into it — also grand exercise. After half an hour we were pretty near all in, but I heard one of the lads say, "Gee, I haven't had so much fun since I was a kid," so I felt better. Then gave three half-hour lectures on Laying the Piece for range, followed by two hours' gun drill and school of the battery. Gosh — I ran out of gas a dozen times and the sun was cooking hot, so I was all in by noon. Repeated everything but O'Grady in the afternoon, but got off at four for a bath and clean-up, as my next act was Officer of the Guard — that's me, now.

My first offense at this affair and you would have enjoyed it hugely — different from me. I got by up to near the end, and then the Adjutant blighter casually told me to march the guard in review — which he should have done himself. Also, he told me sort of confidentially, so the band did not hear him, and when I got my mob under way they promptly rammed the band and sheared off its sou'west corner before I remembered how to stop 'em — much to the annoyance of the bandmaster. However, running into the band got that unit under way right smartly and after that everything was lovely except that I generally forgot to give "Column Left" or "Right" or whatever, so our progress was sort of casual but wound up in grand style. The lads did all that they could to help me and the anxious look in the sergeant's eye saved me often. These formal guard-mounts look elegant from the sidelines, but for me — out. Gets me a nice day of rest tomorrow, though, and I sure am going to use it unless some unholy disturbance breaks out. I'll only see the guardhouse four times more, unless they throw my pants into it for something.

May 30

Dear Dad:

It's getting to such a pass that a man has to steal time to get in a letter to the home folks these days. No questions about it, we are "In the army now," and if things keep up I'll be only a shadder of my former self as I must be ten pounds under what I carried away from the Front. Just between us, I wish I was right back at that same Front, because "la Vie" is much more "joyeuse" there than in one of these bleeding training camps.

I've had in mind inscribing a few lines of a melancholy nature under the heading "Notes on the Joining of a Regular Outfit, by a Young Reserve Officer." But I'm naturally cheerful so won't do so except in a general way.

There are four U. S. R. men assigned to A Battery, giving us a total of nine officers in all. The captain is a Pointer and reasonably decent about it, so I'm much in favor of him. He sent for me the first day to talk things over and then declared me in on a poker game at once, where I displayed commendable reserve and got away nicely, in spite of the fact I'd sooner play most anything than poker.

The two 1st Lieuts. are up from the ranks and are fine, big, upstanding chaps, but with point of origin sticking out very plainly — which endears 'em a little more than average to me. The oldest is a good-looking Irishman of the blue-black type — like Jack Fanning of Glencoe only not so fast in mind. Makes me think of Mulvaney. The two Seconds are O. T. C. men, assigned as Provisional 2nd Loots, and are nice-enough boys. One is an old Loop-hound from Chicago — whom I used to know in my palmier days — and the other is a white-haired chap from the South — quite free from ideas but very likeable. So much for the personnel.

These men are all going to artillery school while my three pals and I have charge of the training of the battery. The first week was spent in hardening exercises and training on the guns, which was our dish — but since then it has been quite different and Oh, so Punko. Outside of the gun-drill, which is handled by our other 1st Lieut. — we have "O'Grady," physical drill, close order and open order drill, and manual of arms, and small-arm practice. Can you beat that? I know just as much about them as a cat does about a marriage license, and when they come to sifting in a few lectures on Military Hygiene and First Aid, I find myself instructing in the only military subject I never had any work on. The drill covers seven hours a day, but by 8:05 in the morning I'm nearly run out of gas and have to just grit my teeth and carry on for the balance of the day. My gritters are nearly worn out, but fortunately next week we hit the range so the schedule will change for the better.

Sort of lost out today, as my insides let loose scandalous and I had planned a holiday, but the General fooled us and there was no rest for the weary. Didn't fool me much, however, as I had so many calls this P. M. that I stayed in quarters and no foolin'. First time I've felt that way since I came to France. Have to go back and check payroll now, so must stop.

Next day. Feel much better today, thanx, and have decided not to be sick at all. The weather has been swell for nearly two

weeks, very hot for a short time, but cool and lovely now. Our old bare hill-top is pretty dusty — we had strong North winds for five days — but now one couldn't ask for anything more comfortable. I'm on a special detail this morning, which isn't operating just now, hence this continuation.

Everyone here is up and on their toes and going strong with every nerve and muscle straining. News from the Big Show is far from comforting, a little less so than at any time these last three years, to my thinking — but our confidence isn't shaken a bit. Losing territory is not pleasant, but keeping armies intact is the great effort just now. We should move forward to a training sector in a fairly short time if the strain keeps up, because every man will be needed on the lines before the "Blond Beast" is stopped again and this time for good. Sometimes, in my gloomier moments, when I read of our "retiring to previously prepared positions maintaining perfect liaison between units," I am reminded of the newspaper descriptions of a Harvard-Yale crew race in the old days — "The Yale shell zig-zagged across the line, splashing feebly and the men collapsing over the rails. The Harvard crew swept in grandly, every oar hitting the water at the same instant and the shell moving without a jar — six lengths behind." You filter my idea without any diagram, I am sure. This can go on just so far and then it must stop. Our attack at Cantigny shows what may be done — already the Boche calls us "der Teufel hunde" or Devil Dogs — and they will have to think up a worse one than that before this month of June is over. In the meantime, we are going like hell here.

Sure did enjoy your last letter (April 30) and envied you the jaunt to N. Y. lots. Poor old Nick Rost — he leads a hard life — in his own mind. I've heard from Art Griese twice and he has been to the front also. It's the only place to be, to my mind, and even the prospect of a possible trip to the States isn't so interesting, now that this tremendous job begins to loom up. I'm just as pure as can be now and only spear a little wine over the week-end. I figure I'm going to need most of my health and all of my energy when the big blow-off comes.

June 2

Dear Mary:

I'm coming along slowly but surely. Terribly fed up on this man's army, but may feel better about it tomorrow, as we start firing on the range. My Captain is much too careless of my time, as well as his other officers' calling us at most any old hour. I've just come in from a meeting — it's now 9 P. M. — and all afternoon we spent messing around getting the battery laid to fire tomorrow, after spending yesterday P. M. on the same chore.

May work out all right at that, but to my notion, this is a much faster war than we have indicated up to now in our work here. The men have taken hold in amazing shape and I'm for 'em, strong. But they went awful bad in a competition on Saturday and came in last — due to a perfectly inexcusable blunder on the part of a gunner. Didn't cost me much, but it nearly broke the entire battery as they are in the habit of winning such events. It was a splendid sight, with the six groups of big stubby howitzers arranged on the crest of a hill in regular order and the silent eager men rushing around in perfect order through the swirling clouds of dust — the rest of the mates lined up behind the pieces as tense as a crowd at a football game, but uncannily silent. The gun crews would line up and a sharp command would seemingly smash each group into eight flying brown atoms, swarming all over their pieces — the great tube would slide forward and then home with a thud — then the trail would clang to the ground and you could hear the exultant bark of the Chief of Section whose crew had finished first — “Piece in order, Sir” — and the rather depressed reports of the others as they leaped into place. There was a ghastly wait for our fourth report to come in, and you could almost feel what the rest of the men were saying about that bunch as each mentally kissed his pay goodbye and planned various unseemly deaths for the man who had slipped. Glory be, it wasn't me who trained that end of the battery, for there were a few remarks that percolated down from higher-up, each remark with a prong on it.

I've just had another good joke pinned on me in the form of being made Battery Telephone officer, so I'm booked for another term at school. I discussed the matter with Ye Capt., explaining that I was a graduate Mech. Engineer, hated electricity, ranked lowest in it at school, had been running a machine shop specializing on material, etc., and he said that after taking all of those things into consideration I was “just the man for the telephone job” — which job is another soft one — but still heartily disliked by me. They lay these telephone wires out where the hardware is falling, and they lay them at night. Wonder why it is that people always pick out the soft ones for me, especially when I usually don't like them. It's not so flattering in some ways. Things sure do go by contraries in this game, but I think we ought to be able to work out our salvation same as the French did, and in shorter time, perhaps. Give us two years more, say, and we ought to be the best in the world. And I guess we can get the two years without even asking.

June 6

Dear Dad:

My mail is a bit infrequent of late, but snagged a letter from you last Saturday, which makes three from all hands in a fortnight.

Ought to have a whole mess when the blockade breaks, which I trust will be soon. As a matter of fact, I'm so ruind with work that I haven't time to mind anything else.

F'rinstance, imagine your favorite youngest son cutting on the following program per diem: Report 5:15 and had to watch the men feed at 5:45 as I was a garbage inspector. Left for range at 6:30 and cut in two phone lines by 7:00. Then stood on my hind legs for four hours observing fire — getting to my food at 12:10. Formed up at 12:50 and marched to class for an hour's work on terrain board (problems of fire on reduced scale) — then took on the telephone for two and a half hours, including a walk all over the system at the range (about 80 kilometers). Retreat at 5:40, followed by half-hour drill with gas mask on. This latter practice, by the way, is simply horrendous and I'm going to take a whole day off soon to give you a few of my more vivid thoughts about gas masks as soon as I get time. Afterwards a gas lecture from 7 to 8 P. M. and then three hours work on a problem, which we didn't complete, and as the lights went out on us then you can see that I had nothing else to do until 5:15 the next morning. Ain't that grand! Nearly I wish I was dead. I fooled 'em today, though, for I only had to give a hundred men squads east and west for four hours, followed by three more harnessing and hitching another regiment's horses. Pretty soft for me — I always was lucky.

I come in so feeble every night that bed is my only prayer, but I feel that I shall live through it. We sure do go fast and there is, as usual, a reason. It won't be long now and we have our sailing papers, although I don't know when or where. Will say this — you are a good dopester in picking the place I was when at the Front. The news is very good today, for a change, in spite of the U-boat sinking off the U.S. coast. Wonder they didn't do it before and I think we ought to thank the Heinies for it, although the country seems to be pretty well awake by now.

Had a bit of a sob-talk with my Captain last P. M. and he was reasonably pleasant about prospects, altho I feel far from at home with this bunch. However, it's what you produce after you are in the Big Show that counts and I have considerable confidence on that score. Looks like we will demonstrate right soon, but I'm likely to get jumped most any place from here — new artillery school just started and six of the lads left for there yesterday.

Yesterday was one of those terribly gloomy days that happen every so often and I felt kind of low until I got to talking to some of my pals — and then I discovered that I was riding the crest of the wave. God bless me and my disposition. Will try to requisition some cigs. presently, but want some more news as to our movements before I do so. We can get smokes here and at a reasonable

price, but they will only sell you so much per diem and it's a deuce of a chore standing in line for perhaps an hour to get four packages of "Fats." Not my notion of a swell way to spend my only leisure hour (4:30 to 5:30). I have an orderly who is supposed to handle all such little details for me, but he is such a lame-brain — altho smiling as a basket of chips — that I don't ask much of him.

This is another day now, as I was presently interrupted at the end of the above. You've no idea how perfect the weather can be until you get a three-weeks stretch in northern France, such as we have just had. Hardly a cloud in the sky from day to day and the temp. around 65 all of the time. It has made us go awfully fast and everybody is fagged out by night, but it makes work a pleasure. I fired a problem on the range today (my first) and had a Brig. Gen. as witness. Must have done well as he didn't say a word — and the Major only differed with me once and I sold him on my idea later, at that. Getting up before such a bunch is considerable of a chore, but, for once in my life, I knew exactly what I was doing and my first shot was exactly "on line" and 30 meters over. Not bad at 4,500 yards, but one week's work with our marvelous guns makes mediocrity a crime. These regulars who have been puttering along with our old-style guns all their lives, thinking they were some lads if they fired 25 shots on the range in a year, are just running wild over here, for they are beginning to get the true meaning of artillery. The whole regiment, from the Colonel down, were simply bug-eyed when they saw what could be done with French guns and French artillery methods — and they have been just as perky as could be ever since. Don't blame 'em much — our results over here overlay anything we have achieved at school and you know I used to think they were good.

Much interested in Mitchell's showing up and his plans to get in with us. Tell him to lay off those pipe dreams about promotion for Guy Willard for they don't happen over here unless it's dead men's shoes, far as I can see. We ought to be up where such events transpire almost before this reaches you and they are not picking any soft spot for us to land on, either. This suits my fancy perfectly, in my present mood. My two weeks at the French front sort of whetted my appetite for a little more action and a heck of a lot less drill.

Better have the navy get busy policing our front yard at home or I'll refuse to get on a boat until peace is declared. Bad enough to have to run the submarines coming across this way — running them going back is just too much. Had a bully letter from Mother today (May 14) and hope to hear from all hands by the end of the week. Certainly letters, and the knowledge that you are going to get some more, helps amazingly.

Beloved Mother:

This is by way of a birthday greeting and while 'twill arrive late it carries a great deal of love and best wishes with it, nevertheless. You will note with approval that your youngest hopeful is seizing time by the forelock for once, because when the actual day arrives I expect to be somewhat too busy to write, as we should be on our way, or arrived where we are going — and we are going forth with a great deal of confidence in ourselves and our ultimate ability to give considerable help in stopping this “Last Big Push” of the Germans — mark that word “Last.” The French here tell us that we are simply wasting time firing on the range, as our progress in these two weeks has been amazing. I’m so pleased with my own firing, outside of my first effort. In fact, I got cross-ways with the instructor and haven’t been able to get it over since, but that has small bearing on the situation. Probably a not-so-good timing has a great deal to do with it. However, we are “in the pink” and are on our way. I’m very glad of it, too, for I’m fed up on these school days and real action is an antidote which should put me right again. I should go to school after being in three different colleges.

We are going up with eight officers in my battery, but things are clearing up a bit ahead and I may be able to cop a job and stay with it, as one of our best men left for the Front today as a replacement and another leaves for Observer soon, thus reducing the competition to almost nothing — inclusive. The latter being an afterthought and not really as confident as I announced on the first page. Probably more of that anon — I’d like to make a prediction — but sometimes my letters are opened and “lese majeste” is something I don’t care to indulge in.

The men are splendid — roughnecks, to be sure, and with a tendency to try to put it over us young “Reverse” officers, but very able and responding to the whip like a flash. I had the whole firing battery all to myself this morning and couldn’t ask for anything more to my liking or any sweeter-acting gun crews. We took up a new position and were ready to fire long before the B. C. sent his commands down and there wasn’t a hitch all morning. That’s my dish and I would like it for a permanent billet, if possible, but outside of that I am still Battery Telephone Officer, which makes me most unhappy as I despise old Benj. Franklin’s discovery in all its various forms and am bored nearly to tears with the job. Trying to conceal it, as it’s all in the day’s work, but that’s no reason why I shouldn’t cry about it to the home folks when I feel the need. Mary writes that she enjoyed the week-end in Winnetka very much, so do it as often as possible. When I think of how gorgeous it must be at Skokie now, I sort of wish that “le Bon Dieu” had left the Boche out of his scheme of things,

but I suppose we will one day discover that they have some sphere of usefulness in the world. At least they have brought the "civilized" nations of the world to a new understanding of each other, and that should work out to our advantage when the brawl is over — may it be soon.

Getting back with Americans and the old habits has certainly cramped my style as a writer of interesting letters and I'm ashamed of the feeble efforts of the last month. I simply haven't been so interested and, moreover, we work such unholy hours that I can't devote the time to it that I'd like to. I didn't finish my labors until 10:50 P. M. yesterday. Gay life! You will be glad to hear that I've kept a diary, more or less, since the 1st of January, but I'm not sure I'll ever let anybody read it as it is hardly worth while up to now, being mostly jumpy notes about nothing much and is designed merely as a prologue to the big things I feel are in store for me.

Your letters are marvels, my dear, and you hearten me up amazingly, the more so since I realize that they are from the heart out and not just Spartan camouflage to cheer me on. I've read parts to my "Roomies" and they both declare themselves associate members of my family as of even date — having decided, what with the pictures and everything, that I am at least descended from regular people. I am going to bed now — my favorite and only pastime — but first there is an indignation meeting awaiting my presence. Don't worry about my not using all of those wonderful sox. I have 'em in a nice white slip and use 'em for a pillow.

Friday, June 28

Dear Dad:

At the same time I tell you about being up and again taking nourishment regular, which will please you, no doubt, I'll tell you about my being flat on my back for nigh a week. I got set on Monday eve by a lowdown, ornery mess of influenza bugs and they just ruined me for a spell. Took to my cot Tuesday and to the hospital Wednesday, but plan to ease out of here tomorrow so as not to interfere with Saturday. Besides, I can't afford to stay in the hospital over Sunday — on my own time, so to speak. I sure did feel low for two days — the "Wild Algerian Mochus," as the boys have christened this disaster, takes the tuck out of one faster than even the dengue fever that we had down on the border — but good care and plenty of rest banished the bugs in no time. I've enjoyed the rest in spite of the "mizry" in my back, and I got a hot bath — in a tub — last night, which makes almost any sacrifice negligible. That's the second tub I've been in since I got to France, over five months ago, and marks quite a milestone in my military career.

We have a great, light, airy room with four beds in it, all of which have been emptied and filled since I came. The late arrivals seem to be not so well off and given to much groaning and shooting of the lunch. However, they are better today and are beginning to notice food, which is a sure sign of a rapid recovery. My nurse is more than average attractive, being black-eyed and same of hair — probably the reason they give her this room to handle. Most of the janes they turn loose on the suffering soldats are not designed to make said soldats linger in “Blighty” just for the sake of the scenery, but I ’spose they all look good under the circumstances. Seeing a regular white woman again was a treat for me — I can do nothing, “absolument rien,” for the French femmes. More than likely I have not seen the right type, altho there were some here a fortnight ago at a Red Cross bazaar who were mighty attractive — but one requires time. The bazaar was lots of fun, by the way, and everybody was everybody’s friend — just like New Year’s Eve, only not quite so stimulated, alcoholicly speaking. One Capt. auctioned off a paper frigate — called “Lafayette” — to our regiment for 2100 francs — which thrilled the good people running the bazaar almost to death. Then they christened the boat with much champagne and launched it in an aquarium — the gold fish got as tight as anybody, I’m sure — in front of the Officers Club ’midst loud huzzas — La Marseillaise — Star-Spangled Banner — everybody rigid at salute, followed by a barrage of corks — all very right and proper. Of course the ship immediately upset — but that only proved it to be a good 18th F. A. ship — unused to anything as plebian as water, which we vowed to keep it free from for all time to come.

After that we auctioned off a wild boar — shot in our own bailiwick — for some outlandish price, and then settled down to the important business of the evening, which was running the place out of wine as rapidly as possible. You’d be ’sprised to see what a short time it took and nobody tight — just jubilant and friendly as a pair of old shoes.

I’ve been sitting here in my window all done up in my blue bathrobe, just revelling in the lazy afternoon sunshine sifting down over the always hot-looking tile roofs of the huts below me — clear across to the soft blue edge of the other side of the valley, miles away. There is a band somewhere nearby, playing my favorite Spanish Rhapsody very soft and low, and just as I was drifting away to much more pleasant scenes comes a squawky, discordant bugle announcing that some little colonel wants his little officers to hurry up and come and see him — and bang goes the picture just like heaving a hammer into a mirror. Made me so mad — but now the band is playing the jazziest rag I ever heard, so I’m all cheered up again.

I'm perched right over the "main stem" so it's most interesting, especially as Brigade Hq. is just to one side, making something to watch all of the time. Here goes a battery all slicked up and convoyed by at least ten officers going to school some place. They pass a bunch going the other way — out — under full pack; tin derbies and gas masks slung and just all full of business. Across the way a Machine Gun regiment is doing some kind of mysterious drill I can't dope out in amongst the huts — the poor blokes hain't much of a drill ground, not will they have until we move out — and over it all the constant noise of good gasoline being exploded into motion of various sorts. The beastly, snarly chatter of the "sidecars" predominates, with the occasional low rumble of a fleet of trucks as a background and the recurrent drone of "Our Airplane" as a highlight. (Oh, yes, we have more than one plane, but it's a big day when we can get more than one into the air at once. These ambitious amateurs sure do mess 'em up promiscuous, although not one fatality by some lucky chance.) Just now a real old army buckboard eased down the main stem — for all the world like "Arizona" — followed by a Jeffery "Quad" full of red-fezzed Algerians coming in from work — and then a bull-necked Boche "prisonnier de guerre" in green, leading a French horse attached to a French dump-cart guarded by a little squirt of a Frenchman hardly as tall as his long, villianous-looking rifle. So now that I have time to consider the matter at length, I don't believe that my life is exactly barren of interest, as viewed from the layman's eyes.

Later: I have just been after finishing a large piece of steak swimmin' in gravy and accompanied by a large mound of potatoes O'Brien, tea and cake. It's no use — I'm sick no longer. I eat well and sleep well, but I just can't work — which is not a sickness but a gift. They are still lugging in the boys with this disease of mine and I suppose it will run through the camp, more or less, just as it has through all Spain and England — and Germany, too, praises be. Fritz gets a lot of breaks in the luck so I hate to see him get left out on this run. He doesn't seem to be so lucky when he runs into a full fledged American sector, and we want to make him think he never saw anything but black cats crossing his path when we finally get up "there" with the rest of our 3rd Division. Things seems to be reasonably quiet up in our ultimate sector just now, but that won't last long. Somebody is going to go backwards, and I don't believe it's going to be us.

My favorite room-mate left last Sat. for Gas School, half way across France. 'Tis a very important subject and a most unpleasant one, so I hope he does well at it so he can tell me all about it. Gas is, and will be until the show is over, the most important weapon of offense unless something startling occurs in the line of a new invention.

I sent for my orderly this noon and he just showed up, perspiring gently as is his wont, to tell me that tomorrow is "Moving Day" for the 1st Brigade. 'Spose they plan on keeping it a secret from me, but if they think I'm going to stay behind somebody's out of luck as I simply wouldn't do it, not even for 100% cash consideration.

We only go a few miles to get our draft animals but it's a start anyway so I'll have to censor myself carefully from now on. We'll put in a month back of the lines — and then in we go. Bob Hunter dropped in on me yesterday. He arrived in camp the night before, having come clear from the south of France to join a regiment which left here three weeks ago. Pretty secretive movements when you can even fool G.H.Q. for that length of time. He's had pneumonia and lots of fun, with six weeks in a Paris hospital. Poor dear. Going to quit you now as the light is getting dim outside.

July 6

Dear Dad:

The war draws on space and we are now in camp waiting for loading orders. The same should reach us in four or five days, as half the Brigade has pulled out already, and we are all preened up with bran-new sets of horses. These last are the bane and the joy of our existence at the present writing. Twenty-eight of them are huge Percheron stallions which raise hell in general and in particular at all hours of the day and night. They look upon the entire world with a large and amorous eye, seeking to mount anything that's handy, which adds to our joy and activity to no small extent. Meanwhile, we puts 'em on as wheel teams and the way they flirt our pill-throwers over all obstacles is a joy to behold. We've had the animals in harness for just a week, but I think we could go any place with them right now.

I'm sitting under a tree on the edge of the most perfect camp I have ever seen. The field is quite small, holding only two battalions, and sloping from the road down to a little brook at the rear. The hay was gathered the day we pulled in, so the sod is still intact and we are surrounded by 15 ft. hedges which makes us as snug as can be.

Each perfect day is followed by one even more perfect — hardly a cloud crosses the sky all week — the temperature is constantly 65 — and all's very, very well by me.

The dust on the road marches is, of course, terrific, but all that is forgotten as soon as we pull into the lot. I am most comfortable in my little pup tent with my bed roll adroitly arranged to

produce maximum sleeping results, and gosh how I do sleep. It doesn't get dark until 10 P. M., but I seldom wait to see about it — and reveille is just as much of a chore as ever. Can't say so much for the mess as we eat the same as the men, but I think that will change if I howl hard enough. My health is coming back with a rush also, which makes life quite worth while these days, all things considered. My fretting about this outfit is a memory only, and I'm going to sit still in the boat. We have lost four officers to other branches since I joined and I am beginning to feel sort of permanent — altho things may happen with great rapidity. Just to demonstrate — our Major this moment (11:25 A. M.) just let us in on the glad news we are to up-stakes and pull out at 2 P. M. for an over-night hike. Bang! Out goes the sun and I'm all off that joy stuff. Also I must lay off this and start my striker to work. Got a new one today — had to can the old one, he being too lame in the brain even for my small uses.

July 19

Dear Dad:

There's a beautiful calm descended on this hectic neck of the woods which permits me to scrawl a few lines — the first chance in over a week. I've crammed a thousand years of sheer living into that week and I feel proportionately older — but quite content with my lot, aytho I'd be stretching the truth if I said I was happy.

We arranged to get into quite the most frightful jam that any bunch of green troops ever hit — and they comported themselves in a manner that was no less than superb. Getting down to the gist of things, we spent all night of the 13th moving into position and, without resting a moment, spent the next day getting said position as tidy and ship-shape as possible. It was a truly terrific job, but we were able to open fire about 10 that night, stopping about 11:30 — why, I know not, as all of our batteries were slamming in barrage after barrage all along the line. The killing must have been excellent, as we knew, for once, just what was coming off and that the Huns were really in front of us. That is, most everybody knew but our outfit.

I got undressed during a lull and went to bed in my pup-tent, which was pitched on a sidehill back of a wee declivity — and was just dozing off when the first "arrivals" came shrieking over promptly at 12:15 A. M., July 15, 1918 — and for ten solid hours the air was full of the most complete set of flying junk ever turned loose since the palmiest days of Verdun. Fine work, but I was in no mood to appreciate it, as a pup tent seemed awful insufficient protection to me, somehow. Just to make things good, every siren in the valley went off to the weird cry of "Gas," so on went the

old nose bag and I wore that pleasant instrument of torture for six mortal hours — which I hope I never have to do again. Also, I discovered a small streak of “yaller” in my make-up — the same being about 6’0” tall and 10” thick and weighing approx. 160 lbs. — but, thank God, nobody else found it, so I believe that I can still hold up my head. You know how the old stomach felt — just turned itself into a bow-knot — but I managed to get out and around to look the boys over. They were serving the guns manfully, and did so until we had no more shells, under the direction of a Batt. Executive who operated for four hours with his mask full of “lunch.” (Fine) After we ceased fire I went back to bunk and, remarkable to say, had an awful time keeping awake until 6 A. M., when we got orders to abandon position. I was the last man to leave except for one man who remained at each gun for a reason you can readily understand. (Note. His orders were to immediately load each gun, pull the pin, fire the gun, and thus destroy it before it could be captured by the Germans. Instead of obeying these orders he took a chance on a “General Court” and waited — even when the German infantry was so close the he could hear them yelling.) However, the necessity for this last act never arose, altho it was close. The rest of the gang fell back a half-mile and deployed as skirmishers — armed with revolvers exclusively. This movement has been the talk of the Division ever since. Ye Gods, isn’t that a scream?

Got a lot of excited orders afterwards, one of which made me Battery Commander for quite a spell, but we finally got the wonderful news that our glorious dough-boys had done an unheard-of thing; after withstanding the fiercest barage and assault of the age, and without waiting for assistance, they organized and put over a counter-attack which drove the “Squareheads” back to the (Somme) river in front of us. This deed will live in history for all time. The French were simply astounded and the Boche were even worse — being most annihilated. One sergeant and a corporal captured four machine guns by themselves, and finally wound up by delivering 157 prisoners, including a Major of the Staff, 12 miles in the rear, all by themselves. These be heroic days. We paid a pretty stiff price, I presume, but the lesson was worth it. The Hun hasn’t had the guts to try another attempt since, and here’s one attack that busted up before it even got a good start.

The miraculous part of it was that we had only five superficial scratches at the guns, only one of which demanded more than first-aid. We were so new to the position that we had not been spotted, so we got no special attention but were merely included in the zone fire.

We moved back to the position later in the day and started to work again most awfully fagged but happy. Two of the Lieuts. were quite ill — we all call it “Gas” — and had to be relieved, so

the Capt. and I held the fort by ourselves for a while until two more came up from the rear, which gave me a chance to get a bit of rest. I did so in a dug-out 500 yards or so away, along with a lot of stragglers we had picked up and some of our extras. Not so very comfortable, but the change was good for me and I felt ever so much better when I pulled into the position next A. M. Prepared for a counter-attack all day and night, which necessitated every man on the ground, Capt, and me included, carrying ammunition some 300 yards up the hill — I forgot to tell you that our ammunition dump went up with a loud and important bellow about 3 A. M. on Monday — and this small exertion pulled my cork so that I was quite ready to move out next morning for a two-day's rest back here at the echelon where we keep all horses and spare men. We are in a pleasant grove of trees, very thick and damp under-foot, to be sure, but I have had a foot-wash, a shave, brushed my hair and teeth for the first time in four days, and caught up on my sleep. Feel fine and — this is hard to believe — I think I'll try to get back to the guns tomorrow, as this is sort of lonesome.

I've made a rotten botch of trying to tell you about the most tremendous week I've ever lived through, but I'm simply not thinking these days. Nerve good, but nerves all shot to hell. This letter may give you a wee jolt, but I don't see why I should have all the fun and not let you in on it. A man is awfully hard to hit and doubly hard to kill, so worry as little as possible. Everything is lovely so far — and two letters from you delivered at the guns helped me tremendously.

Guy

July 21

Dear Dad:

I've been here at the echelon since Thursday to rest, but haven't been getting much rest at that as every day brings forth a new reel in this wonderful feature film. F'rinstance, Friday at 8 P. M. I left here with 60 men to haul ammunition to the batteries. It's a pretty long drill up there and I finally took one wagon way off to make a switch of some powder charges. Had a warm welcome and then a forced wait of nearly an hour, while Fritz shot up my road, mostly with his filthy gas shells. He finally finished, so we put on the old nose bags and rammed through to the dump, which fearful hole was jammed full of teams and men all working in a new welter of gas. Got my stuff off and pulled out, just as the beastly Hun put a few H.E. shells right next the hole — which was just like shoving a stick into an ant-hill — regular emulsion of men, horses and wagons streamed out of said place. Nobody hurt, except in their tenderest feelings, so I got my bunch together and toddled on home. Very happy and content, too, with a big

night's work reasonably well done, when, right out of nothing, a Hun plane cracked down on us with his machine gun. Gosh, I was mad — seemed so useless — but my anger did not prevent my getting the fat carcass of my extremely exasperating horse between me and the "pswe-e-e" of their little steel-jacketed stingers at once. Missed us a block, so on we went without further adventure. I checked in and slept nearly round the clock, which was surely good for me. Thus does one peaceful day follow another.

But, Oh! My! what an awful rooking we are handing the Boche! It's marvelous, the pep and spirit of all hands since we stopped the attack and started shoving them back. Our Division received Citations last night from both the French and American C. O., and you can imagine the delightful thrills which shagged up and down our spines when they were read out. It appears we did some really splendid work and I'm so proud I can hardly speak. Just before I left the battery position I directed our fire for a long time on a certain hill thickly studded with Huns, and Friday at Brigade H. Q. the report came in that it was still thickly studded — only all who remained were in a most satisfactory state of deadness — between four and five thousand of them. This gives me something on the credit side, which will balance the only debit entry I can make, in the final accounting, so I am quite content.

Later. I've had lunch and have just returned from a trip for various supplies, of which we are in considerable need. Not much success — everybody ravenous for the same stuff, which seems to exist only on paper. The country is beautifully calm and peaceful all about, with no shelling except way off on the left flank where we made that wonderful attack on Fri. and Sat. The same relieved the pressure on our front in great shape, and we have been very calm for four days now, altho our regt. has done considerable harassing fire. We seem to have an excellent position, not only hard to spot but hard to hit afterwards. I'm more than ready to go back in now and hope to be relieved here soon as I'm afraid I'll grow stale with so little to amuse me.

The angry buzz of airplanes is constantly present and I've seen some gorgeous brawls way up so high that the machines were mere specks. Have yet to see a fall, but one of our batteries knocked down a nosey Boche plane the other night, which was potting at some supply trains along the road. Excellent and quite unusual shooting. I saw the machine the next day but the driver had not been caught. The Huns have descended to the last and lowest level — they are using our insignia on their machines, which destroys the only bit of chivalry left in this war. They have a machine-gun signal which they use on crossing their own lines so that their own men won't shoot them up. I've seen them and heard them. Makes me sick.

I'm certainly feeling fine again and rarin' to go. I'm one of the troops now — just their elder brother. My favorite sergeant confided in me last night that there were a couple of officers in the battery that he would hate to have to follow. Is that nice? I'm hopeful.

Later. Just had wonderful news — we move tonight and we move FORWARD — not back, as we have been dreading the last few days. Lordy! 'Tis pleasant to be alive these thrilling days. We don't know what the dope is exactly but it looks like Huns must have been chased back across the river. You know more about it by now, and I charge you to get a complete set of papers from July 14, 1918, on and any other records you can gather dealing with the Second Battle of the Marne and all operations between Soissons and Rheims, so that I may pore over them in my declining years and explain how it all came about to my grandchildren.

We have been in a pretty ugly salient all week — with shells able to reach us from three sides — but it's all different now. How I thank God for those two regiments of heroic dough-boys who, simply because the word "retreat" wasn't in their vocabs., saved the whole situation in front of us. The 3rd Division surely made history for itself in those terrible 24 hours — and those who went on ahead will carry the thanks of many a nation with them. Tales of individual heroism are too numerous to mention, but the action of all hands can be put down on the books as "splendid." Make this a community letter as much as possible, as it's going to be a busy eve for me, I fancy. Get Willard a copy, by all means, as I haven't had a chance to write to him and won't have until I get my "leave" — blessed word, but so uncertain. Had a cheery letter from Mother yesterday. The support I am getting from my own people makes it easier for me to go forward and with high courage and blithe spirit to these wonderful adventures which are to come. If the Boche are on the run here they will have to fall back along the whole line. I'm no prophet, but I think it won't be long now. What a prospect!

July 25

Just a few moments to scratch off a few lines, headed by the important news that I am perfectly O. K., altho having exceedingly little fun. It seems that the Hun left these parts so hurriedly that we are having some difficulty in keeping track of him — which is all right by me.

The 23rd (at the usual hour of 12:30 A. M.) we were ordered to pull out in pursuit, which we did in a genial downpour. Certainly was a fierce job, as it rained nearly all day, but we finally

crossed the river at 11 A. M. and took up a rather sorry position somewhat later — quite a Herculean labor, viewing it from all angles. Right here I want to say I'm telling you more than I have a right to, and these letters must be for strictly home consumption, as I might get in considerable grief if the dope got out.

Evidences of our terrific fire were plentiful — the woods and the fields were full of guns, ammunition and equipment, as well as too numerous completely second-hand Boche — so house-cleaning was our first job. We fired pretty much all night, as there was a formidable nest of machine guns holding up the dough-boys some miles up the line, which had to be cleaned out. Consider this pleasing tale — which I swear to. One of our battery reconnaissance party ran onto a small nest of such and called a company of infantry to clean it out. Took an astonishing length of time, but they were finally silenced and then found that each of the Huns was chained at his post. Yesterday four prisoners went down the road and one man had his automatic rifle chained to his arm. I saw this.

Nice people to go against, as they surrender quite easily when they have a chance. It gives the boys great pleasure to kill them, it seems, and all hands did more than well for about a week. Things have slowed down a lot, of late, and we haven't fired a shot for three weeks. Had a gorgeous full moon last night and Fritz gave us a very fair pyrotechnic display up and down this beautiful valley. One of his pills came reasonably close to our unprotected band, but did nothing more than scare the stuffing out of all hands. Ghastly things, these aerial torpedoes, and quite the noisiest things you could imagine. I'm off 'em — my sleep was quite ruined. I've been turning in under a caisson every night — seems to be much more comfy than the wide open world. This is open warfare with a vengeance and I shall be glad to get where we can dig in again — somewhere along the Rhine, by preference. Looks like a very long war — or a very short one. The French say this year will do it and I'm hopeful.

July 22

Dear Willard:

'Twas a hell of a war and no mistake for a few days, but it's wonderful now that we have those Dutch swine on the run. Don't mind telling, old boy, that your little brother got in the tightest jam he ever hopes to arrange — and the successful "out" was due to just one thing — the splendidly heroic stand of two regiments of Regulars just over the hill from our battery. God love 'em — they own me, body and soul, from now on. They stood a terrific box-barrage for two hours with practically no protec-

tion, and then, when the barrage lifted and the filthy Hun, all confidence, rammed his erstwhile fat neck across the Marne, didn't budge an inch but fought like Berserks. Two hours of this sent the Boche frantically back over the Marne and that part of the line was saved. An incident — Major of Infantry found 2nd Lieut. in command of two platoons — sole survivors — and ordered them to fall back. Says the Loot — "Hell's Bells, Major, I have men, guns and ammunition. I can't fall back." Says the Major, "I don't blame you a damn bit. Guess I'll stay with you," and took command of one platoon and one only. Surrounded again, they charged back toward my battery, cut through the Dutch, rolled up the remnants, and rammed them back under our barrage line, where we sent them on their way to that stinking corner of Hell they so richly deserve with both neatness and dispatch. It was a gorgeous killing, as Kipling would say, and my only regret was that our ammunition dump went up with a large, obscene noise, some hour previous and kept our score down.

In the meantime, we were most unhappy in a perfect deluge of shells and gas but came through in perfectly astonishing shape. Position was mighty hard to hit, so all we got was shorts or overs, bound originally for someplace else, and a few scratches was our toll. I was showered several times with mud and rocks and got a whiff or so of gas; but the other two Lieuts. became quite ill from one thing and another, which made it quite necessary for me not to do so — although I had counted on it, as the place was very unpopular with me and a little treatment back of the lines looked like a month at Atlantic City to me.

July 27

Dear Dad:

We have had a lot of trouble, since we crossed over, getting the Hun out of our way. We are in the center and the center sure held, as I think the news will show. You know much more about it than we do as we haven't seen a paper or a communique for days and are going entirely by guess-work. After a night, quiet except for a whale of a barrage (ours) at midnight, we pulled up the line for a few kilometers, as we were shooting our maximum range last night. I took the battery up and returned to the horse lines — seems to be my dish and, much as I hate the brutes — I'm glad to be away from the C. O. again, as he is quite the most impossible person I've ever come in contact with.

Saw a gorgeous air battle last eve, which resulted in the sudden and spectacular demise of three Hun planes. Wonderful sight and bully good shooting on the part of our boys. Would that we had another million over here — we are showing the world what

“go-getter” means. A French Captain said to me yesterday, “You Americans are all quite mad — but truly superb. As long as one man is left on his feet you continue to charge.” It’s a great game, but wearying. I crave sleep.

July 29

Dear Willard:

We moved out shortly after I wrote you the last letter. Tough job it was, too, but we crossed the river round noon and took up position to help in the fine pastime of running Fritz ragged. Moved up 3 kilometers two days later, and yesterday made an advance of 8 kilometers, which is an indication of the magnitude of this operation — the biggest advance since the Somme of 1916, I believe, and much more important as it closes the road to Paris and puts the Boche in an extremely precarious position. We have their goats.

A letter translated by one of our men — found on a prisoner whose father wrote same — said, “If you come across the accursed Yankees, retreat or surrender at once, for they will do neither.” Son took the advice of Vater and did the latter, as his officers have a pleasant habit of putting a machine gun behind their men to see that they keep going in the right direction. There is no question about the veracity of this.

Everybody is here — Wops, Tommies, French and ourselves, each to their specialty. The Italians have done fairly well on one sector, but mostly they build roads and bury the dead. The British handle their tanks and have 60% of the credit for the truly splendid control of the air. The Yanks are used mostly as attack troops — they are whales at it — and the French form the solid, comforting, backbone of the whole works — the wonder and admiration of all who come in contact with them.

I handled the caissons and supply train yesterday, as usual, part of the way in full view of Germany — but they were so busy up front and in moving their heavy stuff out of this very tight pocket that we had practically no attention. After we were established I was looking around for a spot to hide my teams until dark and got in a hell of a ruckus with a new horse I was riding. Gave him the gad and the bud — and went cavorting across a field just as the only Boche plane I saw all day dropped four footy little bombs about 50 yards from that portion of the road I had just vacated. Those incidents are part of everyday life and I am getting so used to them that I probably won’t write any more about them, except that I know you relish a thrill more than most, even if it is second-hand.

I feel at last that I am actually piling up a total that will be my "bit" when the final accounting is made — and that, after my baptism of fire, the family honor is safe in my hands. I know you never doubted it, but it was subject to proof, in my mind.

July 29

Beloved Mater:

I've been a bit poor on the writing of late, but my few epistles — hard as they were to get off — will give you an idea as to the hows and the wherefors. I've just sent a letter off to Willard — started a week ago — and it contained a note for John, as that engaging young man wrote me a fine letter some time back. Had a bully letter describing your birthday doings, and only wish I had been there to add my congrats. in person. Hope you got my letter as I remembered — for once.

I'm feeling far from hostile and warlike at the present moment, as the scene is one of peace and quiet — if you look at it hastily. I'm sitting on the slope of a broad valley which sweeps away in front of me, thickly studded with little towns, too far away to tell what masses of ruins they are, and carpeted with ripening grain fields — crops which will hardly be gathered, I fear. I'm at a spot which was in German hands four days ago — which fact is brought home when the wind shifts down over the hill in back of me, bringing all of the beastly odors and noises of war. I'm at the echelon once more, after being with the firing battery off and on for the last week, and I favor it highly for a number of reasons.

We are advancing with considerable rapidity, for a heavy outfit — three moves totalling nearly 20 kilometers in a week — but I'm afraid we may have to stop presently, as the Hun has digged himself in pretty strongly. We gave them an awful run for two weeks, though, and it's nearly time for a breathing spell — but we may decide to slam right along, thereby upsetting all precedents established by this war. We did it before, right here, when instead of falling back 3 to 5 kilometers under the shock of a big attack, the Yanks held the ground and upset the entire kettle of fish by charging themselves.

Five planes just went droning by in back of me, flying in wedge-formation, like we used to see the geese heading for the Skokie in the fall, and just up the valley a balloon hangs like a fat, dingy, three-tailed goldfish, swimming in an inverted globe of blue, studded with plume white clouds. Below, on the road, passes the tremendous traffic of war — such traffic as would take days for me to describe, because it is so variegated. One can see anything in the line of vehicle, except, perhaps "palouquin." My

duties are rather light mostly, but long and strenuous when they come. I was in the saddle pretty continuously yesterday from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M., moving the battery to its new stand and then bringing the combat train back here, but today I haven't turned a hand. Sure thought "le Cootie" had me in his power, as I'm full of bites, so I went after the bird this A. M. — without results. First time I've had my clothes off for a week, so bathed and changed all 'round and feel like a new sojer this minute.

Understand packages can be sent to officers now so cigarettes and chocolate vite, if 'tis so — also writing paper, as nothing is to be had while we are on the move so fast except our mail, which is extra prompt. This is my last paper, so it's Bye for now.

July 30

Dear Dad:

I'm absolutely blind drunk with emotion. A few moments ago I was reading the immortal Will's "Much Ado About Nothing," quaint as it may seem — and came a blaze of sound and a great band crashed into a rollicking tune just the other side of this historic river as the head of a column of troops swung onto the pontoon bridge. Right in the broad sunlight of a beautiful day, and well within range of the Boche guns, it gave us a wonderful thrill — and when I went down and found that they were playing "my" division of dough-boys out of the trenches and back to safety and a well-earned rest, after their glorious fighting of the last fortnight, I had a fearful time with things coming up in my throat. Finally, when the Colors came by, streaming grandly in the breeze, with everybody near at a rigid salute, I had to go away from there. I cried — and I'm proud of it, and I want to cry some more right now. It was the most soul-stirring thing I've ever seen done and I'm a better man than I was a half hour ago. The French were simply astounded — the bridge is shelled or bombed rather frequently — but that's the sort of spirit that is keeping us on the jump after the Hun, who is now getting the finest drubbing he has had for lo! these many moons.

Even the "White Tag" boys going by in the ambulances perked up and lots of them grinned and waved their hands when they heard the music. This sort of traffic is sadly heavy, but such is the wastage of war, and most of them, I'm glad to say, are hit very lightly and will be good as ever in one to three months. It is astonishing how great is the percentage of arm and leg wounds. I've seen a moment or two when one such would have been joyfully received by this Guido person, and I say it without shame, for I was so tired and anxious about our situation that a month 'twixt clean sheets with lots of nursing looked like a bit of Heaven to me. All different now — I'm full of health and pep and noth-

ing much worries me. Looks like our entire Division, outside of my regiment, might be relieved within the week — but we have come through too well (that is, my battery has) and are too anxious to stay till the ball is over to need or want relief. 'Course, we've done a little business at the ticket office — two one-way and six round trips so far — but we are in fine shape. Two officers sick in hospital, which leaves us with a normal strength of five. Every Regular Army Captain in the Regt. has been made a Major in the National Army, so the entire situation may clear up soon.

Here 'tis another day, just as lovely as was yesterday, and likely to be more peaceful, I trust. Shortly after I scribbled the other pages, I took a couple of men and a wagon and drove over to the Q. M., where I got jam, chocolate, cigarettes and things. Passed a truckload of "light" wounded on the way and slipped them one of my last three packages of Luckies — and just for that I found a whole carton of my favorites at the Q. M. Oh! Boy! 500 of 'em all for me! Which proves that virtue is not always its own reward.

I'm all fed up on emotions — or thought I was — but now I've got a new one. I have been looking on the Hun with contempt up to this time, but hate and unutterable loathing and a desire to kill — not just many but all — fills my soul now. I passed our division bath house just as those braw boys, who marched by our position this morning, were filing in for their clean-up — and heard a faint pop-pop-pop 'way up in the blue, but thought nothing of it. However, got across the river just as a wailing screecher flew overhead and landed with a tremendous "crr-ump" right — well, never mind where. It's a hell of a war, but it's the only one we've got and I 'spose we will have to take it as it comes — but God help the Hun who says Kamerad to me.

There is just one battery of Boche guns left in serviceable range, and I must say they are good artillerymen — which encourages me greatly, as it's the blokes who don't hit what they are shooting at that get my goat — we are too inconspicuous and of too little value to waste a shell on over here. However, they have pulled out, I think — didn't hear them last night and I could not spot them out of the noise of a hundred batteries — and we are again on the outskirts of this war. A field hospital moved right into our midst last night — crowning insult of all — so things must be going very well up front, altho we are free from news.

We Americans must be more careful tho, or, as a Frenchman said to me, "All who are left after the war will be able to go home on one boat." I'm very much inclined toward fatalism, but that doesn't prevent me from taking all necessary precautions in the line of handy dug-outs — just to aid the Good Lord in

case He has to make any hasty decisions about me. Mostly it's just a wee sitting trench, but very effective against anything but direct hits. Nothing is much good against them, but they are very rare.

I'm about to move up with the battery for a little more active duty. All right by me, as things are getting a little too restful around here, for I really have not a thing to do except an occasional detail job. Things are very quiet along our Front — as Fritz seems to be very busy getting his junk out of this pocket (San Mihiel) which has proved such an unprofitable spot for him.

Much love,

Guy

Other, and equally interesting, letters followed those which you have just read, but in the sixteen years which have elapsed since they were written they have been lost. Some of the outstanding features of these missing letters remain in my memory. I remember his rage over watching a German aviator shooting at American observers who had jumped from burning observation balloons — his story about two officers of the 3rd Division infantry being captured — castrated by the Germans — and sent back to the American lines as an object lesson. The result of this "Object" lesson was that that particular regiment found it impossible to take any more German prisoners alive. They developed a new technique which involved the use of shrapnel cases filled with gasoline and a hand grenade. Upon coming to a dug-out that was suspected of containing Germans, the new American technique consisted of throwing one or two of these cases of gasoline into the dug-out — calling upon the Germans to come out — and then immediately tossing in a hand grenade. It seems that even then the Germans failed to come out, so there were no prisoners.

There was the letter about the rainy night when he was routed out of his bed in a wagon to plot some firing data — and on his way to the Battery C. O. an Austrian "whiz-bang" battery laid three shells practically in his lap. The first exploded between two squad tents full of men, totally demolishing both tents but leaving the men untouched. The second — by this time Guy was face down in a ditch half full of water — lit in the horse lines and killed or fatally wounded seventeen horses. The third was a "dud" — but by the time the third shell arrived, four American batteries laid down on that Austrian battery and it fired no more shells during that war.

One letter told about a mistake that was nearly fatal. In numbering the squares on the artillery-firing map, someone had given the same number to two different squares in the same sector and, after having been in desperate action for more than 48 hours, without rest or food, Guy was ordered to lay a barrage on one of these duplicate squares — and selected the wrong one. It was only after his battery had put sixteen H. E. shells into the territory that he discovered that he was shooting into his own infantry. Having corrected the error, he discarded his trench helmet and gas mask and walked out into the German barrage with the idea of not being there when his mistake was discovered. One of his sergeants, deciding that the Lieut. had gone cocoo, tossed him down into a shell-hole until he had cooled off. About an hour later the battery picked up an infantry straggler who was on his way back from “up front” — and Guy overheard him bitterly complaining because somebody back here had been shooting into his outfit and it was his opinion that it was this same 18th Field Artillery. Various members of “A” Battery thereupon offered to fight him personally, but Guy interfered and asked the dough-boy what had happened. Whereupon said dough-boy said that nothing happened, but it might have. He said their outfit was delayed in going over the top because the ammunition bearers did not get up in time. And while they were waiting this “walking” barrage — and he still thought it was 155 m/m shells — just walked down the territory between his regiment and the Germans — plump — plump — plump — just like digging a line of postholes with dynamite. He said it was the prettiest shooting you ever saw and nobody was hurt at all. So Guy gave him all of his cigarettes and half a canteen of cognac and then went out back and was very sick to his stomach.



THE WAR ENDS

Through some "snafu" in Europe — then blamed on one of the press associations — the war ended in Indianapolis and the rest of this country exactly three days before it ended in Germany. The explosive news hit Indianapolis about mid-morning on November 8, 1918 — and when I left my office for lunch that brisk fall day the streets were full of yelling newsboys and the papers carried the blessed heading "PEACE" — nothing more.

I do not know how other people felt but I felt as if something had exploded within me. Now Guy and Roswell and Lawrence and all of my friends in France were not going to be killed. Millions of people must have felt the same way about it — and at the very moment we were thanking God, the guns were hammering all along the lines and men were dying by the thousands and continued to do it for three days more.

The release from unconscious anxiety did funny things to my nerves — they seemed to be crawling around inside of me. I could actually see them move under the skin.

As I sat in a window looking up Meridian Street I saw six or eight little high school girls marching down from Shortridge High School with a small flag. They were on the sidewalk — and they seemed to be somewhat embarrassed. I think that they felt conspicuous because nobody else was doing anything about this stupendous event. The town seemed to be stunned.

But not for long. Here came a whole string of trucks and automobiles loaded with men and girls in overalls from the Atkins Saw Works — a huge truck in front with a great saw hanging from a frame and men whanging away at it with sledge hammers. Now the town knew what it was going to do. It was going to go crazy with joy.

All afternoon and far into the night people and trucks and automobiles and horses and wagons jammed and milled through the downtown streets. Sidewalks were ankle-deep with paper that had been thrown from office windows. Voices were hoarse from shouting — and eyes were red.

Towards five o'clock a column of troops — student cooks and bakers and horseshoers — tried to march through the crowd and the crowd took that column apart. About six o'clock I heard music somewhere — I had been longing for a band all afternoon,

so that I could feel still more upset — and around the corner of Pennsylvania and Washington Streets swept a band. More than half of the musicians had no uniforms and the rest had a dozen different kinds of uniforms — and it was quite apparent that they were not all playing the same tune. But they were playing as loud as they could and the trombones were braying and the five bass drums were banging and the crowd went completely nutty. That was what we wanted — a band. Whoopeeeee! The war was over!

And in Chicago that night my little lame mother, all by herself, got into a taxi and went downtown into the mad city because she felt that she would burst if she could not get into the celebration. Her son was saved — and while she was celebrating his deliverance he three times came closer to death than he had been at any time during the war.

From several standpoints it seems to me that Guy Bolte's letters present a more interesting picture of America's part in the World War than I have found in any of the score or more books on the subject that I have read. No one else, so far as I know, has so vividly portrayed the metamorphosis of a civilian into an efficient army officer — no other writer has given us such a clear picture of the mental and emotional development of hatred for an unknown enemy — and no writer of all of them has given us such a splendid picture of the French at war. Aside from this, I commend this series of letters to you as one of the finest character studies that will ever come to your attention, for here is a keen mind and an honest soul divulging innermost thoughts in the face of death.



CHARLES GUY BOLTE THE FIRST

I wish to pay tribute to my father, Charles Guy Bolte, and of him I would say that he was the best beloved man I ever knew — and that he asked nothing better of life than that. Everybody loved Charlie Bolte. Five boy babies were named for him — his own first son, who died at birth — and my third son, to the disgust of my brother, who went right ahead and named his own first son with the same name — and my Aunt Edith MacCracken's second son — and my Uncle Anson's second son.

I have met many "gentlemen" in my life — but none who better merited the title than he. Nor was his gentility a matter of education or birth or family tradition or wealth. Perhaps I should qualify that, because I think now that it was very largely a matter of family tradition — of the traditions of three families, in fact. The Bolte family had this "gentleman" tradition from the fact that they had long been associated with the British army — Grandmother Bolte, his mother, was a lady in the best sense of the word, in spite of having had no cultural advantages — and Dad was determined to live up to the expectations of Jessie Willard, whom he had loved from the time they were children together.

Dad left school when he was twelve years old and went to work as an errand boy. The family was poor — his father never was able to make a living after moving to Chicago — his mother kept a boarding house — and he had to go to work to help support himself and the two younger children.

Stopping school at the end of the eighth grade was not so unusual in those days. In fact, so few children went beyond that grade in Chicago that there was only one public high school for a city of nearly one-half million people.

The thing that was unusual, it seems to me, was the fact that he secured a splendid education without going to school. His knowledge of cultural subjects — of books and music and history and world affairs — was easily superior to that of the average college graduate of today. And, to the shame of said average college graduate of today, I never knew him to make a single mistake in spelling or a single error in grammar.

His unusual sureness and facility in writing and speaking the English language must have been due to family background, for his two sisters and two brothers that I knew had the same faculty. How far the family speech was influenced by his father I cannot

say, as I never knew him. But Grandmother Bolte used correct grammar in spite of very limited schooling in her early days back in Canada. Her very amusing weakness was that of calling flannels "flannins," and speaking of a kitchen sink as a "zink" — things like that which not only indicate how people talked in her childhood but also that she probably was not a very good speller. On the latter subject I have no information, as I never saw a line of her writing. She always called a Lieutenant a "Leftenant," after the British.

My father was an excellent salesman and a not-so-good business man. During the years just before and just after his marriage he traveled most of the state of Illinois selling silk and cotton thread for different concerns; this occupation, together with the chronic poor health of Grandmother Willard, being the reason why my parents lived with my mother's parents until after their second child was born.

Shortly after that event Mother made up Dad's mind to quit the road and they moved into a home of their own in Chicago, first at 3131 Graves Place and then at 3230 Forest Avenue, the latter being the location where the neighbor's dog went mad and finished the job of making a coward of me. I can easily remember that character-forming episode, but I fail to remember my Dad having a long siege of typhoid fever in the Graves Place house. Mother tells me that part of the treatment was to use a wet bag full of cracked ice on him, to keep his fever down, and that even in his delirium it was his practice to take that bag of ice and throw it firmly at the wall just as often as they put it on his fevered brow or abdomen or wherever they put it. When it came time to move him to the new home he was still too weak to stand and there was not an ambulance to be had in the whole city of Chicago. Through the fact that he was then a captain in the 1st Illinois Infantry, his friends were able to use political influence to the extent of securing a police patrol wagon with which to move him. When the patrol wagon backed up to our door — and I can remember that event — the neighborhood gathered to see who was being arrested in Bolte's house. Two big cops carried him downstairs on a stretcher — the Irish sergeant asked "What is the matter with the poor felly" — and when they told "typhoid," he said they could not take him in his patrol because it was "ketchin."

I have said that Dad was a not-so-good business man, and my opinion of his business ability has been mellowed by the years. If I had written this record fifteen years ago I undoubtedly would have been tempted to say that he was a rotten business man, because he had a splendid opportunity to build up a very substantial business of a kind that could have continued on for generation after generation, and he died without a dollar of his own.

This is the story of that missed opportunity, and it is interesting only as the subject of making money is interesting, and because it happened to one of your ancestors whom I knew and loved.

Up to the time that I went to college, in 1901, and for several years of my college episode, Dad was engaged in some branch of the silk business as a Chicago representative, and averaged to earn around five thousand dollars a year. There was one period, the year following the death of my sister, when he was so broken in health and heart that he lost his job and it looked as though I would have to leave college and come home — but Mother thrust herself into that breach and took on the management of a dressmaking shop so that I could finish my college course.

Some time before this gap in his employment, he had become interested in a little experimental machine shop that was operated by two German-Americans from Faribault, Minnesota. They were fussing with shadowless electric arc lights and various other gadgets — all of which took some money and brought in little or no income. About that time someone came to them and wanted them to build for him a portable gasoline-gas lighting system for lighting circuses and carnivals. He claimed that anyone who could develop a satisfactory mantle light for circuses could make a fortune, as all of the shows were then using these gasoline flares — naked flames that gave a flickering light and used a great quantity of gasoline. A good mantle light would give a hundred times as much light from the same amount of gasoline and would do away with a serious fire hazard.

So they went at it, and while they were making up a light for this other pilgrim they were also making up a much better circus light — of an entirely different type — for themselves. And that one idea was worth more than fifty thousand dollars in profits in the next few years.

I do not remember the first show that they equipped with these mantle lights, but it seems to me now that it was the Johnny J. Jones Shows. Then they decided to go after Hagenbeck-Wallace and made an appointment to demonstrate the new light for Ben Wallace down at Peru, Indiana. They figured out a selling price that would give them one hundred percent profit and then doubled that — and one of Dad's partners started for Peru with the firm intention of cutting the price in half if he met with the slightest buying resistance.

When he arrived at the winter quarters of the circus he found a situation that drove the price problem completely out of his mind. The light that he had brought down to demonstrate was intended for use inside of the big top — and Ben Wallace insisted on testing it out of doors, with the temperature ten degrees below zero and a howling blizzard blowing.

The light stood up — even when they hammered on the support with a tent stake — even when they threw buckets of water directly on the blazing mantles. And then Wallace took the delighted demonstrator into his office and told him how many lights he would need and asked him how much they would cost. The highly extravagant mark-up brought the total price to \$2,700. Ben Wallace, being almost stone deaf, shook his head and said that he would not pay a cent more than \$4,500 for the lot, but he would pay all cash. Our man gulped twice and said he could furnish the outfit for that sum if Mr. Wallace would pay a thousand dollars down to bind the bargain, and Mr. Wallace promptly unravelled \$1,500 in slightly soiled circus bills from his pants pocket and gave it to him, then and there.

That \$1,500 down payment not only provided the necessary working capital to build all of the lights for that order, but also left nearly a thousand dollars of net profit. More important than that, however, was the fact that the deafness of old Uncle Ben showed Dad and his partners just how much the circus world was willing to pay for such lights — and they proceeded to flood the circus field with such speed, on this very nice price scale, that none of the older gasoline light manufacturers woke up to what was going on until it was too late. The circuses and carnivals were all equipped — and the buyers had to buy their repairs from Bolte & Weyer because all of the repair parts had special threads, etc. Even now, thirty-three years later, it seems to me that the boys did a neat job of merchandising.

Now they were in a regular business, incorporated and everything, and Dad took fifty percent of the capital stock, because he had put up all of the money, and elected himself president and treasurer. But with business coming in so fast, they decided that they ought to have enough machinery to do all of their own manufacturing, so they found a small chandelier manufacturing shop that had gone broke and was for sale and bought it for about one-third of the new value of the engine lathe and speed lathe and screw machine, etc. The owner threw in all of the tools and junk around the place.

I think they paid \$1,300 for the whole shebang. And then, when they started to look it over more carefully, they discovered a lot of brass scraps and junk of various kinds back in a dark corner. So they called in a junk man and asked him how much he would pay and he said 13c per pound. Mr. Weyer offered the whole lot to him for \$700 and he said no — 13c a pound. So they started weighing and when the Hebrew gentleman got to \$600 he tried to revive the \$700 offer but it was no longer alive. He finally made out a check for \$1,325 and departed talking to himself — and the Bolte & Weyer Company thus had the machinery and \$25 cash, without having paid a cent for them. Those were the days.

Business and money came in so fast that Dad decided to devote his entire time to the light business and pretty soon he was paying himself a salary of \$100 a week. He drew more salary than the minority stock holders, which is one great advantage of owning the controlling stock. And in view of the fact that they evidently were going to run out of circuses and carnivals in a year or so, they decided to get into the manufacture of gasoline lighting systems for stores, etc. This business was booming all over the country during the early years of the present century, and almost every small-town dweller of my age can remember the old hollow-wire and central generator system — Pitner and Yale and Acorn Brass and F-P and Knight and Albert Lea and Coleman and a dozen others. Electric lights were both costly and poor — gas arc lamps were standard lighting equipment, even for many large department stores and restaurants, etc. — and the gasoline systems were so much cheaper, and often so much better, that they took the country by storm. In certain towns, Gary, Indiana, for example, practically every store and public building was lighting by some type of gasoline system. And the B & W line, made by Dad's concern, was not only one of the best and most comprehensive but also one of the most progressive. They were the first, for instance, to develop a gasoline lamp using the inverted rag mantle, the first to use a mantle without a globe — and the first to use an instantly detachable generator.

However, the gasoline lighting system departed almost as rapidly as it came. And with it departed almost all of the concerns that were engaged in the manufacture of gasoline lighting systems. Unless they were able to turn their machinery and their capital to making something else they died — and far more than half of them died.

I became actively interested in the gasoline lighting business in the winter of 1907 — at a time when it was showing no visible signs of fading. For at least three years after that time it continued to go strong, and for most of that time I was doing my best to induce my father to get into the manufacture of blow-torches and plumbers' furnaces while things were prosperous and he had the spare money necessary to secure the special machinery that would be required. Of course, I had no previous business experience and I am not sure now just what prompted me to try to get him into a staple line — probably it was because the circus business was then about finished and I was impressed by the fact that store lighting systems were being thrown out as fast as good and reasonably-priced electric service was made available. At any rate I did my best to get him into the manufacture of blow-torches and plumbers' furnaces — and we even went so far as to make up test lots of both with patented removable generators. But we had no machinery for making the tanks and we had no

foundry for making the castings. All we could do was handle the machine work and the assembling — both of them in a very inefficient way — and the result was that they cost us more than the retail selling prices of Clayton & Lambert and Acorn Brass and Otto Bern — so he gave it up in disgust.

And now, looking backward, I can say that the blow-torch and plumbers' furnace business was what busted him, one way or another, if any one thing can be blamed for that catastrophe.

In the first place, it is now evident that if he had taken his surplus funds and equipped his plant to make these items in a competitive market, his firm probably would have still been in that business — and my brother and I would be living in Winnetka and running that business, instead of one of us selling advertising in New York and the other sitting here in Indianapolis and writing stories about his ancestors.

But he did not use his money to get into a sound business. Instead of that he used it to buy out both of his partners — and he even had to borrow quite a few thousand dollars from the bank to complete that purchase. I see no need of digging up old bones but there is an interesting business experience in that foolish purchase and it may be of value to others. Dad owned one-half of the capital stock of his corporation and one of the other men owned 49%. For reasons that do not need to be set forth, Dad found it impossible to get along with this minority stockholder and eventually discharged him as an employee — and in view of the fact that the corporation was then beginning to slip in earnings, and never had done more than pay salaries and provide money for new equipment, this meant that the minority stockholder was completely out of luck. His salary was cut off — there had never been any dividends — and, even if the concern should make considerable money, there was nothing to prevent Dad from increasing his own salary instead of paying dividends. The minority stock was worth practically nothing, either to keep or to sell — which is the usual position of the minority stockholder in every small corporation. If I were giving out advice to my readers, I would say never, under any circumstances, buy a minority interest in a small corporation. First or last, it has proved to be a total loss in well over 90% of all of in cases that have come to my attention in the last fifty years.

But in this particular case the majority stockholder was the one who was out of luck — and it was entirely his own fault. The discharged minority stockholder engaged a smart Semitic lawyer, told him of the "dastardly" wrong that had been done him, and they went into action. Five of them, the stockholder, the lawyer, and three accountants, showed up at our plant one morning and demanded to inspect the books. The demand was

made with some violence and much blustering. Dad told them to go ahead — and ahead they went. For three weeks they swamped our office — interfering with the bookkeeper and the billing clerk — breathing down the backs of everybody — checking the orders and bills as they came through the office — and checking invoices and checks and vouchers and shipping orders and inventories back through the years. Every time they found some clerical error in the work of some clerk — they busted into Dad's office and demanded an immediate explanation from him. They wanted him to explain each item on each of his old expense accounts. They insisted that he explain hundreds of things that he knew nothing about — things that had been solely in the charge of this discharged minority stockholder.

Finally they wore Dad out. They got him so that he could not sleep nights — so that he dreaded to come to the office. I tried to get him to let me throw them out of the office, but he said if we did that it would look as if he had something to conceal. And, at last, they filed a suit for an accounting and a receivership, on the grounds of mismanagement, and he ruined himself to buy that minority stock and call off the dogs.

There was, as a matter of fact, no reason to put up with any part of this campaign of harassment. The minority stockholder had no legal rights to inspect the books or to interfere with the conduct of the business. The company was in good financial position and there was not the slightest evidence of mismanagement — and our opponents knew it. I doubt whether they would have ever brought the matter into court, although I may be wrong here. But they started out to make life so uncomfortable for Dad that he would weaken — and he weakened.

That was the beginning of the end of the business. Only a few months after he had paid out all of his working capital and gone heavily in debt to the bank, the entire gasoline lighting industry hit the long slope. And then, when his money was gone, he went into that blow-torch and plumbers' furnace business that I had been harping on so long — and he went into it wrong.

To him came a man, since dead, who had designed a plumbers' furnace that would burn kerosene instead of gasoline. He was making them in his basement and he had the inside track with the Western Electric Company, which is a very nice thing to have. What he wanted was someone to make these furnaces for him at a certain price, and he would sell them. The price he offered was very satisfactory but he did not guarantee how many he would sell and he wanted a contract that would permit him to cancel at any moment if he did not receive his share of the proceeds by certain dates and things like that. It probably was the most one-sided contract ever drawn up, so of course Dad signed

it and proceeded to spend a couple of thousand dollars making patterns and tools and dies and jigs and all the rest of the paraphernalia, before he turned out a single furnace.

However, things went along right merrily and they made money for a couple of years, in spite of the daily interference in the shop of this slightly demented inventor. And then I had a happy idea which completely cooked the goose. By this time I was writing advertising copy for one of the big agencies in Chicago, having starved out of the gasoline light business, and one of my clients in a country town had a plant that was ideally equipped to make Dad's entire line — and they needed the business. So I carefully designed a plan to move Dad's plant down to this other plant, consolidate the two businesses, elect myself sales manager, and everything would be lovely. The plan was sound and it met with the somewhat cautious approval of the presidents of both concerns. Whereupon, having in some way learned of the plan and the identity of the out-of-town concern, the nutty inventor of the plumbers' furnace got on a train and went down to this town. He told my client that he was going to cancel his contract with Dad's concern because they were busted (which was not true at that time), and he then came back with a contract with my client by which said client was to take over the manufacture of this furnace. The result of this was that Dad went completely broke — the slightly insane inventor moved into the factory of my unsuspecting client and drove him almost completely insane — and finally wound up by canceling with him and leaving him with over five thousand dollars worth of useless equipment.

Of all of Dad's messages to members of the family I can find but three.

Here is the first, written by him on the last page of my Mother's autograph book and referring to something which she has now completely forgotten. Possibly it referred to the Chicago Fire, which had nearly burned her home three years previously.

“When you are burnt out I will return them.”

Your Boy
Charles G. Bolte
May 6, 1874

When Dad wrote that autograph he was seventeen years old.

My second written memory is a letter which he wrote me from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station on Oct. 22, 1918.

“Dear Sonny:

This is a heart-breaking job and a heart-breaking place. Four thousand of these boys are down with the flu and they have already had more than 2,200 deaths and every day adds to the dreadful total.

When I got off the train they were unloading two express cars of pine boxes and I passed eighteen stretchers on my walk from the gates to the camp headquarters.

I am supposed to be in charge of the convalescent hospital for the Red Cross, but our entire building is being used for the relatives of the boys who are sick. My shoulder is actually wet, right now, from being cried on.

I must say, though, that most of them take it very well. Of course our hospitals have completely overflowed and they are keeping the pneumonia cases in tents with the sidewalls rolled up except in stormy weather, so that they can get plenty of fresh air.

For the last two or three days I have been entertaining a retired captain of the regular army, whose boy is out in the tent hospital with a bad case. It is his custom to walk down there each night and take a look at the boy before he goes to bed. Last night when he came back he just looked at me and said, “He is gone, Captain Bolte. I just saw him draw his last breath. Do you suppose they would let me stay here and help you. I have nothing else to do, now.”

It’s a tough life, sonny, but don’t let it get you. I am sending you a snapshot showing your Dad in his new uniform. My best love to Jack and the boys.”

Your
Dad

I never saw him on his feet again. He took sick at Great Lakes and was relieved and went to Mudlavia, Indiana, for what he thought was rheumatism. I did not know he was there in time to go up and see him. When I telephoned to Mudlavia he had returned to Chicago to have some kind of an operation for bladder stones. From there he went to Atlantic City for recuperation, and from there to a cottage on the shores of the beautiful “Pond” at Wilton, Maine. I knew then that he was on the way out, for Guy saw him when he passed through New York — this was in the summer of 1919 — and told me that there was a shocking change.

In Wilton he became paralyzed from the waist down and they took him to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston — on a stretcher in the baggage car on the old Boston and Maine — and there they chiseled into his spine to see what was causing the paralysis.


On Aug. 31, 1919, he wrote me his last message:

“Dear Sonny:

Here’s a surprise. I am getting stronger daily and will soon be able to get away. No change in physical condition. But PERHAPS! If not I’ll try to be content. So grateful to your wife and yourself. No pain at all — just tired. With much love to self and Jess.”

Dad

He knew, when he wrote me that postcard, that he was going to die, for he had already told Mother that he wanted to go home to Chicago where he could die among his old friends. So they loaded him on a stretcher again and took him to Chicago and put him to bed in the old Streeter Hospital — and there I saw him, I and my own young Charles Guy — for the first time in nearly two years. And there, a few months later, he died, without pain, in his sixty-third year — the same age as his father, and much too soon for such men to go.



NOTES ON GETTING RICH

It seems reasonable to suppose that any man who has lived to be fifty years old, and has ordinary intelligence, would have learned something by his own experience or the experience of others — that he would know more about accumulating wealth, for instance, than he knew when he first started to work for a living. And yet it seems to me that I have not learned a single thing about that particularly interesting subject. I am quite convinced that if I were to suddenly be equipped with monkey glands or whatever it takes to make a man only twenty-one years old — and still retained all of the memory of my twenty-nine years of business experience — I would not be any better hand at getting rich than I have been, and that is exactly zero.

Now I grant you that most men do not feel that way about it. Ask almost any middle-aged man whether he thinks he could do a better job of it if he had his life to live over again and he will give you an emphatic YES. And if you limit the question — if you ask him whether he thinks he could have made a lot more money, knowing what he now knows, if he had another shot at life, he will still tell you yes.

But when you pin him down for particulars, you find he means that he would not have put his money into the gasoline lighting business or he would have waited ten years before getting married and saved half of his salary and put it all into General Motors or bought wheat when Joe Leiter was cornering the market or bought a half interest in the Ford Motor Company for ten thousand dollars or something of that nature. Usually he can point to but one or two or three times in his entire life when — if he had only known in advance what was going to happen, or had only had the money to do what he knew should be done — he could have made a lot of money or saved the money that he lost.

But that is not what I am talking about. I, too, could have cornered practically all of the money in the world by now, if I could have known in advance, through those twenty-nine years, exactly what horse was going to win each race that has been run.

What I mean is that my experience has not made a better money-maker, in spite of the fact that I have sat in the money-making councils of more than two hundred different corporations — many of them the largest and most successful in

their line in the entire world — that they were employing me as an expert to help them make more money — and that I was quite reasonably successful in doing so. My advice and skill were of value to them in making more money for themselves, but were utterly useless for making more money for me — much as the skill of a surgeon can save the lives of hundred of patients but he cannot do a thing to help himself when his tonsils have to come out.

For all of my life I have watched corporations and individuals and friends grow rich — and I have felt as foolish and helpless as a man with lumbago watching a parade go by.

It is not that I have not tried. Probably no man of my acquaintance — at least among those who have never been involved in any insanity hearings — has had one-half as many ideas for getting rich as myself — but they all went “phut.” And when they went “phut” I knew exactly what the trouble was — but now I am not so sure. A longer perspective leads me to believe that something entirely different was the trouble — that if I had been able to secure the additional capital, or whatever it was that I was sure I needed, the results would eventually have been fully as bad, if not worse.

When a young doctor decides to open up shop as a specialist he goes away to Europe or to New York or to the Mayos' and learns how to be an expert in his chosen field by watching experts work in that field. And, if he has the proper natural judgement and skill, he learns to be an expert in due time and reaps his rewards by charging fifteen dollars for tapping your knee and not getting called out of bed at night.

I did exactly the same thing in the money-making field. I watched experts at work for years — I learned everything that a man could learn from watching other men do it — and when I got through I could operate on everybody but myself. It is very discouraging.

Three of my immediate bosses — men who paid me salaries — have been multimillionaires and each of them started as poor men. One of them was Julius Rosenwald, creator of the prosperity of Sears, Roebuck & Co. — one was Albert Lasker, owner of Lord & Thomas and one of the most forceful and dynamic men I have ever known — leaders in modern advertising — and the third was Peter C. Reilly, owner of the Republic Creosoting Company and a number of other allied corporations, and one of the most lovable men I ever met.

But I learned nothing about the difficult art of getting rich through working for these rich men — because they were already rich when I first knew them — and because they worked along

entirely different lines. The business policies that made one successful would have promptly bankrupted each of the other two. And I am strong inclined to believe that each one of them would have been a total failure in the other fellow's business.

However, my descendants will not be interested in these somewhat abstruse reflections. The one thing they will want to learn from me — and particularly the one thing their wives will want them to learn from me — is how they can make a lot of money. And the only thing that I can do for them along this line is to tell them how I tried to make it and what happened. Possibly they can learn something from my experiences, even if I was unable to do so.



UTAH STATE COLLEGE

The first job that I had after graduating from the Michigan State College — we called it Michigan Agricultural College in those days, much to the disgust of the Engineers and the girls — was that of head of the poultry department at the Utah State College. I had graduated in Animal Husbandry, with the intention of going onto a farm and engaging in the breeding of pure-bred livestock, but when I finally graduated I suddenly awoke to the fact that it was going to take a farm and considerable money to go into that business and that I had no farm and only about enough money to get back home to Winnetka. For some reason the problem of money had not occurred to me up to that moment.

After helplessly hanging around home until my Dad got to suggesting that I try to get a job as a clerk or something, downtown, I learned that there was an opening at Utah and I put in my application for the job.

As I look back on that situation it presents several humorous facets, but they were not so humorous then. In the first place, I had not received any instruction in poultry husbandry in college — I had never been to a poultry show — and I did not know more than half a dozen breeds of chickens by sight. My sole poultry experience consisted of having kept Light Brahmas for years in the barnyard at home and having worked for a few weeks on a poultry farm during two summers.

But I needed the job so I went ahead and applied for it — and, among others, I sent in the name of the owner of this poultry farm as a reference. So this man promptly applied for the job I was after.

I got the job, largely through the efforts of a fraternity brother who was already on the faculty at Utah, and equally largely because there was not a single agricultural college in the country, at that time, that was turning out graduates in Poultry Husbandry. I knew as much as any of the boys. I not only got it but I got a salary of \$100 per month. When the telegram came through, via the station agent at the Hubbards Woods station, the agent asked me if that was \$100 each month, and when I told him yes he said it beat railroading all to hell.

So I started out for the Wild West with a suitcase and a banjo and a new Prince Albert suit with striped pants and a silk hat and a derby. I was so excited that I could hardly sleep throughout the entire trip. And I was somewhat scared, but not nearly so scared as I was when I finally got to Logan, Utah. For on my desk I discovered two letters and two telegrams from the secretary of the Utah State Poultry Association. One letter congratulated me upon my appointment to the position of Poultry Husbandman. The second one advised me that I had been selected to judge the state poultry show at Salt Lake City. And the two telegrams anxiously requested an immediate reply by wire, as the show was to be held within a week or two.

Here was a fine situation, indeed, for a new and young and exceedingly nervous Poultry Husbandman — particularly for one who had never even been inside of a poultry show. The show catalog which accompanied the second letter indicated that there would be about seventy or more different varieties of chickens exhibited, together with pigeons, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea hens, rabbits of various kinds, and covies. At that time I had never even heard of covies, but I later discovered that they were an unshorn type of guinea pig. And the assumption was that I was to go to Salt Lake City and judge each and all of this menagerie of strange beasts and birds.

At that time I had not yet met W. J. Kerr, who was then president of the Utah State College, but I wasted no time in meeting him — with the two letters and the two telegrams in my hand. I told him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to go down to Salt Lake City and judge all of those fowls and covies and whatnot. But I also told him that back at Michigan Agricultural College, where I had just graduated, the president had been forced to rule that no professors could do any more livestock judging at state or county fairs — because every time they judged they made so many enemies for the college.

That was the right note — but I did not know why at the time. He told me to wire that lad in Salt Lake City that I appreciated the invitation but would not be able to accept because I had just reached Logan and so forth. And back came a wire saying that it was too late to get another judge — that they counted on me — and I would just have to come. If I had not spent all of my money in getting to Utah I would have taken the next train for home. I took that shocking telegram over to Pres. Kerr and he said he guessed there was nothing to do but go ahead — and when I got back to my office there sat an angel direct from Heaven in the shape of Judge Shellabarger of Iowa — an old-time poultry judge who had dropped in to inspect the poultry department. Before we had stopped shaking hands I asked him how he would like to judge the Salt Lake Show and he said okay

and I could breath again. And you may be sure that the first thing I did when classes convened in September was to start one in poultry judging and learn how to do it by teaching the students how. They never knew how green I was because none of them had ever been to a poultry show either.

My connection with the Utah State College lasted from mid-summer until the following June. And all of that time I was in a state of nervous indigestion. I had not been there a week before I learned that the management of the state college was a factional football. President Kerr was the leader of one faction and L. A. Merrell was the leader of the other faction. At that time, Pres. Kerr was in possession and Merrell — who had been Professor of Agronomy, I think — had been tossed out on his ear and was now editor of the *Desert Farmer* — the only farm paper of the state — and he was devoting most of his paper and still more of his time to attacking anything and everything connected with the State College. Even the new *Poultry Husbandman* was not beneath his notice, for when he learned that I was to teach only six hours a week and devote the rest of my time to experimental work, he started in to prove in his paper that the college was paying me one hundred dollars a month for about twenty-five hours work — and that was too darned high, but entirely typical of the outrageous manner in which Kerr was running the institution.

That was one part of the story. The next part consisted of the general opinion that Merrell would be able to have Kerr thrown out as president and have himself elected — and that when this came to pass every Gentile would be discharged from the faculty and loyal Mormons would take their places. I think there were some seventeen Gentiles on the faculty (there were less than one hundred in the entire five thousand population of Logan then) — and each one of these seventeen felt as if he was lightly perched on the hot end of a volcano. Each of them knew exactly what Mormon had been selected to take his place — and they told me who was being trained for my job — a recent graduate of the college who was then taking post-graduate work at Ames, Iowa, if I remember correctly.

That was enough for me. I believed them. And I straightway started writing letters here and there, trying to promote another teaching job so that I could be far away when the volcano blew up. I had quite a time finding an opening, and when it came it was most unexpected. One of my old fraternity brothers had been elected President of the Rhode Island State College and — overlooking no bets — I wrote him a letter of congratulation. Back came a letter asking me if I would be interested in a position as Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry at a salary of \$1,500 per annum — and the week before that letter arrived

Pres. Kerr called me into his office and told me that I would have to teach English or Grammar or some such horrible subject next year, in addition to being poultryman, if I stayed at Utah. That made me mad, because the other teachers in the literature department got as much or more pay than I was getting and had three months off in summer and nothing to do when they were not in class. And here I would have to be on the job all day long, Saturdays included, for twelve months out of the year. On top of that, all of the young Mormon instructors had been voted a raise in pay — but not me. I concluded that they did not like me much around there, but I said I would do it because I could not think of anything else to do. And then came that blessed letter from Kingston, R. I. — and I did not even wait for the end of the school year to start eastward. More money — and higher rank — and no more crawling feeling in the old stomach. That was swell.



RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE

Now I was making enough money to support a wife, so I stopped off at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and went out to the old Brown homestead in Walker Township and found that my wife's sister, Bertha, was dying with pulmonary tuberculosis. I did not know she was dying then — she did not show it — but I did know that it would be impossible to have any wedding under the circumstances. So we just said nothing to anybody, but hitched up old Prince to the buggy the next morning and went into Grand Rapids and bought a license and a ring. And on the way back we stopped at the minister's home — called him in from cultivating potatoes — sent up the road for some neighbors to be witnesses — and there on the sunny afternoon in that farmhouse parlor, Jessie Brown became the wife of John Willard Bolte. That was June 21, 1906 — one year to the day after we sat side by side at the graduation exercises in the old armory at Michigan Ag. and listened to some long-winded Michigan congressman talk about the Panama Canal — the while slapping mosquitoes and smelling the smell of fried chicken through the windows behind us.

So we went to the new home in Rhode Island on our honeymoon — Niagara Falls and Toronto and Montreal and down through the mountains to Boston, where we stayed in the old Essex Hotel and were kept awake all night by fire engines and freight trains puffing up and down the streetcar tracks in front of the hotel. And then we took the N. Y., N. H. & Hartford down through Providence to Kingston Junction and old Stutely Sherman hauled us two miles up the hill to Kingston in his old horse and "team" and deposited us at the boarding house of Miss Anstis French.

At that time, I think, Kingston, aside from the students in the dormitories, had a total white population of some two hundred odd souls — and at least one-half of them must have been childless couples or widows or widowers or old maids or old bachelors. And in the nearly two years that we lived there, but one native white child was born in that village. Three other white children were born — one of them my son, John Henry — but they were due to the imported ideas of young faculty couples from Michigan. The native Rhode Islanders had apparently long since given up the idea of children. Their major sport, so far as I could see, was waiting to inherit money from distant relatives, who, like themselves, also had no children. It was nothing unusual to inherit important money from totally unknown relatives.

Another interesting feature of Kingston, at that time, was its very considerable colored population — a type of negro that I have never met elsewhere — descended from matings between the old slaves of the Providence Plantations and the Narragansett Indians, together with the usual admixture of white blood that is one of the heaviest burdens of the black race in this country.

Well, there I was, with a wife and a swell job and everything, down where the fences were made of rocks and corn only grew knee-high unless you fertilized and the woods were full of white birches and green briar and wild deer and coons and folks called a township a "town" and they did not respect your opinion if you did not wear whiskers. But they called me "Professor" and when I wore my frock coat and my silk hat and carried a cane to the Congregational church (the only church in town) on Sunday, some of the natives even called me "Doctor." Out in Logan, when I wore that outfit, strangers used to call me "Elder," because that was the kind of uniform the returned missionaries wore and they were all entitled to be called "Elder."

There was not a rental house to be had in the entire village, so we lived with Miss French all summer. And was her house a honey. One of these long, shingled pre-Revolutionary homes with three or four doors opening toward the front and a fan-window over the front door, with pillars leaning apart, floors at different levels and all sloping this way and that — white cotton roller shades — windows that you had to prop open — iron latches on the doors — matting on the floors — and Rhode Island johnny-cakes, made of water-ground white R. I. cornmeal, every morning for breakfast. I loved it, in spite of the fact that it was so foggy for those first six weeks that our shoes and clothes turned green and we saw neither the sun nor the moon more than twice.

But finally we were able to rent a house at the farthest point in the village down the Narragansett Pier road and I bought a bicycle. Funny combination that — a silk hat and a bicycle. But I once saw an even funnier one when I first called on cousin Emma Fuller in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and went out back to hunt up her husband and found old Doc. William Fuller milking his cow and wearing his silk hat and frock coat.

Our new home was thoroughly satisfactory. It had a living room and a dining room and a kitchen that would have been excellent for roller skating. Upstairs were three bedrooms. It had a full basement with a dirt floor, where we stored potatoes and set hens. Out back was at least an acre of garden and a hen house and an exceedingly drafty two-holer, with a crescent in each gable and a strap to hold the door closed in case of need.

By the time we had moved into our own home I was already in trouble at the college. President Butterfield, who had hired me, had left Kingston before I got there to take the presidency of the Massachusetts Agrl. College. The new President at Rhode Island was my old friend and English teacher from Michigan — Dr. Howard Edwards.

My wife and I were delighted to have the Edwards family in Kingston, and they proved to be warm friends of ours, but I greatly fear that I did not make his job any easier and I wasted no time in achieving that result.

Dr. Edwards and I arrived in Kingston almost the same day and neither of us knew a thing about the local set-up. This would not have been so serious, but for the fact that Dr. Cooper Curtis, Professor of Animal Husbandry and my superior officer, had also secured another position and he left Kingston for some place in the South the day after I arrived.

Dr. Curtis took me down through "Chickenville," as the Poultry Layout was known in those parts, and introduced me to my new department. When I asked him where was the rest of the Animal Husbandry Department he said that there was no rest of it — except for four pigs in a stone-walled pasture over across the fields. He said that the Poultry Department was the Animal Husbandry Department in Rhode Island — that you could not make any money in that country on anything but chickens and dairy cows — and that the dairy cows were in the Dairy Dept. and in charge of Howard Burdick.

My Poultry Department consisted of a large, new central building which contained a class room and a small office on the main floor, a dormitory upstairs for the "shorthorn" students of the winter course — and in the basement an incubator room with about twenty small Cyphers incubators and a steam-heated brooder house attached. Outdoors, along the winding lane, were some thirteen colony houses containing thirteen flocks of hens of various breeds. No two of these colony houses were alike — two of them were built of barrel staves and one of old piano boxes — and he told me that they had all been built by the students as part of their classwork. Then he went away and I never saw him again.

Now here is where this particular mess of trouble started. Across the lane in "Chickenville" was the Experiment Station poultry department — quite separate from mine — very much better equipped — and at that time in charge of a very keen man by the name of W. F. Kirkpatrick, who is now, I believe, Professor of Poultry Husbandry at the Connecticut Agrl. College. My trouble was not with "Kirk" — we always got along together fine — but with the Director of the Experiment Station.

This gentleman was a chemist — I never did like chemists for directors of experiment stations — and he wore a pointed beard and had won his doctor's degree in Germany. I never liked German doctor's degrees either.

The first time I met him was when he came down to my office and asked me how soon it would be convenient for me to move all of my thirteen flocks of hens out of their houses because he needed the houses for experimental work. When I asked him where I should move them he said he was very sorry but that was no problem of his. The hen houses now belonged to the Experiment Station, he said, and he wanted them right now. So I went crying to President Edwards and wanted to know where to put my hens, and he said what the heck did he know about it. He had only been there one day longer than I had, and that was exactly four days up to then, and he had not even seen my hen houses, he said. But he sent for the Director and had me stay there to help him fight and the Director came over and said that he had traded for the hen houses with Dr. Cooper Curtis. He said he had traded him the piece of pasture land where the four pigs were for the thirteen hen houses.

Then the President asked the Director if the "trade" had been approved by the State Board of Agriculture and the Director grew very red and swelled up some and said that the State Board of Agriculture had never questioned his management of the Experiment Station.

Well, that was that, and it looked as if my hens were going to have to roost in the trees down around that hog pasture. But this Howard Burdick, who ran the dairy barn, did not like the Director and in some way he learned about this run-in and came to ask me about it. And when I told him the story he had a fit. He said he was going right up and ask the Director to explain how he could trade that hog pasture for the thirteen hen houses, when he had already traded the same hog pasture to him — Burdick — for the grape vineyard. So he and I went to see the President, instead of the Director, and Burdick told him. And the President sent for the Director and asked him about about it — and the Director got red above his pointed whiskers and swelled up again and said well if they were going to be small about it let the whole thing drop.

It was a great victory for me — but the unfortunate thing about it was that I was drawing \$600 of my \$1,500 salary from the Experiment Station — and just a year from that victory the Director took that \$600 away from me — and there I was with a \$900 salary and a new baby and a hired girl in addition to a wife.

Nine hundred dollars a year was not quite enough for me to get along on — even in a house that rented for twelve dollars a month. I think it left me short about one hundred and fifty-two or fifty-three dollars a year. However, I did not worry so much about that as President Edwards had all but actually committed himself to promote me to a full professorship, which would have jumped my salary to \$1,800. He would have done it, too, but for one unfortunate occurrence. My proud mother visited us that second summer in Kingston and during that visit she brightly remarked to Dr. Edwards, “Don’t you think that my son is doing very well for a boy who has just passed his twenty-second birthday?” I have no idea how old Dr. Edwards thought me to be, but the shock of my juvenility put an immediate end to all chances for promotion and he frankly told me so. Not only that, but he hired another man to be Professor of Animal Husbandry and that made it impossible for me to get a raise in pay from the college to offset the pay I was no longer to receive from the Experiment Station.

So again I had to start a campaign to get another job where I could earn enough money to support my family. By now I had come to the decision that there was nothing to this teaching Poultry Husbandry and I had better get into general Animal Husbandry. But the trouble was that by now I had become known in the agricultural college field as a poultry expert — nobody would consider me for anything else — and nobody wanted a poultry expert. I thought for a while that I was going to get a job with Darling & Company of Chicago, who were looking for an agricultural college graduate to head up their poultry food department, but somebody else got it.

And then, along in the fall of 1907, my friend the Director slipped me another sock to the solar plexus. A month or two before he fired me off his payroll I had started, with his permission, some feeding experiments with three bunches of turkeys. In those years the turkey raising industry in Rhode Island was very seriously threatened by the “blackhead” disease — and sometime in September this plague appeared in the turkeys that I was feeding and the Director authorized me to sell all of the turkeys for fear that we would lose the entire lot.

I sold the turkeys to the local butcher. He sold them to someone in Wakefield. And he sold them to a poultry packer in Providence. So far, so good. But it happened that the president of the firm in Providence was also president of the board of directors of the college. He happened to see that bunch of miserably thin and unhappy turkeys, demanded to know where they came from, traced them back to the college, and wrote the President a letter demanding the life of the man who sold them. The President asked me what about it and I told him that the Director had au-

thorized me to sell them. Then he asked the Doctor — and the Director said this was the first he had heard about the whole affair.

About a week later I was called before the entire Board for chastisement. In the meantime I had received a letter from my father in Chicago asking how I would like to work for him for a hundred dollars a month — and my life was saved again. So when I went before that board of august and bearded gentlemen I was all full of righteous indignation — and the courage which comes from knowing that you have a net to jump into.

I told them plenty. I told them all about the Director trying to double-finance that hog pasture and swipe my hen houses. I told them all about the turkey deal and a lot of other things. Then I handed in my resignation — and just before I stalked out of the room I heard old Jesse Van Buren Watson, the member from Wakefield, suggest in his dry whining voice that it looked to him like mebbe the Director had better do a little explaining.

The whole affair looks funny to me at this distance. But it was sheer tragedy then — and it was likewise tragedy for the Director. He had been strong enough to drive two or three presidents out of the institution, but the fact that I had another job to go to gave me the nerve to light a fire under him that shortly drove him out of the institution. However, I seriously doubt that Dr. Edwards appreciated what I had done for him, because every time I got into hot water he had to get into it with me before things cooled off.



BACK HOME TO WINNETKA

So now I quit being an agricultural expert forever and went back to live in Winnetka and devoted the next five years of my life to the gasoline light industry. Now we had a house with a furnace and a telephone and electric lights and running water and an indoor toilet and a bathtub and a cement sidewalk — even if we still did have to cook on our Kalamazoo-direct-to-you coal range that the packers shipped clear from Rhode Island full of ashes.

I had been out of college nearly three years — had accumulated one wife and one son and a neat lip whisker and some furniture and no money.

During the next five years I accumulated two more sons and no money. As my living expenses increased my salary was gradually raised from \$25 a week until it finally reached \$75 a week. Each year we managed by the greatest economy to make the salary support us for the first eleven months of the year. By the time New Year came we always were one month in the hole, and it was up to Dad either to bail us out or increase my salary. I think that this was the reason why he always felt that he was supporting me — that he was simply giving me an allowance and calling it a salary to save my pride.

During this period several things of importance happened to me. I discovered that I was a good salesman. I discovered that I had a flair for writing. I discovered that I had an inventive mind. And I learned to accept responsibility, through having to assume entire charge of the business for almost a year while Dad went around the world. Of course, handling responsibility was not entirely new to me, as I had to boss several men at both Utah and Rhode Island — but here I had an office force and thirty men in the factory and all of the buying and selling and manufacturing and financing for a factory. It was splendid experience.

While I was working for Dad's concern I tried out my first two ideas for really making money. The first of these was entirely due to my good friend, Arthur M. Barrett. He had once been employed by George Mathew Adams in the newspaper syndicate business, and he came to me with the suggestion that I write a series of short daily articles on gardening and flower culture and poultry and landscaping — things that people do in their yards. I was to write them and he would sell them to the newspapers and we would split the money.

So I wrote a few samples — we called this feature “The Backyard Farmer” — and he and I went over to see a very cross fat man with a black skull cap at the Chicago Daily News. The cross man read the samples and said it was very apparent that I knew nothing about writing for newspapers and then he said he would pay \$9 a week for six articles if they were no worse than the samples.

That was \$4.50 a week for each of us and on the way across the Loop we figured that one hundred papers would pay us \$450 each a week. That looked very excellent, as it was exactly \$415 per week more than I was making — and a full \$450 per week more than Arch was making — he being engaged in getting up about ten o'clock with a headache each morning and fussing with some kind of a ruling machine that he was inventing to get rich with.

However, Arch saw no reason for being a spendthrift in spite of all of this money we were going to make, so he went over to the Western Newspaper Union and told them they could have “The Backyard Farmer” if they would furnish him with the typesetting and stereotype mats without charge. They would and did. But they double-crossed us. We thought they would use this feature in their “patent insides,” although we did not ask them. What they actually did was to offer the feature to all of the newspapers in the country except the very largest. Not only that, but they offered it at about one-tenth our price. The result was that the first year Arch and I made about \$450 each for the entire year — the second year I made \$75 and Arch made nothing, simply because I refused to write a daily article for six months for less than \$75 — and then the baby died. Not entirely, though, because Forbes & Co. had the very ill-advised idea of turning the series into a book, on which they paid me a royalty of 10c per book sold. I thought that was a loony idea — largely because the subject matter ranged all the way from goldfish to growing nasturtiums in egg shells. But who was I to discourage some experienced publisher from making me famous. So they went ahead — and in three or four years they managed to sell almost all of the thousand books they printed on the initial run — so I had an extra hundred dollars.

The other idea had much larger possibilities — but no cash results. About the time that the gasoline light industry began to sag I decided that the time was ripe to consolidate all of the manufacturers into one large corporation and get the industry on a safe and profitable basis. I was young, and probably somewhat cocky, but not so young and cocky as to think that I could do that job by myself. So I got hold of an experienced promoter and through him we got hold of a firm of lawyers who had had marked success in forming consolidations — and with these prominent

men as a front I managed to get together in a meeting the presidents of something like ten of the manufacturers of gasoline lighting apparatus.

The plan we laid before them was this. And it was a perfectly sound plan, because it has since been used by literally hundreds of consolidations. The concerns who came into the big corporation were to receive either bonds or preferred stock for their cash assets — machinery and furniture and merchandise. They were to keep all cash on hand — to keep all money that might come in from accounts receivable — and to pay all of their current bills out of such money.

In view of the fact that some of these individual concerns had much greater earning power than others, this discrepancy was to be equalized by taking their average net earnings for a period of five years and giving each concern enough common stock in the new corporation to give them a proportionate share in the earnings of the new corporation.

Working capital would be raised by issuing \$100,000 preferred, participating stock to the public, and our lawyers said they could get that stock issue underwritten.

By this proposed consolidation we could save enough on rent and salaries and wages to provide extra dividends of not less than \$100,000 per year — and still pay each of the ten presidents of the individual corporations a salary of \$10,000 per year — which was more than most of them were making.

Well, the first meeting was the last meeting. We never could get that bunch together again. I never knew just why the idea fell through, but I think that the general suspicion was that Bolte & Weyer were about to go broke and were taking this way to avoid it. As a matter of fact, most of the rest of them went broke long before we did.

Eventually the day came when Dad called me into his office and said that there was no longer sufficient business to support both of us, in view of the fact that all of the profits now had to go to the bank to repay the money he had borrowed to buy out his partner — and he thought that it would be easier for me to get a job than for him, so I had better start looking and he would take care of my family expenses during that looking period, but for Heaven's sake please make it brief.

So I started looking for the third time. I knew it was no use to try to get a job in the gasoline light business then, because it was on the skids. I did not want to go back into teaching, because it did not pay enough money and somebody was always laying for you.

I talked the problem over with Arch Barrett and he advised me to get into the advertising agency business. Arch always did think that I was about ten times as good a writer as I ever turned out to be — and he was impressed by the possibilities of the agency business because his wife's brother was making a very neat living out of it.

So I decided to be an advertising man. I knew that there was fifteen percent commission on advertising, but for quite a while I thought that the advertiser paid the commission. Apparently all I had to do was to get hold of a couple of advertisers of fertilizer or incubators or plows or threshing machines — enough such concerns to spend a total of \$100,000 a year — and my commissions would make me \$15,000 each and every year. It beat working for a salary all hollow. I had no doubt of my ability to land those accounts, because there was not a single agricultural college graduate in the advertising business in those days and the International Harvester Company and William Galloway and the International Stock Food Company and Hercules Stump Puller and Cyphers Incubator and dozens of others would be delighted to have an advertising writer who knew something about agriculture.

My presumption was entirely faulty. None of them wanted me to write their advertising, in spite of the fact that it was now being written by men who did not know which side of a cow you sat on for milking purposes. Furthermore, they asked me what concerns I was now serving — and they asked to see samples of my work.

The thing I needed, apparently, was samples. In order to get samples you had to have clients. And you could not get the clients until you got the samples. The problem began to look difficult.

I solved it by getting a job — if you could call it a job — with the Burkitt Company. John Burkitt was then operating a small advertising agency and with him were associated a number of young advertising men who were really running their own business and clearing the advertising through John on a split commission. I have lost track of most of those young hopefuls, but Dave Thomas and Freddy Robbins now have their own advertising agencies and are still my very good friends.

John and his gang managed to accumulate quite a list of small advertising accounts — but just about the time I had two or three tiny accounts started John also managed to go broke — due to the fact that he had very limited working capital and two or three sour accounts wiped him out. That is one of the fatal weaknesses of the advertising agency business — you are risking 85% of your own money in order to make a commission of 15% —

and one first-class bankruptcy on the part of a client may not only wipe out all of the profits from five other clients of the same size but may also put you out of the agency business. I have seen it happen dozens of times — and I decided then and there that I never wanted to own an advertising agency.

But in the meantime, I had to find another home — so my brother, Guy, who by then had graduated from the University of Michigan as a mechanical engineer and was using his engineering training by trying to sell advertising space for Advertising & Selling, steered me over to the progressive young agency of Shuman & Booth — and I made a contract with them to solicit advertising accounts for them and write the copy for one-half of the gross agency commission.

Roy Shuman had been advertising manager for Liquid Carbonic Company and Booth had been a star salesman for some trade paper. They were then exclusively engaged in writing and placing trade paper advertising — expanded metal lath and waterproofing and sheet steel and wheel barrows and gasoline engines and things like that. This advertising went in such magazines as American Machinist and Iron Age and Engineering News Record — none of which allowed a commission to advertising agencies — so these boys were being paid a sort of salary by the advertisers.

I had a little business running in farm papers and poultry journals and when the first orders came through to be placed, Booth came to me and told me to have the advertiser send the orders direct to the publications — and to write the publications to send us the commission. That was the way he had been handling orders for the trade papers and he did not propose to take a chance on getting stuck on a bum account, just to earn his half of a fifteen percent commission. He was completely dismayed when he discovered that the only way he could get a commission was to assume the credit risk — and he promptly tried to get me to cancel my contract and quit. He did not want any of that kind of business.

I would not quit — so he finally came to me and said that if I would cancel my contract the firm would employ me for \$30 a week to write copy for them on their regular accounts. This was something else again. More copy to write would give me more samples of my work, and that was what I needed. So I said yes — and then he said that of course they did not know how good copy I could produce, so they would only give me a contract for a trial period of three months and then we would see.

For once I knew exactly what was coming, but it was worth the price. So I started to write copy like nobody's business. I doubt whether there ever was a copy-writer who turned out so

much work in three months time. And when they called me into the main office toward the end of that three months and gleefully told me that they were going to try to struggle along without my help, I had a scrap book completely filled with samples of my advertisements.

Roy Shuman was a grand guy to work for and he told me to take a week to look around for another job. So the very next day I went out on the south side to try and get a selling job with a manufacturer of poultry equipment whose advertising account I had been trying to get for Shuman-Booth. When I got into his ante-room I looked through the glass partition into the manager's office and there sat Roy Shuman, trying to close the deal that I had started. He did not see me, but it later developed that the manager did. I was highly embarrassed, because I felt certain that Shuman would think I was trying to double-cross him, so I lost my head and did the worst thing I could have done under the circumstances — I picked up my hat and sneaked out of there.

A short time after I got back to my desk, Mr. Shuman came in and told me to take my hat and get the hell out of there. When I tried to convince him that I was after a job, and not after the advertising account, he wanted to know why I had ducked out instead of waiting to see my man. I have had many embarrassing moments, but that was one of the worst.

I was so upset by this foolishness that I did not even dare to go back to see the man about the job. But before the end of the week — before my salary stopped with Shuman-Booth — I was already at work on a much better job and for more money.

Bob Crane was a friend of mine in Winnetka and Bob was a star copy writer for Lord & Thomas. He was next in line to Claude Hopkins — the chief difference being that Bob had to work all day for \$9,000 a year, while "Hoppy" was supposed to be drawing down some \$94,000 a year.

A day or two before Shuman told me that they were not going to extend my contract, Bob invited me to come over to Lord & Thomas and meet Mrs. Langen, who was chief of the copy division. He also told me to bring some samples of my work with me.

This visit was to bear fruit. For on the following Monday, a couple of days before my almost permanent embarrassment, Mrs. Langen called me over to talk to her about a job in her copy department — and the following Monday I went to work for Lord & Thomas for forty dollars a week. Now I was in the big league at last.



I GREW WHISKERS

It was a long time before I learned just why I got that job. At the time I thought that it was all Bob Crane's doings. I also thought that possibly my whiskers had something to do with it. For I had grown a cute little pointed chin whisker. About a year earlier I had met Dick Spiegel, of the Lord & Thomas outfit. Dick had a neat Vandyke and somebody told me that he was reputed to be making more than twenty thousand dollars a year. So I decided that if it took whiskers to make twenty thousand dollars a year in the agency business I would grow whiskers. I remembered that whiskers were greatly venerated in Rhode Island and they might work in Illinois.

They were pretty good whiskers, too, and they at least did not prevent me from getting that job. But I learned, later, that the most important factor in my getting it was the fact that I was fresh in Mrs. Langen's mind — and the further fact that one of the vice presidents wanted her to hire some other copy writer and got right nasty about it — and she did not like either the vice president or the other candidate. So she called up Albert Lasker in New York and got his authority to do as she pleased — and she pleased to hire me.

Lord & Thomas had a great crew in those days. Upstairs in the copy department were Bob Crane and Lew Crowell and Hump Bourne and Hugo Levin and Jim Turner and Carl Johnson and Miss Steele. Later on I got Jack O'Dea his first real agency job there, and now he calls himself "Mark" and owns his own agency in New York. Turner and Johnson are dead. Crowell and Levin were with other agencies in Chicago the last time I saw them. Bourne later became advertising manager for the H. J. Heintz Company, and I understand that Bob Crane is on the Pacific coast.

But downstairs was the real power. Charlie Erwin and Lew Wasey and Bill Richardson and Dick Brandon and Jefferson and Hugo Warner and Herbie Cohn, who now calls himself Fields, and Ralph Rosenthal and Dick Spiegel — Bullis and Troop in the space-buying department (how those boys have lasted) — Claude Hopkins drifting in and out (in two years I never even met him) — and finally Albert Lasker, the human dynamo who kept the whole works driving at full speed. What a man.

I was the last man in and I got the "dirt," which was entirely fitting and proper. About a third of my time was devoted to writing dealer's newspapers advertisements for Society Brand Clothes — a service which added nothing to my "billings." If there was any agricultural copy Bolte got it because he was an agriculturist. If there was any mechanical copy Bolte got it because he had run a machine shop. If there was any trade paper copy Bolte got it because he used to work for a trade paper agency. And if there were catalogues or booklets or letters to get out Bolte got them, too, because he was the cheapest man on the copy department payroll. At one time I was writing twenty-seven active accounts — all of which were active at the same time. I had four times as many accounts as any other copy writer on the staff. I also had about one-tenth as much billing as any other copy writer. And I also had two very impetuous nervous breakdowns before I got through with it all. The only difference between my nervous breakdowns and the one that hit Lew Crowell, in the barber chair one morning, was that Lew went south and hunted all winter to get over his, while I was talked into going to see a Christian Scientist — dear old George Forrest of the Chicago Paper Company — and he talked me out of it all one Sunday afternoon and evening. The next day the thumping headache and the twitching eyelid and the jumping kneecap and the shuddering breath were gone.

About three months after going to work for Lord & Thomas I received an offer of another job at \$60 a week and I resigned. Mr. Lasker sent for me — complimented me highly on the work I had been doing — and met this other offer, so I stayed.

About a week later, Mrs. Langen came in to see me in a great flutter and told me that Mr. Lasker wanted to see me right away. When I got down to his office he stood up and proceeded to give me a first-class military dressing down. Among other things he told me that my work was not satisfactory and that it was reported that I was spending my time in the office reading the newspapers instead of getting out my work. The whole affair was an intense surprise to me, especially in view of the raise and the commendation of the previous week — and when I finally got up sufficient courage to fight back, and demanded to know who was responsible for this attack, he said he did not mind telling me that it was Mr. Wasey and Mr. Richardson. After he named the scoundrels I felt better. I told him that I had never written a line of copy for Mr. Wasey — that I had written only one advertisement for Mr. Richardson, which he had approved but had not yet submitted to his client — and now what. So he said to go on about my business and not let him hear any more such reports and I went back to my office with a terrible headache.

When I reported back to Mrs. Langen she demanded to know what he said to me, and then she told me what was back of it all. Mr. Lasker had been riding the sales department for not bringing in more new business and when he got around to Wasey and Bill Richardson, their alibi was that he had never replaced Jack Hurst and some other star writer in the copy department. Crowell and I had been hired to fill those two vacancies — and Lasker demanded to know what was the matter with us. Neither of these alibi boys could say exactly what the matter was — they just thought we were a couple of no-account white boys who were occupying space that should be occupied by a couple of real stars. So Lasker promised that he would throw the fear of the Lord into us — and he certainly threw it into me. The thing that made me sore was the fact that he never sent for Lew Crowell to scare him a lot, although I had Lew all nervoused up by telling him that he had to do down and take it. However, while I was still mad, I tackled both Wasey and Richardson — told them what Lasker had said about them — and likewise told them that the only way they could square the dastardly deed they had done to me was to give me some of their accounts to handle. They both claimed that they never said anything of the kind about me, but I knew darned well that they lied.

Now I was earning sixty dollars a week and that was almost enough to live on. Things went along serenely for nearly two years and I kept getting better accounts, but no more money. In the meantime I kept hearing about the big salaries that the salesmen were making downstairs, but I could not figure any way to get in on that racket.

Charlie Erwin and Lew Wasey moved across the street and started the Erwin-Wasey Company and took Goodyear Rubber and quite a number of other good accounts with them — together with a bunch of Lord & Thomas employees. But they did not appreciate my true worth so they left me behind, and their success in prying old accounts away from the old firm convinced me still further that the agency business was a risky affair. It sheds pieces of its business like an iceberg.

It was evident that I would have to make more money somehow, and I did not know how to make it in the agency business. Lord & Thomas were well content not to raise my pay — nobody else tried to hire me away from them — and I was so swamped with work that I did not have a minute to step out and get myself a million-dollar advertising account.

And now, just when I needed it, I discovered how to get into the big money. About this time the National Geographic Magazine was coming into prominence and it was generally believed by advertising men that at last a plan had been discovered by which the publisher of a magazine could secure enough of the

subscription price for himself to pay the cost of getting out the book, thus leaving his advertising revenue as net profit.

The managers of the National Geographic had hit upon the plan of apparently making it hard to subscribe. You had to be recommended for membership before you could get their magazine. I never heard of anyone whose money was rejected, but apparently the plan worked — and still does, for that matter. Only last week a friend asked me where she could get someone to recommend her for membership, as she wished to have the magazine.

I decided that if this circulation scheme would work in the geography field it would work in the agricultural field, and probably twice as well, because there were a great many more people interested in farming than there were students of geography.

My plan, in brief, was to launch a monthly magazine which was to be a combination of the National Geographic, the Literary Digest, and the Experiment Station Review. It was to contain many pages of agricultural photographs, a review of all of the other farm papers of the month, and a summary of the results of all experiment station bulletins for the month.

In order to make my plan line up exactly with that of the Geographic, I had to organize a society for subscribers to join. This part was not very difficult. In fact, it turned out to be the easiest feature of the entire plan. Three of us got together at lunch one day and formed the American Society of Agriculture — just like that. Then we had some stationery printed and the Secretary wrote to about a dozen prominent men — notifying them that they had been elected to be officers, directors, etc. By telling them the names of the other people who had been similarly elected, we received acceptances and even words of thanks from practically all of them. But, since some of these gentlemen are still alive and active, and much larger than the writer, I shall name no names — merely noting as I pass along that the list included an ex-governor of a great state, the owner of one great farm paper and the editors of two others, the president of a state agricultural college, two directors of agricultural experiment stations, and a prominent banker. So now we had new stationery printed, showing this imposing list of officers, and we were ready to start business.

The first thing was to fix up a contract between the Society and myself to promote and edit and publish the American Agricultural Magazine, on such a basis that I was to receive about 50% of the gross advertising revenue. This was soon accomplished. Now I had to find some publisher or printer who would back the proposition in return for the printing contract at cost-plus — together with a reasonable bonus for his risk.

A. W. Shaw, publisher of System Magazine, was an old friend and had leanings toward the farm paper field, so he was the first man that I approached. I did not get far with him, however, as he was all full of his plans for launching System On the Farm. I felt certain that the last thing farmers wanted was any kind of system on the farm — and Shaw found out that I was right before he finally buried what was left of his System On The Farm. But he got tired of arguing with me so he turned me over to his head man — Stuart — to finish the argument, and between these two Scotchmen I got nowhere and took half a year to do it. But I learned one stunt from them that probably kept me out of jail later on.

This was a thoroughly Scotch plan and one that side-line promoters will do well to remember. When you have a scheme that you feel sure is going to work, go ahead and try it out on a representative part of your mailing list or market — but don't spend any money getting ready to fill orders. Then, if you get enough orders to prove that the plan is sound, send the money back and tell them that you are not yet ready for publication or shipment or whatever you have to do to get to keep the money. Send it all back, and then get ready to publish or manufacture, as the case may be. But keep all of those payments in a separate fund for refunding purposes — or the goblins will get you. I know a perfectly innocent man who spent months in jail because his boss failed to do this.

At Arch Shaw's suggestion, I got out some printed matter and circularized a thousand of the seventy-odd thousand members of livestock and poultry breeders associations in the United States — and got back something over 30% subscriptions to the proposed magazine. No such subscription returns had ever been secured by a magazine publisher through the mail — and my fortune was finally staring me in the face.

But, in spite of these returns, Shaw turned me down and went ahead with System On The Farm, and I went to Grand Rapids and got a printer to back my magazine and pay me a hundred dollars a week to run it — which was to be deducted from my share of the profits.



GRAND RAPIDS — AND BACK

So I quit my job with Lord & Thomas to be a magazine publisher and my brother quit his job with McGraw-Hill to be my advertising manager and I moved my family to Grand Rapids. While I was getting the first issue ready for printing, Guy secured orders for fourteen full pages of advertising. Then we sent out subscription circulars to the entire seventy-thousand breeders, and got back 7% returns, instead of the 30% that the test mailing indicated. The printer found that he was going to have to invest some of his own money in the venture before the profits would begin to come in — and he promptly threw up the sponge and both Guy and I ceased to draw salary the same day that my carload of furniture arrived in Grand Rapids.

That was bad enough, but still worse was the fact that said printer attached all of the subscription payments which had come in, something like \$3,000 in cash, in an effort to force me to repay him for the postage and printing involved in the circularizing. He also confiscated the list of subscribers, so that there would be no way of telling to whom the money should be refunded in case I found some method of regaining possession of the money.

The whole matter was finally adjusted without bloodshed and the subscribers got their money back, but his absolutely illegal impounding of the money and the subscription list made it impossible for me to make arrangements with any other printer — nobody wanted to buy into a lawsuit — so the magazine died without ever being born — the American Society of Agriculture died with it — Guy and I were both out of jobs — and I was stuck in Grand Rapids without a dime of my own.



SEARS-ROEBUCK

That catastrophe turned into a springboard for both of us. Guy got a better job than the one he had quit and I made a most unexpected connection with Sears-Roebuck & Co.

It has always seemed to me that the way a man got his job is fully as interesting as what he does and how much he makes. This is my excuse for setting down all of these details about getting jobs, and getting the job at Sears is part of the record.

After wasting some four or five months trying to salvage the magazine idea — and living on poor old Dad all of that time — I conceived an idea for a magazine for Sears-Roebuck. My mother was a friend of Mrs. Julius Rosenwald — she knew Mr. Rosenwald — so when I wrote and requested an appointment to talk over this idea with him I got it. He promptly turned down the magazine plan. Then I told him that some day I was going to tackle him for a job — that I was the only agricultural college graduate in the advertising field. So he said that I ought to go over and talk to Mr. Stambaugh in the farm implement department. That was the place for an agricultural expert. So over I went — right now — and told Mr. Stambaugh that Mr. Rosenwald had sent me to see him about a job. Stambaugh said I must be mistaken — I must mean Mr. Rosenfels. But when I said it was Mr. Julius Rosenwald and he was a friend of my family and I did not know any Mr. Rosenfels, he gave up.

After talking to me for some time he said that the man for me to see was Mr. Rosenfels, anyway, and he called Rosenfels up and said he was sending over a friend of Mr. Rosenwald, and pretty soon I was sitting in the office of Mr. Irving Rosenfels, over on the top floor of the great advertising and printing building.

We talked of this and that and finally he asked me how much I wanted and I said a hundred dollars a week and he said to call him up next Monday. By then he would know whether the money was available.

It was — and on Tuesday I was at work in Dept. 44 — and exceedingly unhappy because they would not let you smoke. Rosenfels told me that hiring me was a pure experiment — that the detail copy-writer whose place I was taking had only been paid \$150 a month — and that he had no idea how this experiment would work out. What he was going to do with me, he said,

was to turn me loose and let me work out my own destiny. I could go anywhere and have any information that I wanted. When I was ready I would report back to him, and he did not care if I did not report for a couple of months. He wanted a critical outside point of view of their whole advertising and merchandising set-up.

So I sent for my family and installed them in a boarding house in Oak Park and went at it. The job was intensely interesting, and after I got into the swing of it I managed to lay about one major suggestion on Mr. Rosenfels' desk each week — all but two of which went into the files without ever being tried out.

Two of these suggestions were tried out — and with astounding results. The first was an advertising campaign that was designed to stimulate the sale of farming equipment during the off season — in fall and winter. I suggested that we use all of the good farm papers that would accept mail-order house advertising — that we use three small advertisements in each issue of each farm paper — that all three advertisements should be exactly alike as to layout — and that each advertisement should tell the reader to turn to page so-and-so of "Your copy of our new fall catalog."

The campaign cost something less than \$2,000 over a period of three months. It was a total flop, so far as stimulating the purchase of farming equipment was concerned. But it very evidently caused so many people to look in their Sears-Roebuck catalogs that their sales of underwear and shoes and seasonable goods jumped by several million dollars during the time this little "tickler" campaign was running. And it also brought in requests for more than 100,000 general catalogues — from farm paper readers who read these little advertisements and suddenly discovered that they had no copy of the catalog to which to turn. The catalog department was swamped — some of the merchandise departments were run out of merchandise — and the campaign was stopped at the end of the trial period because it had been financed by the departments that sold farming equipment and it did not increase the sale of farming equipment. Yet I shall always feel that this was probably the most successful advertising campaign that I ever handled.

The second idea that the firm actually tried had to do with securing requests for special catalogs. At that time Sears was publishing something near one hundred special catalogs — farm implements and gravestones and tile floors and stoves and shoes and this and that. These catalogs were used to send to people who wrote and asked for prices on some particular kind of merchandise — partly because it was cheaper to send a small book than it was to send the big general catalog, and partly because the goods were described in much more detail in the special catalogs.

Individual sales from these special catalogues were higher in value than sales from similar pages in the general catalogue, partly because the people who got them were actually interested in that particular line, and partly because many of the special catalogues were much more comprehensive. For this reason it was highly desirable to secure more inquiries for special catalogues — and one of the best ways to get these inquiries was to enclose return postcards in the semi-annual “flyers.”

These flyers were special books of bargains which went out twice each year to a very much larger mailing list than the general catalogue list. They were designed to ride for a certain amount of postage — and they crowded the weight limit so closely that sometimes we had to cut some of one edge of the books after they were printed and bound in order to avoid paying more postage. For an extra 1c postage on six million books runs into money.

As a general rule the size of the flyer made it impossible to insert more than one, or possibly two, return postcards calling for special catalogues. And with fifty or sixty departments scrapping for the privilege of return cards the advertising department had a merry time of it.

When the question of the inserts for the next flyer came up, I conceived the plan of inserting a sheet of gummed poster stamps — I think there were either twenty-four or thirty-two separate stamps in the one sheet — and all you had to do to get one of the special catalogues advertised was to select the proper stamp and stick it on any order blank or letter or envelope that you were sending to the firm.

This scheme passed the board of censors and was put into execution. It was viewed with considerable suspicion by the advertising department, because they figured that all of the small boys and irresponsibles in the United States would send in those stamps. And it was shortly viewed with intense anguish by the printing department, because most of those sheets of gummed paper curled up and had to be tipped into millions of books by hand. The cost was outrageous and the flyer was weeks late in getting into the mails.

And then the fun started. Everything that came in had stamps on it. Almost all of the departments promptly ran out of special catalogues — the printing department had to run night and day to print additional supplies — and quite a number of the special catalogues had to be printed by outside printers.

I left Sears-Roebuck a month or so before they were completely buried by the avalanche of special catalogue requests — although that was not the reason for my leaving — and for the next two or three months I was privately advised by my friends

not to show my face anywhere near Kedzie Avenue. Some months later I met one of the important men of the organization and asked him how they felt by now about my poster stamp idea. He told me that for a month or so they had been forced to employ about one hundred extra people merely to mail out the special catalogues — and that, to the surprise of all hands, there was a strong reason to believe that these inquiries had not come in from a lot of children, for both the percentage of orders and the average size of orders was a trifle higher than it had been from the same books the previous year. But they never tried that scheme again. At least, if they did, I never heard of it.

I have always been sorry that I could not induce Sears to try two other of my various sales-promotion ideas, because it seemed to me that they were sound.

The first of these had to do with increasing the sales of piece goods. The sales of women's ready-to-wear dresses were increasing right along and the piece goods department was slipping. The piece goods manager asked me to study his selling methods and problems — and I finally recommended that he adopt the plan of using the same quality of style illustrations that were selling ready-made dresses — use more and better illustrations if he could — and under each one include a complete list of the amount of piece goods required to make that dress, together with the exact cost of the trimmings, etc. The customer could thus tell what the complete dress would cost her — and it would not be necessary to point out the saving over ready-to-wear dresses. I still think that the plan was right — but the manager of the ready-to-wear threw fits all over the place when he heard about it and it went no further.

The second plan had to do with the sale of groceries. At that time I think the grocery department was doing considerably more total business than any other single department in the entire concern. Chain stores and other price-reducing methods had not made their mark and the way to save money was to buy all of your staple groceries from Sears or "Monkey" Ward.

In checking up on the grocery department, I discovered that this department alone had received orders from, I think, something over eight thousand families having Grand Rapids, Michigan, as their postal address — and that there were only about ten or eleven thousand families in Grand Rapids and all of Kent County.

It was true that a vast majority of these families had only ordered once or twice a year from the grocery department — but they were friendly toward the idea of buying groceries from us, and the size of their orders indicated that we were getting but a small fraction of their orders for staple groceries.

It seemed evident that the reason they bought staple groceries from Sears was because the price was lower — and the reason they did not buy staples at least once a month was because it was too much trouble. My presumption was that if it was almost as easy to buy from Sears — and particularly if they knew exactly what day the groceries would be delivered and what would be the cost of delivery right to their door — we could much more than double our total grocery business in Grand Rapids, without having to add a single new customer.

My plan was to ship a car of groceries to Grand Rapids every Monday. The car would arrive in Grand Rapids early Tuesday morning — and there it would be sorted and the individual orders would be delivered to the door of each customer some time on Tuesday by the cartage company that was already giving us somewhat similar service. In this way grocery orders would be delivered the same day each week — the customer would not have to bother to pick them up at the depot — and by shipping all of these small orders through to the cartage company as a carload we would save enough on freight to pay the cost of cartage to the door.

In order to capitalize on this proposed new service it was my plan to have some circularizing company place a weekly order blank, together with any price changes, on every front porch in Grand Rapids each Friday morning — a constant reminder of Sears' price advantages and the fact that all they had to do was to put that order in the mail by Saturday night and the groceries would be delivered on Tuesday.

If it worked in Grand Rapids it would work in Omaha and in any other town sufficiently large to use a carload of groceries a week. I still believe that the plan would have far more than doubled the grocery business in every town where it was put into operation — and the manager of the grocery division agreed with me. But it never was even tried out because he already had more business than he could handle in the available space — and there was no more space to be had.

The typical sales-promotion man never expects that all of his ideas will work out. As he develops in his profession he learns to mix a substantial amount of caution with his enthusiasm — he becomes willing to try a new plan out in a small way before shooting the "works." But the thing that breaks his heart is to work out plan after plan — and to have practically all of them turned down, without even a test, for reasons that have nothing to do with the merits of the plans.

That was what broke my heart at Sears-Roebuck. Through the unusual character of my job I was able to discover literally scores of weak spots in their merchandising and advertising

methods. Nor do I claim the slightest merit for doing this — many of them were already recognized by different men in the organization — and the others were so obvious that they would have been instantly apparent to any advertising agency man with my experience. Nor was there either inspiration or genius in the solutions that I proposed. Most of my new plans had already been tried, in one way or another, in other industries — and they had worked. The thing was that I could not get them tried at Sears. And the usual reason why I could not get them tried was because of the peculiarly loose and disjointed set-up of the whole merchandising plan of the corporation.

Here was a concern selling close to two hundred million dollars worth of general merchandise each year at that time — all for cash — and all by mail. This vast quantity of merchandise was bought and sold by something like fifty different departments. In a few cases two or more departments were under one general manager and could thus be co-ordinated by him — but at least forty of the merchandise departments were operated as independently of one another as if they had not been owned by the same corporation. Each department manager rented space for his goods — hired and fired his help — bought pages of advertising in the general catalogue — decided on what kind of advertising and illustrations and copy he wanted — bought his own merchandise — decided, within limits, on both his mark-up and his commitments — and frequently had the additional responsibility of managing factories in distant cities. At the time I was with this firm I think that they either owned or controlled close to forty different factories.

This almost total independence of each merchandise department was jealously preserved by the department managers for normally human reasons. It was tolerated by the main office, then under the active management of Mr. Loeb, primarily, I think, because of the fact that while Sears was developing along these lines their sales were developing faster than those of Montgomery Ward & Co.

This discrepancy in growth has always been a deep mystery — even to the managers of these two rival concerns. Ward had been in business for something like nine years and was already selling several million dollars worth of goods when Sears started. A few years later Sears was selling about twice as much merchandise as Ward and continued to sell about the same relative quantity.

Location had nothing to do with it, because both houses were located in Chicago and both had branch houses either in the same outlying cities or at least in the same branch-house terri-

tory. In general their merchandise was the same — their selling prices were almost identical — Ward had a more attractive catalogue — and both sold under a money-back guarantee.

Why should a Sears catalogue bring in twice as much business as a Ward catalogue? Or why should twice as many people buy from Sears as from Ward? And, particularly, why should either of these things be true in homes that had both catalogues on hand?

I suppose I asked those questions of every merchandise department head at Sears and nearly every one of them had a different answer. The one thing that they were most nearly agreed on was the fact that the managers were given a free hand at Sears — while the Ward concern was operated under a system of checks and interference from the main office. And they sought to prove their point by showing that Ward had hired a number of department heads from Sears and that these men had not been able to do anything to bring Ward up to Sears in volume of sales. As a matter of fact, nobody was much interested in the subject. They were way out ahead of Ward and so long as they could stay there they did not care why. Of far greater importance was the problem of keeping abreast of the growth of their own concern — of increasing sales and margins in their own departments — for their salaries depended largely upon their profits.

The main office was interested in this phenomenon, but since the merchandise department managers seemed so sure that it was due to the fact that they were given a free hand, the main office was content to let well-enough alone. They did make each manager justify his merchandise commitments and the amount of capital he was using — they arbitrated squabbles when the drug department tried to sell everything that was ever sold in a drug store, which they were always trying, in spite of the fact that similar goods were being sold by other departments — and they cracked down hard when a department made a bad profit showing. But aside from that they let the boys alone. However, the mechanical department was an entirely different kettle of fish. The mechanical department had charge of the buildings and the general system of getting out the orders. Mr. Doering, the general superintendent, was the most unpopular man in the place — and I think that everybody conceded that he was likewise the most valuable. He was a tough Dutchman who stood for no back-talk from anybody. When he came onto the job he found that the entire business was about ready to break down because of the terrible mess in the order-filling end. Orders were coming in by the thousands on every mail. Orders were likewise going out by the thousands. But some of them did not go out for weeks after they were received. Hundreds of them went out with part of the order missing, either because the departments were out of stock

or because they did not get their goods down to the shipping room in time to be included with goods from other departments.

About the first thing Doering did was to put in a central system by which each order was stamped with the time of reception. The shipping order that then went to each merchandise department was stamped with the exact time that the goods were to be delivered to a certain shipping clerk. Your department received an order to deliver six bars of Ivory Soap and one 3G7741 Coat Hanger to Packer 27 at exactly 9:30 A. M. on Tuesday, June 2. Six other departments also had parts of that same order to fill and they were all instructed to have their stuff in the hands of Packer 27 at 9:30 on that same date. Now when Old Man Doering sent you an order like that he did not mean some other time or perhaps. Nor did he mean that you could send it down at 9:20 either. It took those high-powered independence boys some time to learn this, so Mr. Doering went to Mr. Rosenwald and Mr. Loeb and had a little talk with them. And then there went out a general order to the effect that every time any department failed to get the right merchandise at the right spot at the right time it was going to cost that department just 20c out of their earnings. I do not know whether the managers slapped that fine onto their order pickers who made mistakes — or onto their buyers who ran out of merchandise — but from that time forth the Sears organization began to ship orders in a manner that was new to the world.

The difference between Mr. Doering and my boss, Mr. Rosenfels, was the fact that Doering was a fighter and Rosenfels was a peacemaker. Rosenfels was very close to the throne. He had great personal power, but he was not willing to use it. The only place where he cracked down on the merchandise departments was in editing their advertising matter — and he cracked down here only because that was part of his job and he had to.

Thousands of different catalogue pages were made up each year — and in almost all cases the illustrations were purchased and the descriptions of the goods were written in the individual merchandise departments — either by a department advertising writer, or by the manager or one of the buyers in the smaller departments. In view of the fact that the firm sold everything on a money-back guarantee — and no questions asked — it was highly important that the goods should be correctly illustrated and described. The presence of a button on an illustration that did not show on the dress — the slightest exaggeration or ambiguity in a description — would probably result in the return of thousands of dollars worth of the merchandise as well as loss of confidence. For which reason every bit of catalogue copy had to be submitted to the editorial division of the advertising department — and what they said went.

Up to the time of my going to work for Sears the advertising department had written practically no advertising. It usually had one or possibly two men who were available to write catalogue pages for merchandise departments that did not have a catalogue man — and these men also prepared circular matter and similar odd jobs of advertising when some merchandise department wanted help.

Part of my job was to organize a real copy division in the advertising department, and I worked toward that end by borrowing several of the best catalogue men from the merchandise departments and assembling them in a suite of small offices where they would be available to serve any department that wanted them.

About half of the department managers would not let their catalogue men come into my department — on the grounds that they needed their full time. This was a ridiculous argument and everyone knew it — not a department in the organization was able to keep its catalogue man busy much more than half the time — but here was that old independence and self-importance popping up again. The idea was that “my department needs the full time of a catalogue man and if it did not I would never have hired him in the first place. So there!”

Not only did several of the largest departments fail to co-operate with the idea — but after we had gathered a department of six or seven excellent writers we found that many of the other departments would have nothing to do with them. In those departments where there already was a catalogue man we evidently had no place. And in the departments which had no special man, either the big boss or his assistant was doing the writing and he did not want to give up the job.

It was quite apparent that the scheme was not going to work unless somebody gave an order to the merchandise department managers. Somebody was going to have to tell them that the catalogue pages were going to be written in the advertising department instead of in the merchandise departments. I talked it over with Mr. Rosenfels and he agreed with me. He also said that he could get that order issued. He also said that he was not going to get that order issued, because he did not think that it was politic at that time.

Then I asked him just what the advertising department was supposed to run in that organization. I got quite indignant about it. I pointed out the fact that we had a good copy department and if we needed a better one we had the money to go out and hire it. I even went so far as to say that if he needed a better copy manager than myself he had my approval in getting one. I said that we already had an advertising agency — and that a few

months ago one of the department managers had stepped out and hired an advertising agency of his own to handle a special campaign — and now, just this week, a second department had stepped out and hired still another advertising agency to handle a campaign for that department — and that in neither case had the advertising department been consulted. He said to go on back to my office and cool down — that they could hire just as many advertising agencies as they wanted to as far as he was concerned and they did not have to consult him if they did not want to. So I went back and cooled down just long enough to write out my resignation.

In many ways that resignation was a mistake. At the time I quit it looked as though I was at the end of a blind alley — head of a division that was neither needed or welcome and that would probably be abolished very shortly. What actually happened was that this little copy division was shortly consolidated with the much larger editorial division and one of my assistants got the job of managing both and later was made Advertising Manager. And another assistant shortly went to the Charles-Williams outfit in Brooklyn as advertising manager at a very fancy salary. I do not think that the latter would have meant anything in my life, however, as I had one conference with the Charles-Williams boys at a time of their annual winter pilgrimage to Chicago to hire men away from Sears and Ward and they evidently did not like my looks.

Now I had to find another job, and that very shortly, as I did not have enough money in the bank to run me for more than a month. This time it was going to be easy, though, because I had this Sears-Roebuck experience in addition to everything else. I suspected that it would merely be a question of picking out the best job and naming my own terms — something like that, anyway. As a matter of truthful record, I had a mighty tough time getting any kind of a job.

The first one I went after was with N. W. Ayer & Son. Their Chicago manager, Charlie Young, was handling the Encyclopaedia Britannica account for Sears-Roebuck and wanted me to work with him. His idea was that if he had copy service in Chicago (at that time all service was being handled in Philadelphia) he would be able to get all of the Sears account as well as others. So he went to Philadelphia to fix it up and eventually wired me to come on down and talk to one of the big shots — and I spent most of my remaining money going down there. In the meantime, Charlie had skipped back to Chicago — the big shot kept me waiting around for a couple of days — finally gave me an interview of about five minutes — said they never had any intention of putting a service man in Chicago — and he would file my application and now would I please excuse him as he was busy.

The Kastor agency was looking for a copy chief. I did not get the job because I had never been an agency copy chief — but they hired another guy who never had, either.

I tackled Taylor-Critchfield for about the fourth time. They were the big farm paper advertising experts of the world. I was still the only agricultural college graduate in the copy writing business. It looked like a natural, but I never was able to get to first base with them.

DeLaval Separator Co. was looking for a general sales manager. I knew their Chicago manager and he arranged an interview with their president. He was very pleasant — told me that I had exactly the training that they needed — and then said he could not give me the job because I was not old enough. I was only thirty and he needed a man at least ten years older.

Montgomery Ward & Co. were only doing half as much business as Sears-Roebuck and presumably should have been concerned over this miserable showing. I had just spent a year studying Sears' methods and results. If anybody was in position to help Montgomery Ward find out what was wrong with their set-up, I apparently was the man. So I had a couple of interviews with their merchandise manager and nothing came of it. I gathered that they did not think there was anything wrong — and they had just hired a new advertising manager who was going to bring their volume right up to Sears anyway. Maybe he would give me a job in the advertising department. So I talked to Mr. Schott, the new advertising manager, and he said that he was too new on the job to talk about hiring more men. He had a full staff.

My old college instructor, Jack Ferguson, was in charge of the animal food department for Swift & Co., so I went out and tackled him. Three times in the past I had managed to miss having to work at the aromatic Chicago Stock Yards. The first miss was with Clay, Robinson & Co.; the second was with the Breeders' Gazette, when DeWitt Wing beat me to an editorial job; the third was with Darling & Co.; and now I was back at it. But when Ferguson told me that I would have to start in pushing a truck in the beef department and work my way up from the bottom before I could expect to get a job dictating letters or writing advertising or selling tankage, I told him the hell with it.

Down in Tipton, Indiana, was the Oakes Mfg. Co. — the world's largest manufacturer of poultry equipment. I knew Mr. Oakes intimately and had handled his advertising for several years with excellent success. So I tackled him for a job as sales manager — something he had never had. Nothing doing. He said that he was only doing about half a million dollars' business a year — he was only drawing \$35 a week salary himself — he could not afford to pay me more than \$25 per week — and he

knew that I would not work for that sum, although it was his opinion that I could live on it very nicely in Tipton.

An advertisement in a trade paper brought a reply from The James Manufacturing Company of Ft. Atkinson, Wis. Mr. James was looking for a sales and advertising manager. At that time his business was the manufacture of dairy barn equipment — stanchions and stall partitions and feed and manure carriers and barn door hangers and ventilating systems for barns and hog houses. The business had started in a blacksmith shop — and now he had a big factory in Ft. Atkinson and another somewhere in New York.

Now the business had grown too big for him to handle without managerial help and he needed someone who knew the livestock business and also had experience in advertising and sales management. Frank Hoard of Hoard's Dairyman took me over and introduced me to Mr. James and told him that I was the man — so he hired somebody else. Maybe Frank was the wrong sponsor — but I suspect that the real trouble was that I had a tremendous cold at the time of this interview and must have given every evidence of being in the last stages of galloping consumption.

I began to think that this was a very poor world indeed, and that I never was going to land another job, when somebody noticed an advertisement in the Chicago Tribune inquiring for a skilled copy writer — and the next Monday I was at work in the copy department of the Wm. H. Rankin Company and very much pleased to be there.

By now I knew how to handle this agency proposition. I had a written contract which provided that I was to have my pay raised \$50 a month every six months until it eventually reached the sum of \$10,000 per annum. It also provided that I was to have the privilege of soliciting advertising accounts in addition to my copy writing.

This Rankin Company was the successor to the old Mahin Advertising Company — Bill Rankin and Wilbur Nesbit and Herman Groth having bought out John Lee Mahin shortly before my going to work for them. Peculiarly enough, the Mahin company was the successor to the still older Snitzler Advertising Company — and my Uncle Anson Bolte had worked for the Snitzler boys when they were first getting started, back in the bad old days when there were no copy departments and the sole method of getting business for an advertising agency was to sell the space cheaper than your competitors.

At that time the Rankin Company had a very nice volume of business, although not nearly as much as Lord & Thomas, and their largest account was the B. F. Goodrich Company. In view

of the fact that I had spent nearly two years writing advertising for the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company I was in position to be of immediate value by taking an active part in the Goodrich account — so in the normal contrary course of human events I never was given a single line of Goodrich to write. In fact, very little of it was written in Chicago. One of the vice-presidents stayed in New York and did practically nothing but look after the Goodrich account — and down at the Goodrich factory in Akron we had an entire staff — on our payroll — that looked after writing trade paper advertising and booklets and all of the things that are normally done by the manufacturer's own advertising department.

Wilbur Nesbit was my immediate boss and a grand guy. Instead of acting the part of a boss he would come into your office and put his feet on the desk and crack jokes and talk things over as if you were one of his partners. If you got into any kind of a jam with the sales department or one of the clients he was always on your side. If you did a particularly fine piece of work he always let you know it.

At the time I went to work, Nesbit and Bill Schaefer constituted the entire copy department in Chicago. They needed another man and I happened to know that Carl Johnson, probably the best mail-order copy-writer in the country, was looking for a job. He had quit Lord & Thomas to go to work as advertising manager for some concern and now he was out of a job. So Nesbit hired Carl and that night he took both of us to the Indiana Society banquet, where we sat with Tom Wilson, president of Wilson & Co., and had fun with a quart of bourbon all through the dinner. Tom Wilson told me that he used to belong to the same Sunday School as my Dad and Uncle Anson, and I told him I had no doubt of it as they both liked their likker, too. The whole evening was friendly, like that.

The upshot of that evening was that I got the Wilson account to write and created their "Certified" trademark, and they are still using it. I also accumulated some other good accounts, in addition to the usual mess of technical and agricultural and trade paper stuff that promptly descends into my lap when I pull up to a copy-desk, and things went along normally for a year or so. I got my \$50 raise each six months until I had reached \$7,200 a year — and then, when the next raise was about due, I found a note from Wilbur Nesbit on my desk one day informing me that they could not go ahead with my contract.

I never did find out whether they simply meant that they could not go ahead with the semi-annual raise or whether this was a notice that I was all through. At the time I thought that it meant the latter, and I charged it to a run-in that I had had with Fred Ralston, previously with Butterick Company, if I remember

correctly. Fred was in our sales department and had recently brought in a catarrh "cure" and turned it over to me to write. The manufacturer of this catarrh cure claimed that catarrh was caused by germs that were imbedded under the mucous membranes. The way to cure it was to kill those germs and he had a white powder that would get right in there and kill 'em.

This was not very long after Collier's Weekly had run their crusade against the medicine fakers and the whole set-up of this "cure" looked sour to me. So I took the advertising matter and the product to a couple of prominent doctors and they informed me that the whole thing was a fake. Armed with this information, I refused to write the advertising on the high moral grounds that it was a fraud and that I would have nothing to do with it. Ralston was the maddest man in Chicago until he got to Bill Rankin — and then Rankin was one of the two maddest men in Chicago. He asked me whether I thought that he would handle a "fake" account, and I told him that I did not, provided he knew it was a fake, but that I did not think he knew this was a fake until I found out about it. However, he was willing to give the inventor the credit of the doubt — may be he had made a real medical discovery — and if he was willing to take that stand he could see no reason why I should be so squeamish. I stuck to my guns — as far as I was concerned the damn thing was a fake — and Fred Ralston said he would write it himself.

From that moment I was exactly zero in the opinion of Ralston and I don't think that I ranked much higher with the big boss. My only consolation is the fact that many years later one of these medicine show men wrote a series of articles for the Saturday Evening Post — and in that series he told of his experience in selling this same catarrh cure down through Indiana. He said it was great stuff — it worked almost instantly — it worked so well that he actually used it himself — and it was not until he had acquired the dope habit that he discovered that this catarrh cure was mostly composed of cocaine.

On top of that I was in Dutch with Bob Mooney — previously publisher of the Inter Ocean and now one of our salesmen. For two years Mooney thought I was a swell fellow. Nobody else could write his accounts, and he took me with him every time he went out to solicit a new account. We must have solicited twenty accounts during that time and I do not remember that he landed a single one of them. I do not know why, but I always suspected that it was because his method of soliciting was to open with the statement that he had been publisher of the Inter Ocean — as such he had become acquainted with all of the important advertising agencies in the United States — and that of all of them the Rankin Company was the "most honest." He then proved this by telling the prospect that the Rankin Company

showed their net cost for space on each and every bill and then added their 15% — instead of billing the customer at the rate card price and keeping for themselves any extra discounts or allowances. There must have been something wrong with this approach, because it never resulted in business.

Bob got off me just about the time I had the run-in with Fred Ralston. He brought me a little newspaper advertisement to write for somebody, just about the time I was in a frightful jam of rush work. He did not tell me that it had to be ready by any certain time and it got lost in the shuffle and I finally forgot it entirely. Then, one Saturday noon, when I had my hat on and was starting for a very important engagement with a client, he came in and said he had to have that advertisement by one o'clock and where was it. When I said that I could not have it ready before three at the earliest he grabbed the stuff off my desk and marched down the hall with it talking to himself — and from that day forth he found it difficult to even say good morning. Advertising men are very temperamental.



INDIANAPOLIS

For about six months prior to the time of which I speak I had been writing advertising for the Republic Creosoting Company of Indianapolis. Wilbur Nesbit used to live in this city — wrote advertising for the old When Clothing Store — and this was his account. But it ran into such small money that he did not want to bother with it himself.

This concern was engaged in two major activities. One was the manufacture of all kinds of creosoted lumber — street paving blocks — wood block floors for factories — bridge timbers — piling — telephone poles and cross-arms — fence posts. The second was the production of creosote oil by the distillation of coal tar.

For many years they had been the leaders in the street-paving field, and properly so, because of the fact they had invented and patented a method of producing creosote oil that would last as long as the wood — while their chief competitors, Barrett, American Tar Products and other distillers, not only could not make this heavy permanent creosote oil without burning up their stills, but they did not want to make it. All of the creosote producers, except Republic, were primarily producers of pitch for roads and roofing. Creosote, to them, was a mere by-product — something that you had to boil out of tar until you got pitch of the desired consistency. Sometimes they made pretty good creosote and sometimes it was not so good — depending entirely upon the consistency of the tar and how much creosote oil they had to take out to leave the desired kind of pitch. In any event, they hardly ever got two runs of creosote oil that were exactly alike.

Republic, on the other hand, used patented stills that distilled all of the volatile matter out of the tar — boiled it out until there was nothing left but dry coal-tar coke. They were not interested in the pitch, hence they not only could make creosote oil of any desired quality — and of far better quality than any of their competitors, if better quality was desired — but they could make a uniform product.

For years the battle raged between the Republic Creosoting Company, on one side, and all of the rest of the tar distillers and creosoters and their friends, on the other side. The Republic people knew that they were right. Their complete distillate contained all of the wood-preserving elements that were found in the thin

stuff that their competitors were “skimming” off of their pitch — it contained many other wood-preserving elements that came from the heavier portion of the distillate — and, most important of all, it contained a larger percentage of coal-tar “wax” which was absolutely waterproof — which would never evaporate or dry out — and which sealed into the wood the fugitive wood-preserving elements.

The rest of the industry was constantly on the defensive — trying to defend the use of fugitive oils because that was what they wanted to sell — trying to upset the obvious advantages of heavy permanent oils by arguing that there was no sense in using a preservative that would outlast the mechanical life of the wood — by arguing that preserving wood was a matter of injecting certain poisonous elements into it and that their light oils contained plenty of poisons for the purpose.

Only the thorough-going and scientifically-honest Germans would openly admit the manifest superiority of heavy creosote oils, and their imported Carbolineum was a step in this direction, although not nearly so heavy or durable as the complete distillate made under the Republic patents.

This was the battle in which I was taking a small part as copywriter and merchandising advisor for the Republic Creosoting Company at the time when I found on my desk that note from Wilbur Nesbit. And now, apparently, it was up to me to find another job. Rankin was probably going to fire me. At any rate, he was not going to continue to raise my pay.

This time I managed to get myself clear out of the advertising business and I stayed out of it for years. For some months the Republic people had been preparing to go into the manufacture of a line of barn paints that were to have as their base the heavy, waxy portion of their coal tar distillate. By the use of this ingredient they would have a paint that would penetrate into the wood for as much as one-eighth of an inch — would stay there permanently — and would permanently preserve that wood against decay. And the paint had the further advantage of spreading at least twice as far as any other barn paint on the market.

They had asked us to help them locate a sales manager for this new department — starting with the idea that they could get a suitable man for about \$100 a month and gradually raising their trajectory — but all of the experienced paint sales managers were making so much more money than they offered that we were unable to find a man. So when this bomb exploded in my face I promptly went to Wilbur Nesbit and told him that I wanted that job — and he got it for me.

After a month or more of negotiations I moved to Indianapolis and went to work as the sales manager of the new Reilly Company for a salary of \$5,000 a year — about \$2,200 less than I was earning with Rankin — but I also was to have a cut in the gross profits that would make me about \$2,000 out of each \$100,000 worth of total business each year. At last I had a real executive job where I would not feel the ground gently heaving under my feet every time somebody tossed an advertisement on my desk and reported that the customer said it was lousy.

This move to the cornbelt took place in February, 1918, and it developed that I arrived in Indianapolis almost a year too soon for the firm, because we were not ready to start manufacturing paint until the following spring. Then I hired one salesman — an ex-football coach who had never sold anything except popcorn machines for Holcomb & Hoke in Florida — and started him out to see what he could do selling dealers in Indiana. He did sufficiently well to encourage me to take on another salesman — this time an old fellow who had traveled most of his life for a stove manufacturer. I sent the stove salesman out with the football coach to learn the paint business and went to Grand Rapids for my vacation. My wife's cousin was one of the officials in a jobbing concern in that city — a jobber of farm implements and harness and fur coats and other things used by the farm trade, which had been started by her Grandfather Brown — and he thought that their company could successfully distribute my line of barn paint throughout lower Michigan. So I took my life in my hands and sold them a carload of paint with a written guarantee to take any unsold portion off their hands at the end of ninety days after delivery, provided they would let my salesman travel with their salesmen.

We shipped that carload of paint to Grand Rapids and I sent my stove salesman up there and told him he had it to sell. I told him that he could only sell one dealer in a town — and that the dealer had to buy at least one case of each color and one five-gallon can of each color. If he did this, he not only would have the exclusive sale but we would give him such-and-such store advertising and direct mail advertising, and we would also list his name in three full-page advertisements in the Michigan Farmer.

The plan clicked right from the start. Within three months that one salesman had sold over four carloads of paint and had landed a full dealer in well over 90% of the eligible towns in lower Michigan. It was a knockout.

Having found the right way to merchandise this product we turned on the steam. I made contracts with the best state hardware jobbers in Kentucky, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Tennessee, Ohio, New York and

Pennsylvania. In every one of these territories I put a new salesman — only one of them had ever sold paint before — and in most cases they made good. However, some of them were almost total flops — particularly the one that knew the paint business — and none of them sold more than half as many accounts per week as the old stove salesman. Later I discovered why, for it developed that he was promising many of the harder prospects that the jobber would take back the paint if the dealer did not dispose of it. And the old buzzard got away with that for months without ever getting caught by the jobber's salesman with whom he was traveling. His scheme was to tell the salesman that he could talk to the dealer better if the salesman was not around, so the salesman would go off and check stock or visit with someone else in the store.

About the time we were half through with our territory I tried the experiment of putting my four best men in Wisconsin, because the jobber was in a hurry to get distribution. I found that this "shock squad" method was better than having one man working alone in a state. It stimulated the competitive spirit in my salesmen — and it made a big impression on the jobber's staff to have a whole crew of Reilly Company men in sight every week-end. So, as a result of that experience, I fired all of the weak sisters on my sales force and used the shock squad method until we had the entire territory covered once.

In one trip over the territory we had established over twelve hundred dealers. They had the paint — Spring was here — the advertising was ready to shoot — our barn paint cost no more than the cheapest barn paint on the market — it would cover twice as much surface — and it was made of the best wood preservative in the world. Everything was "jake."

So the dealers started selling paint at a great rate and the jobbers started to re-order. The farmers and painters put it on the barns of the nation and the only complaint was that it burned the hands of red-heads and those with tender skins. But three or four months later we began to get complaints. The color stuck on when the paint was applied over old paint — but when it was applied to new wood the creosote oil base gradually penetrated entirely into the wood and left nothing to hold the mineral pigment in place. When it rained the coloring matter washed off the wood and made a neat pile on the ground.

Nothing to do now but claim the statute of limitations or make good — and we made good. We took back carloads of paint from jobbers and dealers and put stuff in it that would make it stick to new wood — we gave thousands of gallons of free paint to complaining farmers — and then we went out of the paint business.

It took us a year and a half to get into the paint business — and about three more years to get completely out of it. Fortunately for me, the only blame I acquired from this episode was the fact that I had been too darned successful in selling paint. If I had been an abject failure — if I had only sold a few gallons instead of forty or fifty carloads — I would have saved the company a great deal of money. Also, I probably would have lost my job.

As it turned out, I stayed with that company from 1918 until 1925 — a period of seven years, and much the longest “hitch” I ever put in with one employer. This long term was the result of two things. One was the kindness and forbearance of my employer, and the other was a matter of self-discipline. It was very evident to me, although he never referred to the subject, that my boss felt a certain responsibility for having taken me away from a good job in Chicago and injected me into that paint fizzle, and he kept me on his payroll during a number of periods when he had nothing in the world for me to do.

On my own part, this situation was exceedingly distasteful. My impulse was to immediately quit and look for another job as soon as the paint selling campaign was cancelled — but he constantly told me that I would be of use to him in other things pretty soon and I was beginning to doubt my own ability to stick. All through my business and teaching career I had jumped the fence as soon as something went wrong or as soon as I saw a chance to make more money. It seemed to me that there was something lacking in my make-up — that I could not “take it.”

So I stayed on the job. For months I would have nothing to do. By that I mean exactly nothing. There I sat at my desk — from eight o'clock until five — with nothing to do but read trade papers. Every time the boss passed me I wondered if he did not have the impulse to pick up a chair and sock me with it — and I would not have blamed him. In between these periods I worked hard. If he gave me a job of work I went at it on the dead run. I sold creosote oil and bought tar and sold factory floors and bridge floors and fence posts and telephone poles. I sold twice as much naphthalene as they could turn out in the plant they were building — and then the plant burned to the ground and never was rebuilt.

And then they gave me a real job. The boss called me in and told me that they were going into the manufacture of carburizing compound and I was going to sell it. He said carburizing compound was something that looked like cinders and you packed it around steel automobile gears and piston pins and other things, in a steel box, and put the box in a furnace where it was heated up to about a million degrees and when the steel parts came out

the outside surface of each part was very hard and durable while the inside was just as soft and elastic as it was in the beginning. The price was so much a ton and all I had to do was to go out and sell it.

This carburizing compound was the personal offspring of Carleton Edwards of the research laboratory and he and I tackled the job of making a market. Obviously it was nothing that I could use salesmen on, at least at the start, because I knew nothing about either the market or the process, and before I could direct salesmen I had to learn how to do the job myself. As things eventually turned out, I sold practically the entire output of the plant myself.

This selling problem was brand new to me — one which had not even been approached by any of the hundreds of selling problems that I had encountered in the various lines of business that had come into the different advertising agencies with which I had been connected.

The art of carburizing or “case-hardening” steel was very old. It was based on the scientific fact that when you place certain kinds of steel in contact with some source of carbon — coke or charcoal or wood or coal, for instance — and include some type of product termed an “activator,” such as barium carbonate or sodium carbonate or calcium carbonate — and then subject the entire outfit to certain degree of heat for a certain length of time — the solid carbon gives off a carbon gas and the steel absorbs that carbon gas, just as water soaks into a lump of sugar. The outer surface of the steel takes up most of the carbon, but it seeps into the steel to a considerable depth, getting weaker and weaker as it gets deeper, until you finally reach a central portion that has absorbed no additional carbon. After the desired amount of carbon has been absorbed the steel parts are cooled, reheated, quenched in water or oil or salts, etc., and are then ready to be machined. They have a hard outer wearing surface — but the elastic inside or core prevents the part from being brittle.

This explains the general process and the general product. What I was interested in was the carburizing compound — the stuff that is used to pack around the parts and give off the carbon gas that penetrates the steel. I found that there were a large number of different kinds of compounds in use — and that some firms, Brown & Sharpe of Providence, R. I., for one, were still using some of the old prehistoric mixtures of dried blood and leather scraps and things like that.

Carburizing compounds were all bought direct from the manufacturer or his local representative. There was no problem of securing jobber or dealer representation, and the advertising

problem was exceedingly simple because there were only one or two hundred users in the entire country, of which the automobile factories were by far the most important.

In all my experience I never encountered such a mixed-up mess as I found in the heat-treating departments of the country. I am hardly exaggerating when I say that it was almost impossible to find any two metallurgists who were using exactly the same technique to secure identical results. And this was not only true of metallurgists in independent companies, but also of different plants in the same large corporation. I found one company with three different plants under three different metallurgists — all three of them having to harden similar steel parts — and all three of them using different kinds of carburizing compounds. I found other organizations where they were using the same compound in several different plants, but were using it in entirely different ways in each plant in order to get similar results. Some metallurgists were using a certain compound because it was the slowest on the market — and across town was another metallurgist who was using the same compound because it was the fastest on the market.

But all of them were up against one thing — and that was the fact that their carburizing compound lost a great deal of strength through being used once, hence it was necessary to add something like fifty percent. of new compound to the old compound before they could use it over again. In other words, they had a fifty percent. loss on each run.

What we proposed to sell them was a carburizing compound that would save practically all of that loss. Instead of shrinking as much as one-third in volume in the furnace, our compound would not shrink as much as 10% because we put it through a furnace in making it and it was thoroughly pre-shrunk. And the 90% to 95% that we had left was just as strong and active as if it never had been used. We guaranteed that, because the activity was sealed in by a patented process.

This was a different proposition from the paint venture. We knew that this product was right because it had been thoroughly tried out in a number of commercial plants. We had the most efficient and the most economical carburizing compound that the world had ever seen.

Under these circumstances the selling problem was simple. Given a competitive price and the best compound, it was just a question of going out to see the trade — getting them to try it — and the business was yours.

That, at least, was the presumption on which I started — and the start was made with several rather small users in Indiana. The

results were satisfactory, so I then started to Detroit to try to crack the big automobile accounts. The method that I followed with the small users was to offer to give them a bag of compound if they would try it. With the large users I tried to get an order for a trial ton — failing which I would offer to give them a ton for test.

I found a decided resistance on the part of the large concerns from the very start. None of them wanted to try a new carburizing compound. If I got around the “no” of the purchasing agent by contacting the chief metallurgist, I usually encountered the same resistance there. By sheer persistence I managed to get trial lots into a number of plants — and when I went back a month later I usually found that they had been too busy to try it out — or some Hunky out in the heat-treating department had mixed it up with their regular compound and used it up — something like that. However, I eventually did get a number of plants to make a test — and there was not a single favorable report. Not one of those plants tested that compound in such a way as to develop the fact that our compound could be used over and over again without losing strength — that it was as permanent and durable as an unchangeable chemical compound — that it would save them at least forty tons out of every one hundred tons that they were now using. Almost invariably they reported something like “Gives no greater depth of penetration and no greater speed and no greater hardness than our present compound.”

It was obvious that this plan was no good. If we were to get intelligent tests that would bring out our extra efficiency we were going to have to put a man in each plant to supervise that test — to watch the plant man work out the figures — and to personally accompany those figures into the front office.

That is exactly what we did — and it was some job getting permission to do it. Eventually we had such tests in all of the General Motors plants, together with Reo, Hudson, Continental, Ford, Dodge, Chrysler, and dozens of parts manufacturers.

Most of these tests were run under my own supervision, and they invariably proved that we had a thoroughly satisfactory product and one that would save the user a considerable amount of money, no matter what competitive compound he was then using.

We got enough business built up to keep our plant running at top speed and frequently for twenty-four hours a day. But we failed to get the big tonnage. And we failed because somebody did not wish to change their source of supply. Most often the metallurgist stood in the way of a change. Some of them very frankly told me that they were not going to change, simply because their men were used to the old compound — their gears

and other parts were now going through without much spoilage — and they were not going to take any chances on a lot of rejections by making any changes, even if they could get a better compound for nothing. In a somewhat smaller number of cases the purchasing agent was the obstacle, for reasons best known to himself. If he did anything about our superior showing he used it as a club to beat down the price of their regular compound. Usually he said something about our compound not being as fast as the regular one and then dodged the matter when I said we could make it twice as fast if he wanted that.

However, first and last, we managed to stir up a lot of commotion in the carburizing field and came out of it with a volume of business that probably was not exceeded by any manufacturer except the two or three leaders who had been at it for years and were very strongly entrenched. And we made them exceedingly unhappy.



NEW YORK

And then I went to New York. For seven years I had been proving that I could take it in Indianapolis, without getting ahead an inch in the race for riches and financial independence — and at last my brother, Guy, decided to take a hand in my affairs. He thought that my brains and multifold talents were being wasted in the desert airs of Indiana. New York was where the big money grew.

So he wired me that there was an opening with the Frank Seaman advertising agency and they would pay my expenses down there to talk it over. That sounded exciting and I went down and talked to them — and came back with another copy-writing job that started at \$8,400 a year and was to jump to \$9,600 at the end of a three-month trial period if I proved to be the man they thought I was. This three-month trial period was my own idea and it proved to be bum, but more of that later. But I did have one good idea, and that was not to move my family until I knew that this was a steady job. I remembered Grand Rapids.

So I abandoned my delighted family and went to work in New York the next Monday and everything was lovely. I was going to earn \$4,600 more per year than I had ever made in Indianapolis and even New York prices could not take all of that away from me. For the time being I lived with Guy in Greenwich, Conn., but when the family came on we would settle in New Brunswick and all three of the boys could go to Rutgers, right there in the same town.

I had always sworn that nothing could get me back at a copy desk, especially since I had proved my mettle as a sales manager. Here I was at it again, but the situation was different. Now I was making real money — and the reason I was making it was because the firm needed me and nobody could take my place. I was to handle the Brush Duco advertising for DuPont and I not only knew how to prepare their advertising but I knew all about how to secure distribution for paint and how to move paint off the dealers' shelves. I had proved it. I knew that the agency needed me because they had tried some six or seven copy writers on that account and each and every one of them had flopped. It took a paint merchandiser to do it right — and that was me.

The only thing that disturbed my serenity was the fact that they did not give me any other account to write. At the time I made the deal, the president of the Seaman outfit assured me that this was not a one-account job. They had, he said, a number of accounts that he wanted me to write, but this Brush Duco thing was the main one. And I knew that I was right about insisting on not working on a single account the very day that I got the job, because in their copy department I met my old friend, Sam Kiser, who used to be with Rankin when I was. Sam had quit Rankin for a swell job as publisher or managing editor or something for James Cox of Ohio, who was later defeated for President of the U. S. That job blew up almost before it started and Sam wound up writing the Colgate account for Seaman in New York. And now Seaman had lost Colgate and had promptly fired Sam. He was going out just as I came in — and he was not happy.

However, I settled into the Seaman organization like a friendly hand into a warm glove and things went along beautifully for a couple of months. In fact they went along nicely until I met Jim Elms. I was turning out highly complimented advertisements for the magazines and newspapers — going to Boston with the advertising manager for a week to call on the trade with the salesmen — working out methods of pepping up the sales force — but I had not met Jim Elms.

Jim Elms was a great big fine-looking lad from somewhere down in Maine. He had made a big success of the Spray Duco division over at Parlin, N. J. — and when the general management became dissatisfied with results at the paint and varnish division over at the Harrison Plant in Philadelphia, they fired the manager of that plant and moved Jim Elms to Philadelphia.

He did not meet me until he had seen and approved quite a number of my advertisements and some of them had actually been run. Then one day it became necessary for someone to make a rush trip to Philadelphia to get an okay on some advertisements — and there was no one to take them but myself. The account manager was supposed to have taken me down there and built me up with said Elms every week since I arrived, but he had managed to dodge it — and he dodged going this time. So when I walked in on Elms he had never heard of me. He seemed startled when he asked who had prepared these advertisements and I informed him that I had. And the next day he sent for the account manager and said that he was getting almighty tired of having a different copy-writer on his account every week or so — as far as he could remember this guy Bolte was the sixth or seventh that had showed up in the past six months — if they could not give him a good man and keep him on the account, he, Elms, thought he would have small trouble in finding an agency that could and would — and not to send Bolte down there again.

At least that is what the account manager said that Elms said — and the result of that was that I went back to Indianapolis at the end of that three months. Only this summer, nine years later, did I learn that that particular account manager had carried similar tales back on all of the other six men that had been fired off the DuPont job — and that there was strong reason to believe that Elms had nothing to do with any of us getting fired.

Well, Jim Elms is dead and one hears little of Brush Duco any more and the Seaman agency has been out of business these many years. I would have lost that job anyway, but I never did like the way I lost it.

I made a very half-hearted attempt to get another advertising job in New York before coming back to Indianapolis. General Foods was looking for an advertising manager and Lew Wasey sent me up to see my old Lord & Thomas friend, Ted Taylor, who was then general manager. Ted told me that Ralph Starr Butler had been offered the job — and he still has it. I had a hunch that my experience with the Republic Creosoting Company might help me to land a job with the Barrett Company, so I had a talk with the Barrett account manager in the advertising agency that handled Barrett advertising — thinking that he could either give me a hand up or at least put me in touch with the right man to see. What he did was to tell me that he would not want to see his worst enemy get a job with Barrett under present conditions in that organization. Since they had been taken over by the combine, he said, continued hell had been popping throughout the entire organization. Everybody was cutting everybody's throat and it was a sorry mess. So that was that.

The firm I really tried to get a job was with the E. F. Houghton Company of Philadelphia. This outfit had for years been selling more than one-half of all the carburizing compound that was used in the United States, and I had just finished spending two or three years joyfully biting great chunks out of their screaming sales department. The Houghton accounts were my particular meat — largely because their men had been such good salesmen that they were selling a very high-priced compound and our saving was that much higher. I had two interviews with their president, Mr. Carpenter, and several with their sales manager — before he finally said that the matter would have to be settled, for some reason, by their Chicago district manager. They had a peculiar plan of turning certain territory over to district managers — charging the goods to the district at a certain flat price — and letting each district manager make his own prices to the trade in his territory. The result of this plan was that there was a different price on every product in every territory — and frequently different factories belonging to the same corporation were paying different prices for the same product. That was not so

good — but they seemed to get away with it. However, they had one very smart idea — and that was that if you just tried enough salesmen you would finally find one that a buyer liked. I have known of their sending seven different salesmen in sequence on one account — and five of them lit in a bunch in the Chevrolet plant at Flint, Michigan, the day after they finally got news that I had taken the Chevrolet business away from them.

They wanted me to work for them — at least they said they did — but they wanted me to work in the territory where I had been working, so that threw the whole thing into the Chicago office. And Chicago did not want me to work for them. I had made Chicago very unhappy, it seemed, and they were glad to see the last of me. They wished me plenty of luck — so long as it was all bad.



BACK HOME TO INDIANAPOLIS

So here I was back in Indianapolis in May, 1925, with no job and darned few money. I had been out of college for exactly twenty years and it was obvious, too, that all I had accumulated was plenty of family and plenty of experience. On the credit side of the list I had the record of having supported my family in reasonable comfort and having two sons fairly well through college, without too much outside help in a financial way. On the debit side of the list, I was forty years old and had not gained an inch on the problem of laying up something to take care of me in my old age. The fact that Grandfather Willard had been the only member of my family, in either direction, that I ever heard of who actually did lay up anything for his old age, did nothing to console me.

The immediate problem, however, was how to get something to eat before I reached that old age period. I still had hopes of that Houghton job coming through, but when it began to drag I got busy with another alumnus of the Republic Creosoting Company who was then engaged in selling and applying fireproof shingle roofs. There were still several thousand houses in Indianapolis that had old wood shingles and when he lost his job he had gone into the roofing business and was making a living out of it. That was what I needed — a living. The idea was that I was to locate the prospects and this man and his partner were to close the deals. Locating the prospects was the big problem — they could close two or three deals each night if they knew whom to see. They would give me half of the commission on each such sale and we would all make plenty of money. However, after I worked for a week without finding a single prospect and then put out four college lads who (presumably) worked all of the next week with similar results, I gave up the roofing business. My friend and his partner gave it up themselves, not so long afterward, so I did not make such an abject failure.

This is one of the places to ask, "Why did you not go back to your old boss and ask to have your job back?" And the same thing could very properly have been asked in several other instances. It was the obvious thing to do — the easy thing to do — and it has been done by thousands of other men. Lord & Thomas, for example, had employed men two and even three different times. And I cannot tell you exactly why I never went back and told a previous employer that I was out of a job and wanted one.

I know that pride — false pride, if you like — had a good deal to do with it. I also know that I was afraid to go back because I know how I would feel if they turned me down. But I think the main reason was to be found in my conviction that nobody ever got a good job or had the right standing with his employer if he got a job because he needed it, instead of because the boss needed him.

At any rate, what I did next was to make a job for myself. There were a couple of dozen free-lance advertising men in Indianapolis who apparently were making some kind of a living by writing direct-by-mail advertising matter and this and that. In fact, it was reported that some of them were making an excellent living. So I moved in with two of my friends who were running a printing business and started out to get myself some direct-mail advertising accounts to write. I started by sending letters to every manufacturer in Indiana telling them about my qualifications and soliciting an opportunity to talk things over with them — and nothing happened. Apparently this was not the way. Next I went to see a few dozen of them — both in the city and outside. Now I began to see the light. The firms that were doing anything that they called advertising already had an advertising agency or some free-lance writing their stuff — and the rest of them did not need help. What they did was write it themselves. They were sure they knew more about the casket business or the stove business than any outsider could possibly know.

While I was pondering this old problem my two printer friends quit laughing at me and told me that I might as well quit being a damn fool and start to make some money selling printing for them. They would pay me a good commission and would even give me a drawing account. They knew there was nothing to this copy-service racket, they said, because they had both been through it. The thing to do was to go out and sell printing, and then give the customer such swell help in layout and copy and methods of using printing that he would think that you were God's gift to printing buyers.

So that was what I did, and by the end of the year I was back earning the old hundred bucks a week. For the first time in my life I knew that I was earning it, too, because you could count it. Here was so much profit coming in and my share was a hundred dollars a week. And I was the boy who was bringing it in.

To this day I do not know how I did it, for it seemed to me that I failed to land every account or every job that I should have landed — and that there was no particular reason why I landed those that I got. Give me a prospect in a field that I thoroughly understood — where I had successfully spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for some of the big boys in the industry — where,

perhaps, I could show actual plans and printed pieces that had been successful — and it was almost certain that I would not get to first base with him. And the next day I would drop into some plant without an idea in my head and ask if they had any printing — and the man would ask me whether I knew of anyone he could get to help him write a series of mailing pieces or a catalogue or something like that.

I counted on getting printing business — if my price was in line, anyway — from my friends. And, as is usually the case, most of them would not give me a look-in. Most of the business that I got was from total strangers. My friends liked to play golf and bridge with me — they would take me fishing and invite me over for dinner — if my family had been starving they would have sent me a basket or hustled around to get me some kind of a job — but they would not keep me from reaching that evil situation by taking their printing away from their regular printer and giving it to me at the same price. And it is quite probable that I would have acted in exactly the same way in their place. I know some mighty good friends right now who are starving in the insurance business or the coal business or something of that kind — and I am not taking my business away from the friends who have it to give it to them, even though the boys who have it do not need it so badly.

My going into the printing business was a case of dire necessity. From long and intimate contact with that industry I was firmly convinced that it was just about the poorest kind of business in the world for both the salesman and the owner of the business. And after having managed to make a good living out of it for a number of years — and then having sold paper to printers for another year — I am still of the opinion that the printing business is just about the poorest kind of business in the world.

My criticism of this great industry is based entirely upon the difficulty of making money in it. For fifteen or twenty years before engaging in the printing business I had been more or less constantly engaged in buying printing — sometimes as much as a hundred thousand dollars worth in one year. And I never have seen the time, regardless of business conditions, when I could not buy printing for less than it cost the printer to produce it. In order to buy for less than cost of production it was only necessary to get prices from a sufficiently large number of printers to include someone who was willing to do that particular job for less than his cost — and I could always find him if I wanted to do so.

In some cases it was a case of the low bidder actually making a mistake in his estimate — he forgot to include the cost of the paper or he figured only half enough paper or half enough press impressions or something of that kind. But usually the low bidder

knew that his bid was below his cost. Perhaps his typesetting department had nothing to do for a few days — he had to keep on paying his men whether they were busy or not — and he figured that it would not cost him a cent extra to set my type for nothing. If that free typesetting landed the job he would make some profit on the presswork and the binding, anyway, and that would be velvet. On top of that, he wanted to get in with me so that he could get the rest of my work, and taking this initial job at less than cost would certainly give him the inside track for future work, especially if he did a good job the first time. The two things that he failed to consider were the demoralizing effect that his low price would have on my idea of the proper price to pay on future jobs, and the further fact that if I was that kind of a buyer he would always have to make that kind of price — for the minute he tried to jack his price up where he could get cost or a little more out of me, some other hungry printer would come in with one of those “introductory” figures. It was and still is a vicious circle, in spite of New Deal efforts to curb the practice.

Selling below cost is not confined exclusively to the printing business. It is the bugbear of every type of contracting business — of every business where you are building or manufacturing something to the buyers’ specifications — where every job is a new job. But the price-cutting evil is more pronounced in the printing business because of the fact that the cost of printing is almost all payroll. Generally speaking, the paper and ink involved in the average job of printing probably does not represent more than one-third of the actual visible cost of production. In spite of the oft-repeated claim that three-quarters of the business idiots of the world are engaged in the printing business, even the most confirmed idiot will not be guilty of selling a job for less than the cost of his paper and ink. But the other two-thirds of his cost of production and the cost of selling are items that he can handle as he sees fit. If he wants to throw off all selling mark-up it is nothing out of his pocket. If he wants to give you the time of one or two or a dozen men and girls, who would be standing around anyway, it still is nothing out of his pocket. If he wants to go out in the shop and set type or run a press or a folder or a cutter himself and charge you nothing for his own time, he can still figure that it is nothing out of his pocket. He is already making a living out of the other work that comes in, let us say, so if he only makes five dollars on an extra job that really should bring him in a hundred dollars over cost of materials, that is exactly five dollars more than he would have had without your job.

The only reason why other contracting businesses are not as loony as the printing business is because there is not as much margin to give away to the customer. If you are in some business where 85% of your actual cost goes into sheet metal or wood or cloth or some material that you have to buy — you have only

a 15% margin of lunacy available. But the condemned printer has at least 60% in which to make a fool of himself and that is altogether too much rope for most of them.

This wide spread between cost of materials and actual cost of the finished job is likewise at the root of an even more serious evil in the printing industry. Assuming, for example, an average hourly wage of one dollar an hour for all kinds of help in the printing shop, every experienced executive in the business knows that he must get three or four or perhaps as much as six dollars an hour for that employee's chargeable time. He has to get this apparently tremendous mark-up for a number of reasons. One of them is the fact that throughout the year he probably can only sell about one-half of each employee's time, although he has to pay him or her for all of it. The rest of the time will either be spent in odd jobs or in actually waiting and doing nothing between jobs. This being the case, it is promptly evident that the hours that he can sell actually cost him \$2.00 per hour instead of \$1.00. On top of that \$2.00, somebody must pay for the foremen and the shop rent and light and heat and power and interest and taxes and depreciation and all of the hundred and one items of expense in the shop. To simplify figuring these expenses into each job it is customary to charge them into the productive hourly cost of the producing employees — and when the job ticket comes through the man who is being paid \$1.00 per hour has to be sold at an average of perhaps \$4.00 per hour — or the shop goes broke.

This plan is absolutely logical — but the trouble is that the man in the shop finds out about it. He is only getting a dollar and the boss is getting three dollars. The boss is getting three to one — and he is promptly convinced that this is why they are not getting more business. He is also convinced that the damn capitalistic system is to blame for exploiting the honest working man in this way.

So he and his brother-in-law save up some money and they get hold of a printing salesman who also has a few hundred dollars and they step out and buy some second-hand equipment on monthly payments and start a little printing plant of their own. Perhaps they start it in their garage or their basement to save rent — or they rent some dump up an alley or in a four-story walk-up building. They do all of their own work and figure that charging \$2.00 an hour will get them twice as much as they were getting from the old boss. In fact, they will only have to work half as long each day at \$2.00 to earn the same money. So they use that \$2.00 as a labor factor and go out and solicit all of the old customers of the old boss and put in bids that are about one-third of his. Of course they go broke — most of them — but for every alley shop that goes broke two new ones start up — and the result is that the printing business, as I said before, is just about the poorest kind of business in the world.

However, I made good money at it for several years. I managed to line up about half a dozen accounts that were willing to pay a standard price for their printing in return for the right quality of work, plus the advertising help that I was well equipped to give them. And it also happened that my printing jobs came in at such times of the month and the year that they did not add a single dollar of actual cost to the payroll in either our shop or our office. In other words, all of the money that we took in on my work, over actual outside cost, was available for division between the owners of the shop and myself — and my share was at least three times as much as they could afford to pay me under normal printing conditions.

I washed out of the printing business, not because of the Great Depression, but because of the crazy boom immediately preceding the stock market collapse. At all times my personal printing business was in the precarious position of depending upon four or five major accounts. Of course I had occasional jobs from perhaps twenty or thirty other buyers, but far more than half of my total came from these few important accounts. I realized the dangers of that situation — I had known of numerous advertising agencies and printers and manufacturers who went broke because of getting into a similar position and then losing one or two big customers — but I was unable to gain any margin of safety. As a matter of fact, my two friends who owned the business were in exactly the same position, in spite of the fact that they had been in business for ten or more years when I joined them. They had many individual orders from a large list of miscellaneous printing buyers — but the backlog of their entire business was to be found in perhaps fifteen important and loyal accounts. And they, like myself, had not been able to do anything about it.

Here we were then, with perhaps twenty really important customers — buyers who really wanted to buy their printing from us — who would always do so if our prices were reasonably in line — who did not subject us to cutthroat competition — and some of them subjected us to no competition whatever.

We had culled these business friends out of the entire state. Each of them liked us for some reason or other — perhaps no two of them for the same reason — but they liked us. The state contained several hundred other equally desirable buyers of printing and it did seem reasonable to think that if we could just get acquainted with these other lads we ought to be able to find perhaps two or three times as many people who would also like us and the way we did business. The problem was to get acquainted with more people — and we set out to do that very thing and kept at it for several years. We advertised — we repeatedly called on all of the accounts that looked good to us — and we finally made a one hundred percent canvass of every possible buyer of print-

ing in our entire territory. Not only that, but we kept on making that canvass. And as I look back on those efforts I think I can safely say that they failed to add a single important and profitable and sure account to our list. It simply could not be forced. Accounts would come to us, from time to time, but they could not be brought in.

The result was that, when the fall of 1928 came along, I had about five good accounts — and at least two months before the stock market crash in 1929 I had no good accounts left. One had gone broke because of the long depression in the lumber and furniture industries. One had gone into a consolidation and had quit using printing. Another had gone into another consolidation and their printing was now being bought in a distant city. Another had sold out — a new purchasing agent was taking bids from all of the price-cutters in four states — and no one could produce the printing at the prices quoted. My good accounts were gone beyond recall — the depression was upon us — and within a very few months nobody in Indiana had any good accounts left because the volume of advertising printing rapidly melted to the vanishing point and competition for the surviving jobs became perfectly deadly. I was out of the printing business.



SIDELINES

It seems to me that this is an ideal spot in this narrative to go into the subject of making a fortune from sidelines. America is full to overflowing with sideline millionaires (of which I am one) — men and women of every age and station in life, each harboring some pet scheme or invention that is going to revolutionize something and make them rich. And most of these dazzling dreams have to do with a totally different line of work from that in which they make their living. A complete investigation of the United States Patent Office, that graveyard of millions of hopes, would undoubtedly show that something like ninety percent. of all the inventors have invented something entirely foreign to their regular business.

My experience with advertising men leads me to believe that they are particularly afflicted with the sideline disease. And this is perfectly natural, because in order to be a successful advertising man one must possess that type of mind which is constantly boiling over with ideas for making money for their clients. It is therefore not surprising that this same type of mind is also boiling over with ideas for making a personal fortune for the owner of that mind. A good advertising man simply has to have sidelines to stay happy, even though his sideline be nothing more blameworthy than writing stories for confession magazines.

Even the common run of folks — those with so little imagination that they stick to one business until they get rich, simply because they cannot think of anything else to do — are almost certain to hide a secret plan to get into the chicken business when they are too old to work at their regular job.

I, personally, am such an aggravated type of sideliner that I was not even spared that chicken farm lunacy — in spite of the fact that I had taught poultry husbandry in two colleges. I knew that there was nothing but quick financial suicide in the idea of keeping poultry in large numbers for eggs and meat, but I also knew that quite a large number of breeders of show stock — in those days of great poultry shows and a hen house in every spot where a garage now stands — were making good money selling stock for breeding purposes. So when I came back to Winnetka to go to work for my Dad, I wanted him to help me buy a ten-acre tract with a house and barn on it, inside of the village limits of Winnetka. I proposed to live on this baby farm and raise White Plymouth Rocks as a sideline. But Dad could not see the idea. He had no patience with sidelines, probably because he never had

one of those explosive ideas in his life. The only kind of a sideline idea that ever occurred to him was to bet on a horse or put all of his spare money into some phony gold mine. He was a sucker for the horse races and mysterious mines. He not only squelched my idea of raising chickens by telling me that it was going to take every bit of my time and attention to make a success of working for him, but he also said that no man could serve two masters and several things along that line. He knew that sidelines were a great drawback because he had met plenty of salesmen on the road who were trying to sell a sideline or two in addition to their regular line, and one or the other always got the short end of it.

Perhaps my interest in sidelines has seriously interfered with my success in life, but I doubt it. For I happen to have that type of mind, very common in advertising men, that can be turned on and off like an electric light. For example, up to the moment that I started to write this story about sidelines, I had been deeply engaged in working out some very intricate details in a plan to promote the sale of a certain kind of bakers' bread. The problem is intensely interesting but it came to a full stop for lack of certain facts that I cannot secure until tomorrow — so I turned my mind off on the subject of selling bread and it will not occur to me again until I have that information.

Your advertising copy writer has to develop this faculty or go into some other business — or go crazy. He may have to write advertising on as many as ten different kinds of merchandise or services in one day — and talk to six different people that same day about six other kinds of problems. He simply cannot permit one subject to slop over and interfere with the next.

Two of my sons have inherited this same flair for what the scornful call "schemes." But neither of them have yet developed the ability to turn off the light. When they have a hot idea it insists upon constantly popping into their minds and distracting their attention from what they should be doing at the time. And it is with this kind of undisciplined imagination that sidelines do harm.

This chicken breeding idea was my first serious sideline thought. The second was that of writing the "Backyard Farmer" — and I really cannot be blamed for that as it was all Arch Barrett's idea. And the third was the invention of a smoking pipe. When I first went into the advertising agency business I learned to smoke a pipe — not because I liked the pipe but because the boys in the copy room had to chip in to pay for a jar of Lucky Strike tobacco or be considered pikers and I chipped in and then had to smoke a pipe all day every day in order to get my money out of the tobacco.

My chief objection to a pipe was the fact that it was always going out, so I decided to invent one that would not go out. This was about the time when the old Smokaroll pipe and the funny-looking tube-shaped rolls of tobacco in the white paper were going strong, and I got my idea from them. My theory was that the reason why a cigarette stayed lighted, while the same tobacco went out in a pipe, was because of the air surrounding the cigarette. So I got a real genuine patent on a pipe that was a sort of candle holder — the bottom of the bowl was made smaller than the rest of the bowl, so that it would pinch the end of one of those Smokaroll things and hold it up like a candle in a candlestick, without letting the tobacco touch the sides of the bowl. The idea worked, too. The tobacco stayed lighted and smoked cool and dry and mild, but the tobacco company promptly stopped making the Smokarolls so I was sunk again. I put the patent away and years later a philanthropist came along and paid me a royalty of \$50 a month for nearly a year for the right to make pipes under my patent, so I made a neat profit on the idea. However, the other fellow lost eight or ten thousand dollars before he finally quit.

About a year later I hit on a scheme for making an income of at least \$15,000 a year from another sideline. In fact, I intended this to be the main line if the test worked out. And I knew that it could not fail, because an acquaintance of mine was doing better than that with a similar idea. This man conducted an automobile business by mail — advertising for agents to sell his automobile and telling them that they would be entitled to buy a demonstrator at factory cost.

The thing looks silly now, but it worked then. The inquiries that man got would break a mail-carrier's back. His plan was to give a man exclusive selling rights for his automobile in a certain town provided he qualified as an agent. You had to send him some references and you had to be thoroughly trained in his selling methods. In order to get this thorough and "valuable" training you did not have to go away from home. He sent you a complete course of instruction by mail — a course "easily worth \$100" — and it only cost you \$15. But you must take the course and pass the final examination or you could not be an agent (and get a demonstrator at \$600 under the regular retail price if you wanted one). The course of lessons consisted of six booklets that cost him about 60c and he made a profit of about \$250 on each "demonstrator" that he sold — having them made and shipped direct by a large manufacturer in Indiana. And each year he sold from \$15,000 to \$20,000 worth of instruction courses, and made enough profit on the automobiles to pay all of his advertising and office expenses — so the lesson money was all clear profit.

This looked very satisfactory, indeed, so I determined to have some for myself. My idea, however, was to start a poultry school and get inquiries by guaranteeing to double the per capita egg production of any flock of hens or return your money. I knew that this would be easy to do, because I had done it dozens of times during my teaching days. All I had to do was to tell the poultry keeper how to cull out the poor layers and how to feed the good layers the right way for heavy laying, etc. I would sell them a course of instruction for \$15.00, too, and they could have their money back if they did not get the desired results.

And then, to check my own judgement, I submitted the whole plan — advertising copy, follow-up matter and all — to a friend who was undoubtedly the greatest expert in mail-order advertising in the business. He agreed with me that it ought to go like a house afire — and it fell flat. I got plenty of inquiries, but I could not turn them into sales. The thing that fooled us both was the fact that the automobile man was offering people an opportunity to get out of the business they were in — and he was also apparently offering them a chance to take advantage of him. He later told me that at least half of his customers had no idea of ever acting as his agents. They were going through the motions of making him think they were going to be agents merely to get an automobile at wholesale prices.

My plan failed because it lacked this automobile come-on — and also because it merely offered to tell people how to get more eggs from the same old hens in the same old humdrum back yard. Also, most of my inquiries came from people who wanted to get into the chicken business and out of some other business.

This venture cost me about \$500, so the next few sidelines had to be figured on a basis that would not require more than \$30 total capital.

Now came one that met these financial restrictions. I was a participant, but I cannot claim the idea for my own — and I am glad of it. One of my erstwhile teammates from Sears-Roebuck came to me and told me that he had stumbled onto a most amazing way to make some very nice money. Some rather hayseedy chap from a county seat down in Illinois had come to Sears with the idea of selling them certain lists of names that he would guarantee to be in possession of surplus money on certain dates. He would even give the exact amount of said surplus money in each individual case. Sears was not interested so this lad asked my friend to help him find someone who could use such lists to advantage — and my friend came to me. By this time the stranger had been forced to divulge the source of his information — because my friend would have nothing to do with the deal on any other basis. What he did, he said, was to employ a clerk in the county recorder's office in any desired county and pay him so

much per hundred names for a record of the holders of all recorded mortgages and the due date and amount of money that they presumably would receive when such mortgages came due. This was the list he had for sale — there were thousands upon thousands of such people available each month throughout the United States — and such a list would be a gold-mine for investment houses, etc. The originator of the plan, whom I never met, said that he had furnished trial lists of such names to an automobile agency and a piano dealer and that they had sold an unbelievable percentage of the lists.

My part of the syndicate was to find customers for such lists, which we were to buy from this downstate idea man and furnish to our customers for a percentage of their sales. I think that we were to pay ten cents a name — and we expected to net up to a dollar on each ten cents if all went well. The idea looked good.

I thought of taking it to Gus Peabody of Peabody-Houghteling & Co., but just in time I remembered that Lackner & Butz Sons were also in the First Mortgage Real Estate Bond business. They were friends of my boyhood and probably they needed the business worse than Gus, so I went to them with the magic idea. They had a couple of new bond issues and agreed to try them out on a few hundred names in two nearby towns — so we sent the fellow our check for thirty or forty dollars to pay for the lists and he promptly sent a couple of lists that he had evidently copied out of some defunct telephone directory. At least they sent out their circulars — got back a few marked "Dead" or "Party Unknown," but no orders — sent an investigator to one town to check up on fifty of the names, who discovered that not one of the fifty had ever owned a mortgage or ever hoped to be able to own one — and then informed me that they would not charge me for their time and traveling expense and circulars if I would see that they got back their wasted postage. Then and there I decided that I would think up my own sidelines in the future.

This sideline disease is not chronic, like dandruff or laughing at your own jokes. It hits you from time to time absolutely without warning — more like lumbago than anything I know. For example, I was going along peacefully writing copy for the Rankin Company, apparently recovered from sidelines and reconciled to never having quite enough money to pay my bills. I had even successfully resisted one or two sidelines and big-money ideas that other idea men had pushed at me, including one very interesting scheme to go out to Montana with a couple of young fellows who had bought a large ranch near Boseman and were going to get rich raising seed peas because you could raise them better in Montana than anywhere.

About this time our largest account got into financial trouble and suspended advertising — whereupon we suspended thirty

people from our payroll. The firm was holding the bag for unpaid advertising bills amounting to nearly \$200,000 and could not pay the magazines and newspapers until the advertiser paid them, which might be never. They only had \$100,000 operating capital and, like most advertising agencies of those days, the failure of one big account frequently meant the failure, or at least the reorganization, of the advertising agency.

Thinking about that situation and other similar advertising crises which had preceded it caused me to break out in another place with a brand new idea — a whopper. The publications usually allowed the agencies a discount of 12% from the retail price of the space. In addition to this discount they also allowed an additional 3% on all bills that were paid on or before the cash discount date. But many advertisers failed to pay the agencies before that cash discount date, with the result that the agencies, unless they were strongly financed, could not take their cash discounts and millions of dollars of discounts were thus lost each year for lack of capital.

My idea — and I claim to have been years ahead of the finance corporations of today with it — was to form a finance company to profit by these discounts. Only recognized advertising agencies were entitled to membership and each one would chip in a certain amount of working capital — bringing the total up to possibly half a million dollars. Any additional capital would be borrowed from the banks — call money that would never be needed for more than two or three weeks at a time — and this arrangement would enable the finance corporation to earn three to four million dollars each year in otherwise unused discounts.

A second and totally different function of this agency organization would be that of curbing the greatest evil of the advertising agency business — the ease with which an employee of an agency could leave that agency, start his own agency, and take with him enough accounts to seriously cripple or actually ruin his previous employer. Hardly a week passed that did not see this happen in Chicago or New York or Detroit or some of the other large cities and the same situation persists to the present day. The second part of my organization idea was that the agency corporation would be so strong that it could dictate to the publishers in the matter of granting recognition and commissions to new agencies.

The widespread practice of one agency hiring a key man from a competitor in order to secure the accounts that he controlled was bad enough, and could probably be materially checked by demanding that the publishers of the nation refuse to allow commissions on accounts secured in this way for a period of six months after such employees changed employers. But granting commissions to new agencies was even more serious, particularly when those new agencies were composed of the ex-employees of recog-

nized agencies. I felt, furthermore, that most of the publishers would be very friendly toward stronger control of the general situation. A mere switching around of accounts meant no increase in their business and very frequently meant actual financial loss through the failure of the agencies that had been subjected to this type of piracy.

Even now, through the vista of twenty-five years, the plan looks good to me — but I never got anywhere with it. In fact, I did not make a very determined effort, largely because I could not figure out how I was going to make any money out of it for myself. I had it in mind to be manager of the corporation or something of the kind, but I likewise had a deep suspicion that as soon as the movement got into the hands of some of the big boys in the agency field they soon would not even remember how to pronounce my name. Furthermore, when I had a talk with Vice Pres. Ralph Van Vechten of the Continental & Commercial Bank and he told me that our financial operations might need as much as nineteen million dollars at one time, if I remember correctly, and that his bank and the other big Chicago banks could not furnish more than three million dollars and I would have to go to New York to see about the rest of the money, I just gave the whole thing up. I did not have the carfare to New York at that particular moment.

My next sideline was thoroughly practical and made me a little money. When I was employed by Sears-Roebuck to study the efficiency of their direct-mail advertising, I became impressed with the importance of having each booklet or catalogue or circular carry as many pages as the postal regulations would permit. When you are paying postage to circularize a couple of million people, a few extra pages or a couple of inserts may mean an increase of thousands of dollars in sales — and the proportions are the same for smaller mailing lists.

In order to make each postage stamp bring back the greatest possible amount of business, it was necessary for my department to spend days on end figuring paper weights, page sizes, etc. — so I finally worked out a series of tables showing the exact number of pages or folds, weight of stock, and size of sheet of paper that could be mailed for both 1c and 2c postage in the form of mailing cards, folders, broadsides and catalogues.

Some time after leaving Sears, in fact after I came to Indianapolis, I conceived the idea that there were other advertisers who would gladly pay for this information, so I prepared a series of five blueprints giving the data in complete form and showing the actual size of the sheets and the finished and folded job — so that an advertiser could instantly select the heaviest usable stock and the exact number of pages of that stock that he could mail for a given amount of postage. Then I circularized about a thousand

large manufacturers and offered to sell them this set of charts for \$5.00 on approval. I sold about 5%, which was very good returns, netting me about \$2.00 profit on each set of charts and not a single set was rejected. By that time, however, I was out of prospects so that was that.

Now came a real working sideline — one that kept me working nights and Sundays for three years and really should have discouraged me for life. But it didn't. Nothing discourages your simon-pure idea producer, because he always has another idea in the back of his mind — a fresh and vigorous idea that is just hoping that the present one will hurry up and fail or get off the track so that the new baby can have a chance.



HERE WE GO AGAIN

This new one was all due to my meeting a gentleman of Swedish extraction on a long, hot train ride between Hattiesburg and Jackson, Miss. This lad was spending half of his time selling Buckeye incubators and the other half managing a commercial baby chick hatchery for a large concern that owned some nine hatcheries — all of them located in medium-sized cities in the Middle West and all of them earning from \$7,000 to \$9,000 a year, to hear him tell it. He had been working for them for two or three years and he was so impressed with the money-making possibilities of the hatchery business that he wanted me to investigate conditions in and around Indianapolis for him. His idea was to start his own hatchery in that city.

I made careful investigation and wrote him that everything seemed ideal for his venture. There was no chick hatchery within sixty miles of Indianapolis and the local seed stores were buying and selling more than 200,000 baby chicks each year. But when he came to Indianapolis to make final arrangements, I found that he had no money and wanted me to help him raise capital locally. I rapidly remembered some of my previous experiences in that line, so I bade him a firm farewell and he finally went back to his old job. The damage, however, had been done. I wanted a hatchery for myself, and I just had to have one. It was a sure money-maker and would pay for itself the first year, no matter how you figured it.

You could buy eggs from farmers at about 6c a dozen over the wholesale market price, which would make your eggs cost you about 2½c each on an average. One thousand eggs would produce about 700 chicks, which would sell for an average of 15c each. Thus from eggs that cost \$25 you secured chicks that sold for \$105 — leaving you a gross profit of \$80 on every thousand eggs set.

Now I was not quite as big a fool as you are prepared to think me. If this man had come to me with any such story I would not have believed it, even if it had been true. His own evident anxiety to get into the business for himself, after having actually managed a hatchery for three seasons, made his profit story somewhat credible. But still I was not prepared to accept it. What I did was to go out and visit half a dozen hatcheries in Indiana and Kentucky and Illinois and Ohio, and from their owners I verified every statement that he made. It was a small gold mine.

By borrowing on my life insurance I could rake together enough money to make a down payment on a 10,000-egg Buckeye Incubator — the type which he had been operating and selling. That size machine would return me a gross profit of \$800 every three weeks, and it probably could be operated profitably for five three-week periods each season. The local stores said that they would buy chicks from me and I expected to make something in the neighborhood of \$4,000 each year from a sideline that could be operated in my own garage and attended to in my spare time.

I made my first mistake — aside from that of not quietly killing the gentleman from Mississippi — by telling certain of my friends about my plans. The almost instant result was that two of them — both harboring the age-old chicken farm complex and neither of them acquainted with my past record with sidelines — decided that I had stumbled on a Heaven-sent idea and insisted on coming in with me. They wanted some of that \$4,000 per annum — and their argument was that if each one of us bought one of those 10,000-egg incubators we would not only have three times as much profit but we would have enough volume to afford to pay a man to run the business. So they each put in enough money to make a down payment on a machine, and then we let ourselves get talked into buying one large 40,000-egg machine instead of the three smaller ones.

Naturally a machine of this size, holding three tons of eggs, was nothing to operate in one's garage. We had to rent a store and hire a man to do a few things like receive and set nearly 15,000 eggs each week — turn them twice a day — keep the fire going — book orders — answer the telephone — talk to the curious public — make chick boxes — test eggs — help chicks out of the shell — count them and sort them and pack them in shipping boxes — make out shipping labels — take the chicks to the postoffice — and turn in all money received without holding back any. Outside of that he was practically unoccupied from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M. of each day, including Sundays.

But that was not all of our labor problem. We found that the machine was liable to run out of water or coal during the night — the heat would go down — and with approximately \$1,200 worth of eggs in jeopardy it seemed foolish to take any chances — so we hired a night man in addition to the day man.

Every morning I got up two hours early in order to spend them at the hatchery. Every evening I stopped there for an hour or two on my way home from the office. I spent Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday and a large part of my evenings surrounded by eggs and chicks and excelsior. And on shipping and egg setting days my wife and some of my available sons were most decidedly in the hatchery business.

As a result of this thing and that, we made a gross profit of about \$1,800 the first year instead of the \$12,000 that we anticipated — and we owed \$4,500 on the incubator — past due. Eggs cost more than we expected — chicks sold for 12c instead of the previous 15c — none of the local stores lived up to their promise to buy chicks from us — and we had failed to hatch more than 450 chicks from each thousand eggs, instead of the 700 chicks that we expected.

However, this same type of machine was merrily hatching at that 700-chick gait all over the state and it apparently was something that we were doing that was wrong — perhaps we needed better eggs or more ventilation. Next year we would know how to get better results.

Another thing that we obviously needed was more capacity. We had room to install a second machine of the same kind — attached to the same boiler — and our two men could look after two machines as easily as one. All it would mean was more help in setting eggs and packing chicks, and there would be a better margin because the overhead cost per chick would be reduced. We knew that we could sell the extra chicks, too, because we could have sold three times as many as we hatched the first year.

The problem was how to get the second machine, for we had no money. About this time the sales manager of the incubator company dropped in to see me and said that he had a machine exactly like ours for sale in Newcastle, Indiana. It had been operated for one season by one of the ex-employees of his company whose wife had then decided that he did not like the hatchery business. He had never paid for the machine and the company would move it to Indianapolis and sell it to me on my own terms. It was a good hatcher, too. He showed me the weekly records and it was turning the chicks out at just about that magic 700-chick-per-thousand-egg rate.

I was very cautious about this second machine, because we were going to have to go in debt for it. One of the earliest precepts of my Grandfather Willard was never to mortgage one piece of property in order to acquire a second piece, lest you lose both. I acted on that precept and bought that second incubator in my own name — borrowing the down payment from the bank. And as soon as I told my partners about it they promptly thought that I had run a “whizzer” on them. If this was a good “buy” then they wanted in on it. So we had a directors’ meeting — wives and all — and I told them why I had handled the deal in that way. I said that if the corporation bought the second incubator we were running a fine chance of eventually losing both machines because of this purchase. And I then said that if, having thoroughly understood this risk, they still wanted to have it bought by the cor-

poration, I was perfectly willing to turn the deal over to them — which they promptly voted to do.

The second year we made enough money to pay a couple of thousand dollars of what we owed on the first machine — but we still were unable to hatch more than about 500 chicks per thousand eggs set. The third year we were going to clean up big — but hatches were worse than ever all over the country — three other hatcheries and two baby chicks stores started up in Indianapolis — and one of the ten-cent stores started to sell chicks for a dime at the time of year when we were normally oversold at 15c — and the result was that this third year we lost almost as much money as we had managed to make during the first two years.

Things dragged on until just about the time to begin to get ready to buy eggs for the fourth season and we had no money left with which to buy eggs. So I started negotiations with a hatchery in Muncie to move our two machines to their plant and furnish us with a certain number of chicks at actual cost of production — a cost which would have allowed us a profit of about 4c per chick — and to sell us all the additional chicks that we needed at 3c under our average selling price. And before I had this contract actually signed I went to New York to take that Seaman job — some hitch came up in connection with the contract — and the final outcome of the matter was that my partners got disgusted with the whole affair and threw up their hands — and the incubator company sold both machines to another hatchery for exactly what we still owed them. We were out of the hatchery business — we had lost all of the money we put into it — I had put in three years of the hardest kind of work and worry without a cent of salary — and a very severe strain had been imposed upon some very valued friendships.

That was nine years ago — and to this day I never answer the telephone in the middle of the night without expecting someone to tell me that I had better hurry down to the hatchery because the electric current is off or the boiler has busted or the fire is out or an electric brooder has burst into flames — or the night man is drunk and throwing eggs at the passers-by.

But I have always been a firm believer in the old idea of accepting the lemons of Fate and turning them into lemonade. So I proceeded to make back all of the money I lost in the hatchery business — four times over — by inventing and patenting a new kind of shipping box for baby chicks.

I feel a bit silly — a bit of self-conscious — over writing down all of these petty details of my personal affairs. They are no longer interesting to me and for that reason I have to fight a constant desire to leave out many of the details that belong in my story.

I could not believe that they would ever be of interest to any of my descendants, were it not for the fact that details of daily life and effort and success and failure are exactly what I wish my ancestors had left for me to read. Possibly, just possibly, some of those who tread the weary trail of life behind me will feel as I do about it — and assuredly they cannot complain that I left them no details.

I think that it is also much more than likely that some of them will be bitten with the idea of patenting some invention and making money from that invention. Here is one field in which I have had much experience and where I have been far more successful than most so-called inventors — for which reason I have something of value to tell you.

Perhaps the best way to tell it is to describe the history of this chick box which I just mentioned. Baby chicks are shipped through the mails in the familiar corrugated boxes which contain one hundred chicks. They can be shipped to any point that they will reach within 72 hours after being hatched — because the baby chick does not need to eat or drink for that period and, as a matter of fact, is much better off without food or drink for at least 48 hours. They provide their own heat in such small quarters — but they must have the correct amount of ventilation.

This ventilation is provided by a series of small holes in both the sides of the box and in the cover — and my invention and patent had to do with this ventilation. In view of the fact that boxes of chicks are often piled on top of each other, it is obvious that something must be done to prevent the upper box in a pile from resting immediately upon the cover of the lower box, for if this happens it will close the ventilation holes in the cover and the chicks will smother. In common practice this is arranged by nailing or glueing strips of wood on each cover which act as spacers. These strips cost something and it requires many hours of time to fasten them to the box covers in large hatcheries and they frequently increase the postage on the box of chicks.

What I started out to do was to invent a chick box that would not need these ventilation strips — and in solving the problem I designed nearly twenty different types of chick boxes. I tried to figure out every possible way in which a man could make a “stick-less” chick box — and I have followed the same practice in every invention that I have ever undertaken. Only in that way could I feel sure that there was not some better way to do a thing — and only in that way could I seek to anticipate what competitors might think of in the future.

Having made all of these different trial boxes I discarded several because of one weakness or another and I also discarded a large number because they could not be manufactured or because

they obviously would cost so much more than the standard chick box that it would be cheaper to use the old box and buy the sticks and pay to have them attached. What I had to have was a box that would be just as good as the standard box in every way — that could be made and sold for the same price — and that needed no sticks.

When my experimental work was finally finished I had three such boxes — and then I was ready to talk to a patent attorney. One of these boxes he discarded, on the grounds that even if we could get a patent on it the patent would be no good — that if it came to a lawsuit a smart patent attorney could have the patent judged invalid.

This is one thing that is incomprehensible to the average inventor — who is almost always a one-idea inventor. Each and every one of them has the idea that if he can only get a patent allowed that is proof that it is a good patent. The actual facts are that there is nothing to prevent the U. S. Patent Office from selling you a patent that is an exact duplicate of every patent that they already issued to somebody else. What I mean is that they could, if they saw fit, issue to you an exact duplicate, word for word, of my patent on this chick box. There is nothing in the law to prevent their doing this. What they actually do in the patent office, when you file an application for a patent, is to make a search through the back patents in your particular section to see whether they can find some older patent that covers one or more of your claims or features. If they cannot find something of that kind, and if your invention meets the legal requirements of being “new and useful,” and if your claims are properly drawn up, they then issue you a patent. But if their examiners happen to miss some older patent — or there is some older patent in a totally different section where they have not searched the files — your nice new patent with its seal and ribbons is not worth two cents — and they assume no responsibility. Nor do they assume the slightest responsibility for your invention being new. Time after time people have invented something that they thought was entirely new — something that had never been patented in this country — and have secured U. S. patents covering their inventions. And later on it develops that the idea is old as the eternal hills — that people made that particular product that way forty years ago — and no patent will stand up in court if the patented idea has been in common use before it was invented by the owner of the new patent.

So that was why my patent attorney rejected one of my box designs. He could not remember just where he saw it, but he remembered that he had seen some other box, for some other purpose, that was made exactly that way. And, as a matter of fact, he was correct. For when my stick-less box got on the

market it created sufficient interest to start other inventors to work. One of them "invented" exactly the same box that we had rejected five years earlier — and he came into Federal Court right here in Indianapolis to try to collect damages from an infringer of his patent — and he got a good licking and had his patent rendered null and void, through evidence that slat coops for shipping live hens had been made that way years ago.

The next step was to make a search in the patent office to see whether there was some older patent which obviously would knock out either of the two apparently new and good designs that I had left out of all of those I had designed. Please note — and note carefully — that I had not yet applied for a patent. Applying for patents cost money and I had learned that applying for the patent is the last thing to do if you really want to make money in the inventing business. The first thing is to make a good invention. The second is to find out whether it is new and patentable. The third thing is to find some way to get it onto the market — and to close the deal. Then, and then only, is the time to apply for the patent. At least that is my formula and I have been through the mill at least twenty times and have found no reason to change the procedure — and more than plenty of reasons for sticking to it. Half of the money I have made on patents is the money I did not spend on them.

The search was made by the Washington partner of my attorney. It cost me \$15 and brought to light the fact that one of my boxes had been anticipated — I could get a patent on it, in all probability, but it would be very narrow and weak. Better let it alone. So far as the second design was concerned, he was able to discover no interference. It looked as though I would be able to get a valid patent on that one.

The next thing to do was to find some chick-box manufacturer who would take my box and manufacture and sell it on a royalty basis. At least that is the way I have always handled my inventions, and when I stop to remember the usual results that have accompanied other plans of other inventors I still prefer my plan.

Most inventors, particularly the inexperienced, try to follow one of two other courses. They either try to sell their patent outright to someone already in the business — or they try to start a company of their own to manufacture their invention. Selling a new patent is a mighty tough job, because the wise manufacturer not only does not know whether the patent is valid or not until it has actually been "seasoned" — has actually survived one or two law-suits — but he also does not know how the invention is going to do on the market. The result is that if you can sell a patent at all it sells for a very small price.

However, this plan is far preferable to starting a new company to market a new patented article. Almost without exception these ventures fail — the inventor and all of his relatives and friends lose their money — the company goes into bankruptcy — and the patent, if it has any value, is sold by the receiver to help pay the corporation debts.

Turning your patent over to some manufacturer on a royalty basis is an entirely different matter — and one that is beset with a different set of dangers. No need to go into a lot of detail, but certain fundamentals should be followed in making such a deal. The inventor should never transfer title to his patent. The contract should specify that the manufacturer is to pay earned royalties either four times or twelve times each year and should specify the date for such payments. And it should also specify that the manufacturer shall pay a certain minimum amount of royalties each year.

The necessity of these simple and fair safeguards for the inventor is obvious. Ignoring the importance of not transferring ownership of your patent except on an outright sale basis, if you do not insist that royalties are to be paid at least quarterly the licensee may run along for an entire year without paying you anything and then refuse to pay. If, on the other hand, he is not required to pay a certain minimum each year he can get control of your patent and then simply decline to make any of the merchandise.

Many a good patent has been pigeon-holed in that manner. And one of my inventor friends licensed a manufacturer to make an invention of his some years ago, without specifying any date for paying royalties — and he has been waiting for more than five years for those royalties, while the manufacturer is going right ahead and making and selling the patented article. He is going to pay him "sometime," but nobody knows when — and in the meantime he can neither get a settlement out of that manufacturer nor can he cancel his contract and turn the patent over to more honorable manufacturers.

Some pages back I made the statement that it is not necessary to actually apply for your patent until after you have completed some deal for having the article manufactured — and you probably thought that I was crazy. But such is the fact. If you have handled the matter properly, you are taking no risk in divulging your invention before you have applied for your patent — even if you show it to the worst crooks and pirates left unhung.

Most inventors go around on mental tiptoe in constant fear that someone will steal their idea. They rush into the patent office in a panic lest someone get there ahead of them with a patent application.

Now the general purpose and effect of the patent law is this: The rights to a new and useful and patentable invention shall belong to the first man to invent same, and, even if a patent shall have actually been issued to some other man, if you can go to the patent office and convince them that you invented that device or process before the other man says that he invented it, then the patent office will issue a patent to you and nullify the patent that they have already issued to the other man. The question to be determined is "who was the first inventor." And the best way to prove your dates is by actual and uncontrovertable documentary evidence.

Every patent attorney has printed blanks that are headed "Proof of Invention" or something like that. When I have a flash on an invention I simply take one of those blanks, or any piece of paper, and write out a complete description of the invention I have in mind — make a rough sketch of it if I can — and then have it witnessed and sealed by a notary. Then I put it away and forget it. There is written and official legal proof that on that particular day I thought of that particular invention. And if I should get into an argument at the patent office or in court with some other inventor who claims that he invented the same thing before I did — my statement before a notary public is worth a hundred relatives and friends that he may produce without such legal certainty.

Having someone else beat you to the patent office is not the only thing that can happen to your patent aspirations. Someone may file an application for a patent on your idea after you have already filed — and they frequently do so. Then you run into what the patent attorneys cheerfully call "interference" — and they have to go to Washington and have hearings and charge you as much as they would for a lawsuit. Here are two people who both claim to have invented the same thing and it is up to the patent office to decide the squabble. And if the two inventions and the desired claims are practically the same, they issue the patent to the man that first thought of the invention, regardless of who was the first to file the patent application. Get your dates and descriptions down in writing — and have them witnessed and notarized.

Now let's get back to the chick box. Here was an article that could have been sold by mail. It was an ideal article for me to purchase from some box manufacturer and sell myself, because most of the ten thousand hatcheries in the country were used to buying them by mail. But there were two good reasons why I did not follow that plan, which had certain decided advantages. One of these was the fact that I would have to spend several hundred dollars for dies and several more hundred dollars for my initial stock of boxes — and I did not have the thousand dollars

to spend. The second was that the big chick box manufacturers were by now sending out salesmen to call on the hatcheries — and I knew what they would do to the firm that was depending on selling boxes by mail.

So I sent samples to six or eight of the important chick box manufacturers, offering my box on a royalty basis, and they all turned it down. None of them thought that the hatcherymen would buy a box that did not require sticks. Then I offered it on an exclusive basis to another manufacturer and he tried to get me to sign a trick contract that would given him title to my patent. And finally I found a square-shooter who saw the possibility of doing some business and we went ahead and sold over a hundred thousand of my boxes the first year. He paid me ½c royalty on each box — and I also sold the same box by mail in other territories and made from 3c to 4c per box on my sales.

As the years went by our sales dropped away to nothing and I had figured that this particular horse had run its race, when a very amusing thing popped up. For some reason, my patent had been incorrectly filed in the patent office. All of the other chick box patents were filed in one section, but because of the fact that my patent bore the title "Shipping Container for Small Domestic Animals," it had been filed over with the bird cages and dog pullmans and goldfish cans and the like. The result was that two other inventors had come along with chick boxes that obviously infringed my patent — and neither their attorneys nor the patent office examiner had run onto my patent in their search, because of that fortunate mis-filing — and both of them had secured patents.

Now one of them was being sued by the other — I stumbled onto the affair quite by accident — and the result was that I offered to sue both them. Their lawyers discovered with intense pain that I owned the key patent to the entire situation, and before the firing died down I sold that nice friendly old patent for real cash money to the highest bidder.

As America knows to its sorrow, the Great Depression started with the stock market collapse in the fall of 1929 and before stocks finally reached bottom thousands of millions of dollars had been lost and practically everybody who had stocks that were not paid for had been wiped out financially — for they not only lost the deposits which they had made with their brokers but they threw away all of the additional money that they could secure in a vain effort to save their initial deposits.

This stock market collapse came as the climax of the greatest boom market the world had ever seen. For several years it was

impossible to make mistakes in purchasing listed stocks. No matter what you bought — the price would go up. One of my friends borrowed all of the money to buy one hundred shares of stock and within four years his stock holdings were well over a million dollars in his favor. He made money so fast that he had no time to do anything but watch the market and amuse himself. He proved that he was an expert by making a million dollars — and he lost every cent of it within three months. By that I mean that he did not have as much as ten dollars at the end of the ride.

Two things kept me from becoming a temporary millionaire during that boom. The first was the fact that I had once tried the stock market and decided that it was a lunatic's game. It did not react to common sense. While I was with Sears-Roebuck I became impressed with the news that many of their department managers had built up neat fortunes by doing some gentle gambling in Sears stock — so I gathered together all of the spare money that I could find and bought sixteen shares on margin. I made that purchase shortly before the end of the month. In a few days the firm released its monthly report showing that our sales for the month had been bad. I fully expected my stock to go down in value and wipe me out — but instead of that it went up sixteen points during the next month. By the end of that month I had inside information that our sales were way up — so I figured that my stock would go still higher and I wished that I had some more money to buy some more stock. Instead of going up the darn stock went down.

It kept flickering around for several months and then came Woodrow Wilson's campaign for his second term as President. All of the big money interests were against him and they convinced me that it would hurt everything if he was re-elected — so I sold my stock and planned to buy it back as soon as Hughes was elected. I figured that a Republican victory would put stocks up and a Democratic victory would send them down. In either case I would be better off without any stocks for a few days. So Wilson was elected and stocks promptly went up — and I quit the stock market. Apparently stocks went strictly by contraries, but I did not feel that I could count on it.

The other reason why I escaped the universal madness was because I had been expecting the market to collapse every week from the time it began to rise. I had called the turn on the Florida land boom and this looked exactly like it to me. At no time could I see any visible reason for the general rise and the longer it continued the closer it had to come to the other end.

So instead of taking an annual trip to Europe during the boom and then practicing jumping out of high windows during the crash, I was busy trying to find some way to make real money out of a

lot of printing presses and such advertising and merchandising skill as I could bring to bear on that problem.

As I have previously recorded, the collapse of the market for printing put an end to that occupation and I immediately took a keen and personal interest in the depression. From now on it was my depression — and it so continues to this month of December, 1934.



THE GREAT DEPRESSION

What does a man do when he joins a depression? If he has any securities on margin he loses those securities — and usually he loses most or all of the rest of his spare cash trying to prevent that loss. If he is paying for a house or an automobile or something else on a contract, he has to stop paying and usually loses what he has already paid in. If he owns a business his sales fall off — his customers stop paying their bills — he fires all of the help that he can possibly do without and cuts the salaries of those who remain — he cuts his own salary — he reduces his advertising — he cuts prices in order to meet the murderous price-cutting by his competitors — he tries to get his rent reduced, usually without success, and finally winds up by not paying the rent at all — his taxes go unpaid — his bank closes up, enfolding what cash he may have left — and then the wolves get him.

Not long ago a commercial credit expert told me that at least ninety out of every one hundred business concerns in the United States were absolutely insolvent at the time that Franklin Roosevelt went into office — that if their creditors had wished to do so they could have gone into court and thrown every one of them into bankruptcy.

From early in 1930 onward, men and women were losing their jobs in this country at the rate of something like half a million a month. Most of them had little or no money saved up to carry them through — and almost none of them had enough to carry them through a depression that was to last for years. They used up what they did not lose and were then thrown upon some kind of charity for support. Millions moved in with relatives who still had homes and food — other millions had no one to whom they could turn — no possible source of food and shelter except the government or the rapidly weakening private charitable organizations.

This depression is by far the greatest catastrophe that this or any other nation has ever undergone. Its costs are already far greater than those of the World War and the resultant suffering is far wider and more general. And when it has finally come to an end it will not be at all surprising to find that seventy-five percent of the entire wealth of the country has either entirely disappeared or has changed hands.

We have had depressions in the past — many of them — and from those painful experiences we learned certain fundamental truths. At least we thought that they were fundamental truths, until we met this new kind of depression. Among other things, we learned that it was dangerous to own something that was not entirely paid for when a depression came along. We learned that a savings account was the one thing that would see you through, provided you got your savings out of the bank before it failed. We learned that the ownership of land, or of mortgages on land, was the best of all investments in times of stress. And we learned that the farmer was the boy who always came through with the least worry — because he always had a roof and food and wood in the woodlot.

But this present depression has upset all that we learned from a thousand years of hard-bought experience. That is, it has upset all of the precepts except the one regarding the danger of owning something that is not entirely paid for. And it is on this one thing that the people of the United States have come to grief. The farmers lost their farms because they were not paid for — and they could not continue to pay. People lost their homes and their stocks and their automobiles and their household furnishings because they were not paid for — and they could not continue to pay. They lost their life insurance because they could not continue to pay. And if any single lesson has come out of this particular cataclysm, it must be the fact that it is dangerous to head into any depression owning something that is but partially paid for.

This has been true in other depressions, but to a very much smaller degree. For in the depression of 1907 — the last of any consequence — the monthly payment plan had not yet been invented. Real estate and certain other things could be bought by making a substantial down payment and giving a mortgage for the balance due — but payments on the mortgage came due only once or twice a year. Now they come at monthly or even weekly intervals and the passing of one payment date places your entire investment in jeopardy. In 1907, only your stocks and life insurance — and your bank deposit — were in constant danger. But today you lose your farm and your tools — your home and your automobile and your truck and your new tires and your furniture and your radio and your sewing machine and your gas stove and your electric ice box and vacuum cleaner and your baby carriage and your new suit and your wife's wedding ring — if you cannot make a payment every month. The only thing that you can buy on payment plans that they cannot take away from you is a surgical operation — and two of my sons have bought them for their wives since this depression began.

What did I do during the depression? Well, those of the family who had it to spare saw to it that I did not suffer for the necessi-

ties of life, may God bless them for it, and I set to and worked like the devil for four years — and accomplished practically nothing of any financial value.

The exasperating part of my experience was the fact that I had always considered myself especially well equipped to meet exactly that sort of situation. I had so many different things that I could do — and do well — that I flattered myself that I would never be long without a job.

I certainly was qualified to handle almost any job as sales manager or advertising manager in almost any line of business.

I certainly was qualified to handle any job of copywriting for any advertising agency in the country.

I had wide experience in both circulation and advertising promotion for both newspapers and magazines.

I was certainly qualified to serve a farm paper as either editor or feature writer or in the advertising or circulation department.

I could do a bang-up job of writing editorials for some newspaper — particularly those which had to do with business economics and the entire agricultural field.

I knew how to write acceptable syndicate stuff and newspaper feature articles, because I had experience.

I was a first class personal salesman — and had proved it in many lines.

When the depression came along I had ample opportunity to discover just how well fortified I was to take care of myself under any and all circumstances.

For four years I had been teaching various classes in copy writing and sales management and marketing in the extension division of Indiana University — and I was doing an exceptionally effective and interesting job, from the standpoint of the students, solely because I could combine experience in teaching with a vast fund of personal experience in the actual application of those subjects. So I decided that I would go back to teaching in one of the schools of commerce in some of our universities. I tried them all — but no dice. You have to be a Doctor of Philosophy to get a teaching job in college these days. And there was no use trying to get back into the old poultry line — because it was too far back in history. Everybody had forgotten that I used to be a poultryman.

I might have secured a job working in some hatchery — I seriously thought of it — but at the time I was not yet licked down to wearing overalls and accepting about twenty bucks a

week for six months out of the year. Besides that, when I got to the stage where even that would have been a gesture toward self-respect, the hatcheries were all about broke.

There was nothing in the printing business. All of the printers in the country were starving — and any of them would have been delighted to have me go to work for them on commission — with no drawing account.

There was nothing doing in the advertising agency business. Most of the agencies were in horrible financial shape and thousands of agency men were walking the streets. Two or three of my old acquaintances simply decided that enough was enough — and killed themselves.

Some chamber of commerce wanted an expert in sales promotion — and I put in my application and did not even get my last photograph back.

A farm paper needed an advertising manager — the owner was an old friend of mine — and I could have had the job if I had been willing to work on commission on new business and pay my own traveling expenses. He did not have the money to pay my hotel bills — and neither did I. And about the time I had framed up a job with a poultry journal they went out of business.

A friend promoted a job with an investment company that owned stock in quite a group of industrial concerns. I was to be a sort of supervising sales manager for the entire group. Fortunately I did not get that job, for they smashed with a loud report and two of their executives were sent to the penitentiary.

An Eastern mail order concern advertised for an advertising manager — one who knew mail-order copy and methods. This was right down my alley so I applied for the job — and was turned down because I was now more than 45 years old. Up to the time I passed that mark I lost several good jobs because I was not about forty-five — and as soon as I passed that point I began to lose them because I was too old.

In between these job episodes — and there were others — I invariably decided that the only way to make a living when you were more than forty-five and the world was coming to pieces was to figure out your own plan. And I have spent most of these past four or five years trying to do that very thing.



MANY INVENTIONS

The first year or so of my unemployment I devoted almost exclusively to inventing things that were "new and useful." At least I thought they were new and useful — and as I was thoroughly grounded in the technique of inventing and patenting and arranging for the sale of inventions, I decided to make it a business. Nor was this such a foolish idea, as I already had an income of a couple hundred dollars a month — some months — from other inventions.

I discovered that if you take soda with aspirin it prevents that sour stomach so I decided to patent the idea. If you could just hitch onto this aspirin racket your fortune was made. But when we made a search of the patent files we found that half a dozen other inventors had thought of the same thing — and I also discovered that when you combine aspirin with soda in your stomach you have a new chemical compound that is not aspirin any more.

I invented a method of preventing asphalt pavements from creeping and making waves — and found that it could not be patented. And I invented a method of preventing cracks and crumbling in concrete pavements and could not get anybody interested.

I invented a golf tee (never try that, because every golfer has invented a golf tee) and tried to sell it to Uncle Julian Curtis of the Spaulding Company, but he was then too much interested in his new flat celluloid tees to pay any attention to mine.

I invented a rubber-faced putter — a dandy for keeping the ball straight — and the U. S. Golf Association had a rule that prevented its use.

One morning, when I was reluctantly helping my long-suffering wife (all wives of idea-men are long-suffering) do the housework I got mad at the crooked-edged dust-pan because the dirt kept sweeping back under it. Thinks I — why not a dust-pan with a rubber edge that will cling to the floor. So I went to see every dust-pan buyer in Indianapolis — some of them obviously old enough to have been buying before people invented dust-pans — and none of them had ever heard of one with a rubber edge and they all thought that the idea was swell. Then I went to see the managers of all of the chain stores in town and they all said the same thing. And then I bought one of those \$15 searches in

the patent office — and discovered that the basic patent on a dust-pan with a rubber edge had been issued to someone in 1884 — the year I was born.

However, this did not stop me. Here was something that had never reached the market — and it was good. I would get a patent on some particular feature and go to bat. So I did, and when I went to see every big manufacturer of dust-pans in the U. S. they all said phooey. Nobody would buy a dust-pan with a rubber edge. If there was any demand somebody would have manufactured it long ago.

That being the case I would have them manufactured and would sell them to the Fuller Brush Company. They were always looking for new items and they could sell five million of them in one year. I went East that summer because I had four or five manufacturers to see about making some of my inventions — and when I went up to Hartford, Conn., to see the Fuller people, the man told me that it was a swell idea and his company probably could sell several million — but he didn't want it. What they wanted was something that people used up. Their present line lasted too darned long.

I couldn't budge him, either, so I went to see the head buyers of all of the big chain stores — and found that some idiot from Michigan did not know that people would not buy rubber-edged dust-pans so he got one up and came down to New York a week ahead of me and took initial orders for something like \$28,000 worth of them.

That was the trip when I talked to Julian Curtis about the golf tee. I also called on the Diamond Match Company and showed them an idea for making these "pull-out" matches entirely out of paper, instead of using wood matches. The thing did not interest my man much, as he was the original inventor of the kind they were already making, and when my whole package of matches caught fire in my hand the interview was over. I tried to explain that they had never done that before but it did no good.

I had one other idea for that New York trip, and that was cast iron that would not rust. My idea was that if you coated the inside of the sand mould with copper and poured in the hot iron, the copper would fuse into the surface portion of the iron and give you rustless castings. But the idea had already been patented — fourteen years before — and the patent was owned by a New York concern that was using it only for the purpose of attaching abrasive materials to cast-iron stair treads and the like. I tried to get them interested in the idea of making rustless castings and letting me sell them, but I had no luck. For reasons unknown they decided that nobody cared whether iron castings rusted or not.

I came home and invented two different methods of preventing those thousands of automobile tire blow-outs that are caused by fabric breaks which cause pinching of the inner tube — and none of the tire companies would admit that this was worth doing. Nor did they think that there was a market for a radiator hose that did not need clamps and could not leak where the hose slips over the steel nipples.

I invented a cigarette ash tray that puts out burning cigarettes if you go away and forget them — and two other fellows beat me to it.

I invented a man's shirt that would do away with these collars that choke you to death when they shrink a little, but it was not much good and the shirt manufacturers all swore that their shirts were pre-shrunk and would never choke you, anyway, in spite of the fact that I had on a pre-shrunk shirt that was choking me.

I invented a garden hose that would roll up flat on the reel like a fire hose — and the hose manufacturers told me that it might be all right but there was no feasible way to manufacture it.

I invented a new kind of breakfast food made out of de-oiled peanuts — and it tasted like a very inferior grade of sawdust.

I invented a method of packing ground sausage and hamburger in cellophane — flat — and it was no go because the meat, particularly the hamburger, turned dark when exposed to the light in the butcher shop.

I invented three new and successful kinds of artificial lures for bass — and a no-good hook arrangement for croppies — and could find no takers.

And, finally, in desperation, I invented a new game of solitaire for my own amusement — and my wife (who is an inveterate solitaire player and always on the look-out for new kinds) refused to even try my game. I think that she was afraid of giving the slightest encouragement to my inventions.

Automobile batteries are a condemned nuisance because they are always running out of water and you are always forgetting to have them filled. That being the case, I solved the problem by inventing a battery which had a reservoir of spare water, which would feed into each cell, the same way that a chick fountain works, and keep the water in the cells always at the same level. There was a problem of getting rid of the gases that normally escape through the little hole in each cap, but I solved that by releasing them back through the fountain. My battery got nowhere — because it cost considerably more to make than the regular battery and was so much larger that it would not go in the hanger that was standard equipment.

It always annoyed me to have to paw back through a lot of check-book stubs, trying to find out whether I had paid the water bill or something — so I invented a check book that had slots cut in the stubs in such a way that you could read three names and numbers where you can now read but one. And the American Bank Note Company told me that the banks would never buy them, no matter how much more convenient they were, because they would cost twice as much as the regular check books to make and the banks gave them away free. They intimated that banks do not like to give things away free.

Perhaps there was a market for waterproof matches — so I discovered nine ways to make matches waterproof. All of these methods consisted of either dipping the head of the match in some waterproofing liquid, or mixing the liquid in the material that formed the head of the match. Four or five of them worked fine — you could dip the head of the match in water and then light it while still wet. No takers.

Then I invented a furnace for heating homes — particularly homes that had very shallow basements. Most of the furnaces on the market are so tall that in the ordinary basement the smoke pipe cannot get sufficient rise on the way to the chimney — and the hot-air pipes to distant corners did not have sufficient rise for good circulation. My furnace would be long and low, instead of round and tall — and the fire-box would consist of a slanting pipe-like arrangement. You put the coal in at the upper end and the ashes come out at the lower end, as if your fire was burning on a sort of slanting coal chute. And the flames from the fire at the lower end would pass over the surface of the green coal and burn the gases out of the coal before the coal actually caught fire — thus doing away with smoke. But I never was able to get a furnace manufacturer to make up a test furnace to see how it worked. Most of them were too busy wondering when the sheriff was coming to see them about closing up.

For some reason I always seem to get into a lot of dish-washing around our house and that got me started to thinking about garbage. I invented a sink drainer that would not drip dirty water on the kitchen floor — took it to a large manufacturer of sink drainers — and he said that they had made a non-drip drainer for years and none of the women would have anything to do with it: Then I tried to figure out some kind of perforated paper bag that would go into the drainer as a liner. The garbage would go into that bag and you threw bag and all into the garbage can. But you cannot make a bag the shape of the standard drainer, so that was no good. The last flash in the garbage department was a garbage can with a round, bowl-shaped bottom that would have no seams to catch grease and filth — and somebody was already making one and getting nowhere with it.

Gas stoves are very inefficient. Apparently at least 75% of the heat of an open burner is wasted by its flowing around the cooking vessel and escaping into the air. There must be some way to reduce that waste and cut down the monthly gas bill — and I proposed to do this by enclosing the burner in a jacket that would prevent the heat from getting away sideways. The cooking vessel would tightly close the opening at the top — and the fumes would escape downward and be carried away to the chimney through small pipes. But the man at the Estate Stove Company said that it would make too soft a flame — the idea was so bum that he would not even let his experimental engineer look at my blue-prints.

Big money is usually made by devising some method of securing a very small slice of some article of merchandise that is used by everybody. I had one of these ideas in connection with paper towels. Punch them all full of quarter-inch holes and save about one-third of the paper — thereby making other paper towel manufacturers quite ill over your lower prices. A paper towel full of holes will absorb water just as well as a whole towel of the same quality — for I tried it. But the paper towel people said no.

Every once in a while I get trapped into a game of pool or even billiards. This does not happen more than once a year, and the result is that between games I have lost all idea of angles and caroms. Why not mark off the cloth cover of the table in squares, so that a dub can have a more definite idea of his target? I am sure that it would help my game, but the boys tell me that it would not be Kosher.

Then came a spell of thinking about putting greens for golf courses. One keeps hearing about greens that cost one or two or three thousand dollars to build — and brown patch and blights of various kinds and wild grasses and ants and earthworms raise the devil with them. Half of the help on the golf course is constantly engaged in spreading sand and peat and hand-weeding and planting stolons of bent and cutting and rolling and watering. Some workman or some sprinkler is in your way about every third green. No two greens on the course have the same speed — and all of them change from day to day.

That being the case, why not an artificial green that would need absolutely no attention and that would always be dependable — always the same? I found out how to make that kind of a golf green. You lay down a smooth dirt foundation and over it you lay a green made of sheet rubber, all covered with little fingers exactly like one of those coin mats that they use on cigar cases. The tiny fingers are soft and flexible and keep your ball from drifting off the line of the putt. But the trouble is that you cannot patent the idea.

I notice that when an automobilist wants to attract instant attention he gives his horn two or more quick toots instead of one long one. I also notice that the railroad crossing signal lights flicker on and off, for the same reason. This being the case, there should be a market for some arrangement that would make your automobile horn produce a series of short blasts — that would make your stop-light flicker on and off when you step on the brake pedal. I worked out a simple method of doing those two things, by cutting a make-and-break jigger into the power line, but somebody else had already invented it.

People are forever running through stop-lights because they are not sufficiently visible. I developed the idea of equipping a stop-light with a three-foot neon tube and a big reflector. You could put a red tube and green tube side by side in the same reflector — and there would be so much light that nobody could possibly miss seeing it. On top of that, the saving in electricity would eventually pay for the light. But the trouble with that worthy scheme was that you had to buy an expensive transformer for each and every light, because neon lights cannot use the same electric current that ordinary traffic lights use.

I made drawing for small reflectors to mark the center and possibly the sides of country roads for night driving — and the next time I took a night trip out into Indiana the State Highway Department already had something of the same kind installed on that road.

Wood screws and screw drivers always aggravate me to death. The screw drivers are continually slipping out of the slot in the head of the screw and sticking into my fingers or into the wood-work. This was easy to fix, for all I had to do was to put a small socket in the center of the slot in the screw and then provide a screw driver with a little tip in the center of the driving edge. The tip went into the socket — the screw driver could not slip out — and you could drive screws into automobile bodies and furniture about twice as fast as before. If you had the right kind of screw driver at home you had the same advantage. But you could still use these new screws with any kind of screw driver. The idea was sound — but it was not entirely new, and there was no practical way to put those sockets into the heads of the screws. For the heads of wood screws are made by hammering — and the slot is then cut with an automatic saw. My sockets could not be made by drilling because that would reduce production fifty percent. And they could not be made by hammering because a hammer with that tiny nipple on it would not stand the racket.

Brick veneer houses are much more desirable than frame houses. But they cost a lot more money, because facing brick are expensive and brick-layers also cost plenty. Why not make a

brick facing in sheets so that it could be set up about nine bricks at a time. They could be made not more than one-half as thick as the present brick veneer wall and they could be nailed directly to the wood through nail holes that would be provided in the joints between the courses. Mortar could be tuck-pointed into the fake joints so that you could not tell my kind of brick veneer from the old kind and single bricks could be used where a sheet of nine bricks was too large to finish off. Regular bricks would be used for pillars and corners, etc. This plan would save half of the freight and perhaps one-third of the mason labor. But the trouble was that there was no visible way to patent the idea, so I let it drop without even taking it up with a brick manufacturer.

Now came a fool idea about a neck scarf. I had a two-button overcoat, cut low, and my neck scarf kept blowing around and making me mad. What the blame thing needed was some kind of weights and I tried a couple of these flat round dress weights and then the kind that are made like a string of beads. Nothing patentable there, but the idea worked alright until I hit myself in the eye with one of those weights and I threw that particular scarf away. Given a few more weights in it, however, and it would have been useful for self-defense in case of a holdup.

Furnace gloves are always pulling off of your hands when you try to use them for gardening and things like that. I mean the gauntlet kind. Of course you can use the ones with knitted wrists, but they are too hot in summer and in the furnace season they get your shirt cuffs dirty. So I thought up the idea of putting elastic across the back of the wrist — and discovered that the glove boys had been making them that way for years and the reason I did not know it was because nobody in Indiana would buy them.

While I was on the general subject of wearing apparel, I decided to do something about these horse hairs that stick into your neck. All of my life I had been aggravated by horse hairs sticking into my neck. No matter how many I pulled out there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply. I figured out two ways to make hair cloth that could not come through and stick you — took them to a large tailor shop — and then discovered that these manufacturers of men's clothing have for years been able to buy hair cloth that will not stick you, but it costs something like ten cents extra per suit to use that good kind, so they prefer to save the ten cents.

When an advertiser encloses a printed circular in an envelope that he sends to you he has to pay for two jobs — the circular and the envelope. And he also has to pay to have the circular put into the envelope — at least \$1 per thousand. Also, when an advertiser sends out thousands or millions of circulars for his dealers to mail out, he likes to be sure that they do mail them out. They will use the free envelopes that he furnishes to them, but too many of

them never use the expensive circulars. I proposed to solve all of those problems at one swipe. I designed an envelope that had a circular attached right to it — part of it. You printed both the envelope and the circular at the same time, and when you finished making the envelope the circular was folded up inside of it. You saved one printing job and the cost of inserting the circulars in your own mailings — and the dealer could not forget to use the circulars because they were already in the envelopes. The idea was excellent, but there was no envelope machine in the country that would make them. They had to be folded and gummed by hand — and bang went all of the saving.

For years I had been wanting the right kind of chair for my bedroom. Nobody had ever made a bedroom chair for a man — and here was an untouched market. You could sell them, no matter how many chairs there were already in the house. What I wanted was a chair so designed that I could hang my pants and coat and vest on the back of the chair without their getting wrinkled. I also wanted a shelf underneath where I could park my shoes. Every time I stepped on a shoe in my bare feet I thought of that chair. Of course I could have put my shoes under my regular chair but I always forgot it. If I had a special place for my shoes I would not forget — and the coat-hanger back would be swell. So I designed my personal chair and took it to Showers Brothers and they could not use it. Then I took it to a firm up in Peru, Indiana, and they promised to make me up a sample. That was three years ago and I am still waiting for a sample. Probably nothing patentable there, other than a design patent, but I certainly wish that I had that chair.

Kindling wood was another thing that I worked on. Somebody began a semi-national campaign on a trick kind of kindling — Henry Ford was pushing his briquettes — so I got into the kindling business in a mental way. These fellows who make the corrugated paper for boxes could make a swell kindling by using some kind of inflammable stickum instead of the waterglass that they now use to glue the flat sheet to the corrugated sheet. Besides that there was the idea of corn cobs. Millions of corn cobs go to waste each year — and you could turn them into kindling by putting them in a vacuum-pressure tank and socking them full of thinned tar of a consistency that would not be sticky on the outside of the cobs. But what of it? Plenty useful, but not new.

Every once in a while I had to do some mechanical drawing and I was continually annoyed by the shadow which was cast by the edge of a triangle or tee-square. I discovered that by raising the edge of those drawing tools just a trifle off of the paper it lifted the shadow so that you could always see your line, but it had already been done on tee-squares, to avoid smearing the ink, and they had not sold very well.

Now I decided to try to make some money out of the manufacture of lead pencils. In case you do not know it, lead pencils are made by putting two thin boards through a planer which shapes each board into about six half pencils — all ganged together. Then these shaped boards are sanded — the leads are placed in the slots of one board and the second board is laid over it and glued in place — after which the pencils are cut apart and finished in any desired way.

There is considerable waste of wood involved in making pencils out of two pieces of wood — and one-half of that waste could be saved if one could make them of a single piece of wood. You could also save the expense of glueing and of machining one board out of every two.

I figured out a method of cutting a slot for the lead through one side — dropping the lead in — and filling the slot with something like these various artificial wood products. But I gave it up because I discovered that when such a pencil is sharpened the artificial wood is so weak, down around the lead, that it breaks away. As far as I am concerned, they can go on making them in the old way.

Next I invented an ink bottle for home use. Lots of people still use an ordinary pen and ink bottle, and all such folks are annoyed because they cannot see how deep they are dipping their pen into the ink. What I proposed to do was to make a bottle tilted toward you, so that when you are writing you can look right into the neck of the bottle and see the ink. I got it all worked out — and then discovered that some scoundrel had already designed a water bottle of exactly the same kind to go into an ice box and it was on the market.

I never saw what I would call a good pencil sharpener — not one that will give you the fine long sharp point that you can get with a sharp knife if you know how. All of these coffee-grinder sharpeners tear at the wood after they get a bit dull — all of them make a point that is too short — and all of them have a tendency to break off the point from time to time. What the world needed was a sharpener that worked like a knife — and preferably one that could be sold at chain-store prices. So I invented one. It was made out of one piece of pressed steel which was then folded and fastened together with two rivets. It had a slanting table on which you slid a safety razor blade up and down in a blade holder. It sharpened razors like a professional whittler — could be made to sell for 20c retail in the chains — but it threw the shavings all over, the same way that a knife throws them. Until I can figure what to do about those shavings this idea will get nowhere.

All children love stilts and other devices that do funny things to their diaphragm. I sparked on the idea of taking a pair of foot

rests, with straps like those on roller skates, and attaching them to the tops of a couple of large and very strong rubber balls. Your vigorous young son or daughter puts them on and goes bouncing down the street like a leaping gazelle. But the trouble with that idea was that someone had already come out with the same idea, only they used coiled springs instead of rubber balls. And the kids did not like them. Half an hour of jumping around and they went into the closet to stay.

Women love decorative candles on the dining table and I had an idea for a candle that might be patented. It was really three candles in one — three wicks in a single candle. The design was beautiful — a lily-leaf base in green, with three white fluted pillars rising from it. But the heat from those three wicks so close together was too much for the paraffin. It melted and ran all over creation. Too bad, because it was a nice idea. And another idea for making them in the shape and size of an apple or orange was no good because it placed the flame too low — it was right smack in your eyes.

One of my acquaintances of long ago got rich by inventing and manufacturing a cap for milk bottles. If I remember correctly, he was the first to make a cap that covered the lip of the bottle. Now the big demand was for caps that offered something to take hold of, so that you could pull them out with your fingers. The cap in general use had to use a steel staple, to prevent the paper from tearing — and it was not practical to place a tab on the edge of the cap — besides requiring about twice as much paper because of the waste involved. I cooked up an idea for making bottle caps without using staples, but my scheme required the use of two sheets of thin stock which then had to be pasted together, and it was too costly.

People are always getting caught without a bottle opener when they wish to open a bottle of ginger ale or Coca-Cola — so I solved that by inventing a cap that had part of the tin cut away in the middle. All you had to do was to take a knife or a nail or something of the kind and remove the cork under that hole — and the pressure of the gas in the bottle would immediately squirt the contents out into your glass, without having the entire cap removed. The plan was okay up to a certain point. The caps could be made without extra cost — and they would hold the gas in the bottle. The trouble was that the contents would not come out, no matter how much you shook the bottle. There was supposed to be something like thirty pounds of pressure in those carbonated beverages — and thirty pounds of pressure should be sufficient to squirt the entire contents clear across the room. But such was not the case. Instead of squirting it merely dribbled, so that idea went to the port of missing money.

I love to fish for bass — and every time I run across some little lake that has no boat on it, I am convinced by the very absence of boats that it is just full of hungry bass. What I want is what every bass fisherman wants — some way to get out onto every lake where there is no boat. So I figured out two ways to do it.

The first was a pair of these waders that reach to your arm-pits — and a whopping big life preserver, a sort of a doughnut-shaped raft that you sit down into — so that you can walk right out into any lake or river that you come to, and start kicking along with your feet or paddling with your hands or a short paddle when you get into deep water. If you want a couple of flappers on your legs to help you navigate I can provide them. And there you are — independent of boats and “throwing the rod” at the shore.

The other scheme was a mattress filled with kapok. You use it to sleep on when you are camping — and when you come to some distracting bit of fishing water you have a zipper or something that knits both ends up into a kapok canoe and a few gadgets to stiffen it and a couple of shorts oars or a paddle — and into the water she goes. A man can carry it as far as he can walk, too, because its weighs practically nothing.

But of all this bunch of inventions, the only two that really amounted to anything in my life were the solitaire game, which I still play to the exclusion of all others, and a one-piece minnow bucket which I invented and patented before the depression started and which is still going strong. There was a curse on the rest of them — the same curse that sits on the shoulder of the poker player who just has to win because he needs the money. And my experience is not unlike that of a multitude of other inventors during these perilous years, for manufacturers have either been too poor or too scared to put money into new and untried ventures. With their regular lines folding up on them — with their plants crying for orders for something that they could make — they sat on their fannies and tried not to think of suicide too much.

This depression had been accompanied by a very interesting phenomenon — and one which was not found to any similar degree in previous financial crashes. Almost everybody who had his pay cut or got out of a job either started to invent — or started to write. The patent office has been swamped with applications for patents — and the book publishers and magazines have been swamped with manuscripts. Apparently thousands upon thousands of people had been harboring ideas for inventions or for stories — and now they had time to get busy on them, and how they did need the money.

I WROTE BOOKS, TOO!

I did both of these things. I have submitted evidence that I did some inventing, and all of the time that I was inventing I was writing.

First I wrote a book setting forth conversations between college boys on almost every conceivable subject. I liked the idea because I have gradually come to the conclusion that the ideas of young men of college age are of more importance to the destiny of this people than are the ideas of the elder statesmen. They are more important, I think, because these young men are on their way towards running the country. What they think now, in spite of the changes that time may bring to them, is the foundation of what they are going to think when they are old enough to be the masters of America.

But none of the book publishers agreed with me, so that book is still in the lay-away.

Then I wrote a little book which I shall never show to any publisher. About once a year, never more than twice a year, there flashes across the country some story that is a knock-out — one that produces belly laughs and never fails to get those listeners who can really laugh at anything.

Typical of these stories, but much cleaner than most of them, is the yarn about the Arkansas hillbilly who moved to the city and into a house with a bathroom. Some time later the neighbors complained to the city board of health and the health inspector went to this home and demanded to know why the family was using the corner of the backyard as a toilet. The man of the house said that he was sorry about it — he did not like to do it — but he had looked the place over and could not find a sign of a backhouse. The inspector asked him if there was no bathroom and the owner allowed that there was but what of it. So the inspector went up to the bathroom and pointed out the nice clean, shiny toilet and asked the man why they did not use it — and the man said that he would kill the first one who did — for that was his spring.

That is what I term a classic of American folklore — and through my fifty years I have been able to collect, and remember, something less than a hundred stories of somewhat similar excellence. I felt that they should not be lost to the memory of man so I wrote them down. And now I do not know what to do with them. At the time I started I had an idea of trying to get

them published in book form. Working toward this end I dodged the inevitable vulgarities and rawness that was inherent to most of the subject matter by translating each story into Bible English — the kind that says he “knew” her, when it refers to sexual intercourse. Some of the keen savor of the native American was lost in the process, but certain other values were gained, so I think that I came out about even. I called the book “Lo, And Behold” — and the author was to be Boccio di Cameron. And then I lost my nerve — but it will be found among my effects when you start looking for my will and my discharge from the Illinois Reserve Militia, which will be about all there is in the safety deposit box, I fear.

Then I wrote another book. This one was titled “How to Stay Married,” and I was still so shy that I hid behind the name of John Willard. I was going to do a lot of serious writing about the sexual problems and peccadilloes of children and their parents — and I did not know what Indiana University would do to an instructor who wrote about such things.

I had a heck of a time finding a publisher for that little book — and when it finally saw the light of day it gave one feeble burst of light in Indianapolis and a few distant pops in scattered markets — and went out. I still think that it is one of the most humorous books that has been written in years and I have seen total strangers shrieking with laughter over it in book stores and on trains. But the damn thing simply would not sell. People will borrow it — but they will not buy it. And one thing that I cannot understand is the fact that in at least fifteen cities where the book received very favorable newspaper reviews, not a single copy of the book was ever sold to a book store — probably not a single person out of a million newspaper readers was sufficiently impressed by those reviews to go into a book store and order the book.

For one entire year I wrote short stories and articles for magazines. And, mind you, I was not entirely a new beginner. I had been writing for a living a good part of my life. Fully one-half of the stuff that I turned out was decidedly professional in its character — it was timely — it was interesting — and it was adapted to the publications to which I sent it. And I did not sell a single word. After nearly a year of wondering why, I received a ray of light from a kindly editor on Scribner’s — the only editor who sent me anything save a printed rejection slip. He sent back one of the best things I ever wrote — told me that it was “splendidly done” — and that he regretted that he was forced to turn it down because they were completely snowed under by stuff that they had previously bought. The market was flooded — even the authors of national reputation were having plenty of trouble selling their wares. And this situation was further aggravated by

the fact that book authors could no longer make anything like a living writing books — and most of them were jumping into the magazine field. Hector's pup! What a business!

After a year with the magazines I started another book. This time I wrote a history of mankind in 65,000 words — and H. G. Wells took almost half a million words to write his Outline of History.

I have no idea whether this story will ever be published — but I am proud of the job I did on it. For the first time in history, so far as I know, the story of mankind never has been written so that a person can get it without getting a headache at the same time — so that he can get it as easily as he can get Van Loon's Story of Mankind and at the same time get a multitude of important facts that Van Loon left out of his story.

Before submitting this book to the publishers I decided to try to sell it to newspapers as a daily syndicate feature. All of the big ones in the country were running sex stories like "Chickie" and the like — adventure stories were going big — and Dickens' story of Jesus was a clean-up. Here was something worth while — something that would tell people about world history at a time when they were interested in world history — and as proof of popular interest in the general subject, I could cite the fact that the Outline of History had sold way over a million copies and both of Van Loon's books had gone splendidly. People were interested in history and it could not be denied.

There was another attractive feature about this story for newspapers. A syndicate story of this length would ordinarily cost a paper from two hundred to possibly a thousand dollars — depending upon the circulation of the paper and the prominence of the author. But this story would not cost them a cent. For I proposed to furnish them with a 32-page historical atlas of the world which would sell to their subscribers for 25c — and net the newspaper 10c profit on each copy sold. Each daily installment would refer to certain maps in the atlas and if they only sold 5% of their subscribers their profits would more than pay the cost of the story to them.

This looked like a fine plan, and investigation among the local newspapers developed the fact that no one had ever offered them a serial out of which they could make any money.

Then came the problem of marketing the story to newspapers scattered from Dan to Beersheba. One editor told me that I could sell it by mail, which was exactly what I wanted to do. The man in the next office — and he was the one who did the feature buying for that paper — said I could not possibly sell it by mail — for he had tried it himself. And the editor of a second paper said maybe I could — for he bought some features by mail.

This division of opinion gave me pause — for I had no money with which to make mistakes any more. I decided that I had better turn it over to some syndicate — some selling outfit that had men out and knew the newspaper trade. So I sent it to two syndicates in Chicago, one after the other, and both of them turned it down. One had never sold serials — and the other said that the newspaper public did not want to read anything of an educational nature — what they wanted was a comic strip or a story about what Arthur Brisbane had for breakfast or something about why some actress quit her fifth husband — and if it was a serial it should largely take place in bedrooms or the back seat of automobiles.

About this time — the last of May, 1934 — I was called to New York by the death of my brother's wife — and I took this March of Destiny story with me. First I tried to get almost every important newspaper syndicate in town to offer it to the newspapers — and they all said no. It would make a swell book but a poor newspaper serial — the papers would not buy it — and they particularly would not buy it with the atlas hook-up. The very thing that made it financially attractive, they said, was the thing that would kill it with the newspapers. It was too much trouble to be selling atlases — and maybe the Audit Bureau of Circulation would get after them or something.

I tried to sell it to one of the big radio chains as a sustaining program — and the man told me that it was a lousy idea, no matter how good the story was. People simply would not listen to anyone talk for fifteen minutes and a half hour was murder — and he said that in spite of the fact that Father Coughlin and this Rabbi from Columbus, Ohio, are holding millions for an hour at a time and there were hundreds of other local broadcasts of straight talking for from fifteen minutes to an hour that are established successes. But he said that straight talking was poison — if my story was used at all it should be broken up with an orchestra or a singer — and still better idea was to have it dramatized. Get a good cast of New York radio actors and have them tell you about how long the third Punic War lasted and its effects upon the history of mankind by having Hannibal say a few words to an elephant chauffeur or something of that character. And then he told me to go on out and sell it to General Foods for a sponsored program and they would be glad to accept the business. Somehow or other he found out that I knew the advertising manager of that concern and perhaps he thought that I could sell him my story on a friendship basis — but I never tried it. I knew all about this selling to your friends from my experience in the printing business — and the paper business — and the hatchery business. Friends are the people who will do everything for you except give you an order.

Then I put the project up to the American Weekly — the Sunday Magazine that is sold each week in six or more million Sunday newspapers that are owned by William Randolph Hearst. I had a double-barreled idea for this publication — a dandy. We would run the book in their magazine in fifteen weekly installments — each installment carrying a coupon soliciting orders for the historical atlas at 25c. And then — each Saturday night for fifteen weeks — we would put that story on the air over the Columbia Broadcasting System, either in straight reading or in a drama (perish that thought) — to promote the sale of the Hearst papers for the next day. The radio program would also solicit orders for the historical atlas.

The radio program would cost approximately \$40,000 for the fifteen weeks. This meant that the radio and magazine would have to sell 400,000 atlases for the project to break even — but that was less than 30,000 a week and both the American Weekly and the Columbia chain had demonstrated many times that either one of them was able to produce far more business than this on popular items. Assuming, as I think we could, that this atlas would be a popular item and that they would easily sell 30,000 a week, this meant that the American Weekly would simply be securing \$40,000 worth of radio advertising for nothing — that the advertising department would have the prestige of being promoted over a national hook-up — and that there would be a decided jump in newsstand sales of all of the Hearst Sunday papers while the program and the story were running, and much of the increase would undoubtedly stick.

The program met with the approval of the advertising manager. Then it had to go to the editor — and there it died. He would not even talk to me — merely sent back word through his assistant that this was not the kind of matter on which he wished to build up the publication. Later on I found out that it would have been killed by the circulation manager anyway. For he told me that it came too close to being a premium idea.

I took one more shot at haughty New York before curling up and coming home where I knew the folks who run the Community Fund. Years ago I wrote some fairy stories for children of kindergarten age, with the idea of selling a daily Sandman story to newspapers. I did not please the newspapers, but I certainly pleased the kids. All of the small people of the neighborhood kept coming in and demanding that I read them — over and over. So I knew that I could write fairy stories.

Now I proposed to bring Mother Goose to life. I would make Jack and Jill and Simple Simon and the Cock Horse have adventures — and since the daily feature had not sold in the old days — and also since about ninety percent. of the Sunday comic pages

were the most miserable grade of tripe — I would turn these New Mother Goose Stories into a comic-type page for Sunday papers. It would read like a straight story and every other little square on the page would illustrate the story.

So I wrote three sample stories and had them illustrated by a crack New York artist — and the New York syndicates turned them down right now. They said that I was wasting my time trying to sell anything for kids to the newspaper field. Newspapers, they said, were not interested in children. Furthermore, I must not cling to any old-fashioned ideas that the comics were for children. The comics were for grown-ups and that fact should always be stressed — particularly since the newspapers had discovered that they could sell advertising in the comic section if they could only convince national advertisers that comics are read by adults instead of by children.

Some day I am going to write the words of a song to the title “It’s Hard to Keep a Good Man Down.” I give notice right here that nobody else had better swipe that title either, because I have it protected. I shall write the words and I may even work out the tune with one finger. Neither the words nor the tune will be much better than the stuff that you hear over the radio — nobody will publish it and nobody will sing it. But I am going to write it — and I am going to put my heart into it, too. It is hard to keep a good man down. In fact it is hard to keep just a fairly good man down. But, after thirty years of it, he begins to get mighty tired of getting up all of the time. It would be so much easier to say what the hell and just lay there.

It is equally hard to keep a good idea down — as proof of which I mention the fact that those New Mother Goose Stories will very shortly appear on the inner wrappers of some millions of loaves of bread each week. The kids like the way that I write fairy stories, and they are going to have them. (But that proved to be a pipe dream, too.)

As I look back over this record of my own private “Thirty Years War” I find nothing of which I am particularly ashamed — nothing of which I am particularly proud. I never lost a job because of dishonesty or incompetence. I have never been in jail. Nobody ever called me a S. O. B. and, so far as I know, nobody ever wanted to do so. My children love me and so do their wives. Never, I am sure, was a father closer to his children in every way than I am and will continue to be. But I am convinced that my wife privately considers me to be a no-good financial butterfly — erratically flitting from one idea to another and never bringing home any honey.

She is of the intensely practical type — the type that measures life by money in the bank and a hired girl in the kitchen and the size and the newness of your automobile and trips to Europe. She does not like old furniture — even if it did belong to some great grandmother. She does not like big ramshackle old houses in not-the-best neighborhoods — even if they provide a larger yard and higher ceilings and more floor space for the money. I have been a great disappointment to her — and I have also been a tremendous annoyance, for I kept bringing home manuscripts for her to read and invention ideas for her to criticize. However, she has been consistent, even if I have not. She did not want me to waste my time trying to make money writing anything but advertisements on a salary — and she refused to read what I wrote. She was nice about it, if you get what I mean — she was too busy just then but if I would put the (damned) thing aside she would read it when she got time — but she never got time. I have written a total of five books — two of them were published — and I do not think she has ever read any of them. For two years I had a daily article in the Chicago Daily News, which came into our home every evening, and I think that she never read one of those short articles. Every day for five months I was on the air over one of our local radio stations — putting on a sort of Dorothy Dix program under the title of the Marriage Clinic. She was always going to listen in — but she only remembered to turn the radio on twice during that time. She just was not going to encourage me to do anything save work for a salary.

That was the thing to do — work for a salary. And the way to get along in the world was to stay with the same firm all of your life and grow up in the organization until the big boys died off and you became one of the executives. Plenty of our old classmates — plenty of our later friends — followed this old-fashioned plan. They got into some line of business, no matter how, and stayed with it. Many of them changed jobs, from time to time, but they stayed in the same industry — and now they were sales managers and vice presidents and presidents of corporations. Some of them own their own businesses. Some of them have made enough money to retire. And, incidentally, something like one-fifth of the young men who started business life with me are dead.

I should have stayed in the teaching business. Several of my classmates are now directors of experiment stations or presidents of agricultural colleges. The others — those who are still living and engaged in teaching — have long been full professors — and the professor who earned perhaps \$2,000 a year when I stopped teaching now earns \$5,000 a year. Of the group of youngsters who were my closest friends on the Utah State College faculty, one later became Secretary of Agriculture, one is now president

of the Utah college, one is director of the Kansas experiment station and one has a swell job with the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

I should have found some way to buy that ten-acre poultry farm that I wanted in Winnetka in 1907 — the farm that Dad would not permit me to consider. For that ten acres, which could then have been bought for not more than \$5,000 — has since changed hands for as much as a quarter of a million dollars — and it is worth at least \$100,000 today.

I should have taken that first job with Clay, Robinson & Co. at the stockyards in Chicago, even if it did mean that I had to be on a horse buying cattle at daybreak each morning — for by now I might own my personal commission house — maybe.

I should not have taken the editorial job with the Breeders Gazette, even if it had been offered to me, because the Gazette busted later.

I should never have gone to Grand Rapids — I should never have quit Lord & Thomas — because several of my old associates in that firm have made a lot of money from the agency business and I presumably was just as smart as they were.

I should never have quit Sears-Roebuck — they had a reputation of hanging onto their loyal men forever in those days, often moving a man from one job to another for years until they found just the right place for him — but along came their financial crash in the brief panic of 1921 and most of my old friends failed to ride out the hurricane. During the reorganization they were “liquidated,” and how.

I should never have gone to New York — I should never have bought an old house, my first house purchase and, please God, my last — at the very peak of the real estate market — I should never have gone into the hatchery business and, particularly, I should never have permitted my friends to go into it with me.

So it goes, and I submit to the entire indictment. There are plenty of things that I should never have done — plenty that I should have done and did not. And, as I have previously intimated, the pitiful thing about it all is that I just would not have sense enough to do differently if I had to go through it all again. I would not make the same mistakes, but I would certainly make others that would be as painful and as costly. Some people are born that way and I am one of them. So I say, I have been a great disappointment to my suffering wife — but not to myself. I have had numberless disappointments and some of them hurt like the devil. But through it all I have had the intense fun of thinking up

new things to do — and trying to do them. An idea-man may be the old original Jack-of-All-Trades and Master-of-None — but he has more fun and more thrills than the most successful One-Line-Man that ever lived.

Even to this day, I cannot make up my mind whether a man is better off in sticking to a single firm or to a single industry, through thick and thin. If you had asked me that question ten years ago I would have known the right answer — for up to that time the single-track man usually came out better, from a financial standpoint, than did the man who kept changing his job and often his entire line whenever he was offered more money by some other employer.

For five hundred years — in fact, ever since men ceased to be slaves and began to work forward through the centuries of bond servants and apprentices to the position of paid employees who were free to go and come as they saw fit — the accepted way to get ahead in the world was to stick, whether you liked it or not, and save your money against that day when you might have a chance to buy into the business or start your own business.

This, to a considerable extent, was still the accepted plan up to the beginning of the big boom and the big consolidations and the big chain organizations. But when they started to get into action, the rules of mankind, so far as business is concerned, were knocked into the proverbial cocked hat. The little man who had put his life and his savings into the little factory or the little retail store or the wholesale house found himself at the end of the path. If he did not go broke he found it almost impossible to make a living — and he found it equally impossible to sell his business for what he had invested in it.

Hundreds of department stores and factories and hotels and theatres went into consolidations — and their employees, who had followed the good old plan of sticking to the job, were fired by some unknown new boss in the New York office.

Then came the depression and the same kind of thing happened. When the big organizations began to feel the pinch, many of them began pruning at the top of the salary list. One enormous automobile company closed many of its branch plants and in the rest of them they fired the tried and true branch managers and gave their jobs to assistants who were earning about a third as much money. One of the great chain store companies, at least, followed the same plan. Rather than reduce the salaries of managers who had spent their entire lives in the business, and thus taking a chance of having a lot of disgruntled employees, they fired them out in the cold and put in new managers at half the price. Department stores all over the country followed the same

practice — firing managers and buyers and promoting their cheaper assistants — firing the older clerks because they were making a little more money than the newcomers.

This policy had a double advantage to the employer. Many of them were and are firmly convinced that it is better to fire an employee than to cut his salary — and by firing the high-priced employees they saved more money than they could save by firing the cheaper members of the staff. But it had few advantages for the employee who had put in the long years that had always been supposed to lead to security and promotion. It knocked out one basic idea of mankind.

This record of the Willard family covers a period of some 116 years. James Monroe was President of the United States when Grandfather Alonzo Joseph Willard was born, in 1817, and Napoleon Bonaparte still had nearly five more years to live.

There were many Indians still living in the wilds of upper Maine in his boyhood, and when he reached Chicago in 1839 they were plentiful on the muddy streets of that squalid mushroom village of the western frontier, for the enforced westward movement of the great tribes of the lake region had not yet been completed.

At the beginning of this 116-year period the only way that a man could travel, in all the world, was by walking, or riding some animal, or riding in some vehicle pulled by an animal, or riding in a boat that was propelled by oars or paddles or sails.

Newspapers and books were so rare as to be curiosities — their type was set by hand and their paper was made by hand and the printing presses were operated by hand, except in those few cases where they were operated by water-power or by a dog in a tread-mill. And magazines were all but unknown.

Some of the great authors and poets and philosophers and composers had lived and worked and died — usually in poverty and often in pain from diseases and ailments that a modern surgeon now corrects in twenty minutes.

The great scientists, most of them, and the great inventors and inventions were all to come. The marvelous thing, to me, is the fact that he lived almost entirely through the age of invention. I have no more idea than had he concerning what new and magical inventions may be coming over the horizon — but Grandfather Alonzo saw the coming of the steam boat and the steam engine and the gasoline and the electric light and the gas light and the gas engine and the horse car and the trolley car and the railroad and the bicycle and the motorcycle and the automobile and the

telephone and the telegraph and the wireless telegraph and cables across the sea and the phonograph and photography and moving pictures (they then called them the cinemetograph). He lived from the day of the ox cart almost to the day of the flying machine, for the Wright brothers were flying at Kitty Hawk in 1905 and he lived until 1903.

These cataclysmic changes came into the new world during his lifetime — and had practically no effect upon his daily life. He saw home lighting pass from candles and whale oil through kerosene lamps and open gas burners and gas mantle burners to electric bulbs — and the only step that made any difference to him was the invention of the kerosene lamp. That was distinctly better than candles for reading purposes — he always preferred it to gas or electricity — and any old kind of light was good enough to go to bed by.

Coal for heating was better than wood because you did not have to feed the fire so often — and a furnace was better than several stoves for the same reason — but nobody but a sissy wanted heated bedrooms and there was no particular sense in heating several living rooms when there was plenty of room for the entire family in one of them.

A gas stove in the kitchen, something that he never had, might be quicker to get started and cooler for the women folks in summer — but it did not heat the kitchen in winter and it did not cook food any better than a wood or coal range and it cost more to operate and it burned up the air and occasionally smothered people — and the world was coming to a pretty pass when folks were getting too lazy to put fuel in a stove and take out a few ashes.

Elevators were a handy thing in tall buildings, but people got along just as well before they had tall buildings and then you did not need elevators.

Street cars were useful. They permitted him to move from Twelfth and Michigan to Twenty-Ninth and Indiana Avenue. But if the city were not so large you would not need street cars, and it would not have grown so large if they had never been invented. A large city made a larger ice business — but it also made more ice companies. Probably it would have been better to have no street cars and a smaller city and fewer ice companies.

When the telephone finally came into homes it meant nothing to him. There was nobody left to whom he wished to telephone, and so far as I know he never talked over a telephone. If he had still been in the ice business, which he had then sold, it would have meant something — because people would have been constantly calling up for special deliveries of ten cents worth of ice.

It would have been a condemned nuisance, just as it is to a multitude of business men today.

The coming of the great American railroad system meant something to him. While he was still cutting ice it permitted him to cut and ship from more distant points. It enabled him to go to Hot Springs each spring to boil out his aches and pains — and to go east to Ocean Grove. And after his wife died, in 1892, it enabled him to live with us in Winnetka and go to town every day. Not only that, but it brought him oranges and bananas and other perishable delicacies from far away.

All in all, I think that those inventions which had to do with making possible a daily newspaper were most valuable to him — the cable and the telegraph and the printing equipment and quick transportation and delivery. All of the other necessities of life were not much different from what they were when he left Wilton, Maine, in 1839 — but the daily paper brought him the news of the world almost as soon as it came to pass. He would have traded all of the other inventions and discoveries and improvements of that great age for this one.

I have no idea what he would have considered to be the most momentous happenings and changes that occurred during his lifetime. They took place one by one. Progress was far faster than it had ever been before, but the significance of many of those changes was overlooked by the individual — their importance was either ignored or belittled.

In all probability the Civil War and the freeing of the slaves bulked most important in his mind — for he was a stern Abolitionist. The passing of the Whig party meant something to him, too, because he voted Whig at every election until the Republican party was formed, and then he voted Republican. Casting his first vote for William Henry Harrison, he voted in turn for Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, Millard Fillmore, Abraham Lincoln (first Republican President), U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, James G. Blaine, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Freeing the slaves must have been something of an academic objective in his mind, for he had never been in a slave state and it is doubtful whether he ever saw a dozen actual slaves in his life. It was, to most people of northern traditions, a moral question that was all tangled up with religion — yet Alonzo Willard was not interested in religion and I never knew of his going to church. He had more than enough religion and church-going in his New England youth. But he believed in doing right by all men — he believed in fighting for what you thought was right — and he was convinced that slavery was wrong, in spite of the fact that human bondage for white males and females had existed in his native

New England for generations in early days and had not been abolished on humanitarian grounds, but because it was uneconomic.

The men of his day were almost too close to the procession of events and inventions to judge them in their true value. We who came two generations later can get a better perspective, because we can see what resulted from the events of the last century.

Passing over those things which occupy the attention of the economist and the historian, it seems to me that the daily life of the individual was most vitally affected by a few things that most writers have overlooked.

Of all the startling new things that were invented or discovered or perfected during that great century of progress, by far the most important to the individual, in my opinion, were those which had to do with the relief of human suffering — the discovery of the causes and the remedies for diseases, and, greater still in some ways, the discovery of anaesthetics that permitted of painless surgery.


In looking back over those 116 years, I cannot see that humanity has gained anything in what we call happiness. In many ways I think that we are less happy, if that be possible, than were our forefathers at the beginning of the history of the United States. We have more things — more comforts and conveniences — more knowledge and education — more wealth per family. We have better clothing and better homes and faster transportation and communication. We have a far better diet and more knowledge of diet. We not only have free schools for everybody — but we force every child to go to those schools. And that idea is comparatively new in the world — so new, in fact, that Chicago did not have a free public school until 1844. And it did not have a public library until the public-spirited citizens of England took up a national contribution and supplied the city with 7,000 books shortly after the great fire in 1872. And Illinois did not have a compulsory education law until some time after I started to school in the early nineties.

We have all of these things — and none of them have made us any happier. Our only gain, apparently, has been in eliminating certain things that cause unhappiness — in conquering or reducing the mortality previously accompanying contagious diseases — and in eliminating pain from the long-known surgical operations and making possible new and more complicated and more painful operations. If we have not increased the sum of human happiness, we have at least markedly decreased the sum of human unhappiness. And if I could have my choice of being credited with just one of all the things that man has discovered for the benefit of his fellow man, I would ask to be credited with having

discovered chloroform. Let me have done that one thing in my lifetime and someone else can have all of the credit and the profits from discovering electricity and steam and printing and the alphabet and all the sum total of human achievement.

The man who discovers a method of prolonging life in this world has done the individual as poor a service as did the man and woman who caused him to be born into the world and into all of its troubles and frustrations. But the man who first found a way to reduce pain and suffering was man's greatest benefactor.

Parallel to its various mechanical and scientific and political developments, the last century saw a development in a line which has almost completely escaped the attention of the general public even up to the present time — a revolutionary change in methods of protecting the honest and law-abiding citizen from the depredations and attacks of the criminal.



CRIME WITHOUT REMEDY

At the time of Grandfather Alonzo's birth, the District of Maine still belonged to Massachusetts — as it had belonged to the Colony of Massachusetts Bay through all the long years of the colonies. It was governed by the penal code of Massachusetts, and that penal code was tremendously harsh and severe.

When Grandfather Samuel Willard lived in Massachusetts, back before 1707, it was even more severe. In his day, Massachusetts condemned to death by hanging persons convicted of the following offenses:

1—Any man who shall have or worship any God but the Lord God.

2—Any man or woman who shall be a witch or has consulted with a "familiar" spirit.

3—Any person, pagan or Christian, who wittingly committed blasphemy or cursed God or denied that He ruled the world.

4—Persons convicted of premeditated and willful murder.

5—Persons convicted of killing another in angry passion.

6—Persons convicted of slaying another through "guile," as with "poyson."

7—Any man or woman who shall "lye" with a brute beast by "carnal copulation" — and the beast shall also be killed and buried and not eaten.

8—Any man who "lyeth with mankind as he lyeth with a woman." Both shall die, "unless one party was forced or be under fourteen years of age," in which case he shall be "severely punished."

9—Adultery with a married or engaged woman — both shall die.

10—He who steals another man.

11—He who swears away the life of another by false witness.

12—He who conspires to invade or stir up insurrection or rebellion.

13—Any child over 16 years of age and of competent mind who shall strike his parents, save in self-defense when in danger of actual bodily injury or maiming.

14—A stubborn or rebellious son, over 16 years of age, who shall refuse to obey his parents.

15—A man who rapes a single maiden over the age of ten years may be put to death. If she be under the age of ten, then he shall be put to death.

16—He who is convicted of treason shall be put to death without benefit of clergy.

Today we look upon these punishments with horror, yet to our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers they were not only decidedly humane — but likewise just. They were humane, in their eyes, because the colonial penal code did not approach the English penal code in severity. In England they were still hanging men and women and children for more than a hundred different offenses. In the time of Henry VIII — less than one hundred years earlier — people were hanged for nearly three hundred different offenses. Henry's judges hanged more than 70,000 English citizens during his reign — and during the year of terror of the French Revolution, long after the United States was formed, we are told that the British gallows was hanging Englishmen faster than the French guillotine was decapitating Frenchmen.

In the eyes of Puritanism the colonial code was just — and they justified it by the Bible. After each such law in the first law book of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, the devout law makers set down the exact chapter and verse of the Old Testament which guided them in establishing that law and the penalty.

The object of the colonial code was two-fold — to remove all evil-doers and to deter others from becoming evil-doers. In order to promote this latter objective, there was a law requiring parents and the masters of apprentices to instruct the young regarding these capital laws. Boys and girls must be thoroughly impressed with the sixteen different things for which they could and probably would be hanged by the neck until they were dead. And it was provided that if any parent failed to so instruct a child, then that parent should be fined twenty shillings for each such offense — part of which fine should go to the person who informed the authorities.

In case of the "minor" offenses the colonists were more lenient. If a person failed to pay his pew-rent, his pew in the church was to be sold to the highest bidder. For theft of various kinds, the thief was to be branded on the forehead for the first offense — have one ear cut off for the second — and not be hanged until he or she had been convicted for the third time. But the punishment was doubly severe if the offense took place on the Lord's Day — and the thief must pay back what he stole, and sometimes pay it back thrice over.

For being a vagabond and a vagrant and a common beggar, one might be exposed in the stocks for not over three hours or

lashed with a whip in public (not over ten lashes) or thrown into the gaol for a couple of months at his own expense for board. Certain offenses called for being locked in the pillory — and sometimes for nailing the ears to the pillory.

If a man fell into debt and did not pay — and there was reason to believe that he had hidden property — he could be cast into the gaol and kept there, at his own expense, until his debt was paid or the authorities decided to sell him as a bond-servant to someone for a sufficient number of years to work out that debt.

The debtor had to pay for his own keep while in gaol. So also did each person who was arrested for trial. And the most astounding feature of the whole code was the fact that witnesses could be and were confined in gaol until time for the trial — and those witnesses had to pay their own living expenses while in gaol.

When court convened, at intervals of two or three months, they had what they called a jail delivery. Prisoners and witnesses went to court and the trials were held. First the prisoners were arraigned — and if they stood “mute” — if they refused to plead either guilty or not guilty — a jury was called to decide why the prisoner acted in that unseemly way. If the jury decided that the prisoner stood mute “by act of God,” he was sent back to gaol to stay there until God changed his mind. If the jury decided that he stood mute because of a “fraudulent, obstinate and willful disposition,” the jury entered for him a plea of “not guilty” and proceeded with the trial.

This prisoner must be tried by a jury. The English colonists had had enough of the King’s judges, hence they fixed things so that no man could be tried by a judge alone. He could have a lawyer, which was still denied prisoners in certain English offenses, and the court would furnish him with counsel if he had no money. But he could not testify in his own defense. The veriest fool knew that a prisoner would lie on the witness stand to save his neck or his back or his money or his ears — and if the court permitted him to talk before the jury he might defeat the course of true justice. Today we are doing our best to either force prisoners to take the witness stand — or at least to permit the prosecutor to call attention to the fact that the prisoner has not done so — but it was not until after 1850 that a prisoner was even permitted to take the witness stand in certain cases in New York state.

If the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the prisoner was punished. If the sentence was death he was not to be hanged for four days — and after hanging his body must lie unburied for twelve hours, except in cases of “Anatomie.” If the sentence was other than death, it involved whipping, branding, cropping of ears, pillory, stocks, banishment, fines and sometimes confiscation of all goods and chattels and “profits.” Incidentally, if a man was

indicted for certain capital offenses, and had not even been tried, it was his duty to promptly surrender his body to the authorities — and all of his property could be seized and held until he did surrender.

Punishment was promptly carried out — and it practically never involved imprisonment, for the idea of imprisoning people for crime had not yet been invented. Prisons were to hold suspects and witnesses — and to imprison debtors and political and religious enemies.

But the settlement of a case in court did not end the interest of the prisoner or the witness with the gaol in which they had been confined. For they had to pay the gaoler for their keep. If the witnesses had no money to pay for said keep the gaoler could throw them back into gaol, where their board bill continued to grow — and he could do the same thing with the prisoners who were acquitted. And he could even sell them as bond-servants to work out that board bill.

The English courts were still using torture, particularly in the case of witnesses. The theory was that no witness could be expected to tell the full truth unless he be “put to the question.” Their methods of putting him to the question no longer involved pulling off finger nails and pulling out teeth and unjointing arms and filling his boots with melted lead — but they were still painful and a witness usually was not in shape to testify at more than one or two trials in England. They used up the witnesses even faster than they executed the convicts.

The colonists were so few in number that they could hardly afford to cripple many witnesses, but they did not entirely abandon this efficacious method of securing testimony. Their early laws provided that a person indicted for a capital crime could be put to torture if he was suspected of having accomplices, but that the method of torture must not be “inhuman.” One gathers that the torture must not be so harsh as to render him entirely unfit to be hanged afterward.

During the 177 years that elapsed between the birth of Grandfather Samuel and the birth of Grandfather Alonzo, this code was gradually changed and made more humane. But the colonists of New England did not entirely abandon corporal punishment in favor of imprisonment for crime until long after the formation of the United States — and then the impetus for that change came from the Quakers of Pennsylvania and not from the harsher Puritans of New England.

As early as 1682 — when Grandfather Samuel was 42 years old — William Penn’s first Assembly in Philadelphia passed what they called the Great Law — the first law in the history of the world that removed the death penalty from all crimes except pre-

meditated murder — and substituted imprisonment for the death penalty and for a multitude of offenses that had previously resulted in barbarous corporal punishment.

This startling innovation was in effect until Pennsylvania became a Crown Colony, at which time the British governor, finding that the humane penal code of Pennsylvania had not been successful in decreasing crime, promptly went back to the barbarous Duke of York Code and began hanging people and whipping them and cutting off their ears again with great vigor.

Came the Revolution and the Quakers again had control of the making of their own laws. In Philadelphia was a humane organization called "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons." In 1786, certain influential members of this society, Benjamin Franklin among others, succeeded in having a law passed to reform the criminal code of 1718 and to substitute "imprisonment at continued hard labor, publicly and disgracefully imposed" for the death penalty and other barbarities, except in case of murder.

Bringing the prisoners out to work on the streets of the city failed in everything save to draw public attention to their wretchedness, and in 1788 the society made an investigation of prison conditions in Philadelphia, from which I quote in part: "Prisoners awaiting trial are without clothing, as are witnesses being held to testify . . . no provision is made for food for prisoners . . . liquor is sold to the prisoners and, as they are forbidden to have money, they trade their garments for liquor . . . witnesses without funds are charged for their keep and are confined for such debts after the trial is over . . . prisoners who are acquitted of the crime are held for debt if they do not pay charges accrued while they are in jail . . . neither beds nor bedding are provided . . . children, girls, women, male criminals, debtors and witnesses (white, black and Indian) are all herded together in the same room with no furniture save some filthy straw on the floor, and there is general sexual intercourse between them, day and night . . . many of the women are professional prostitutes, who manage to get arrested on trumped-up charges in order to gain access to the male prisoners . . . liquor is sold by the jailers in spite of the new law prohibiting this . . . jailers charge exorbitant prices for liquor and food and clothing . . . new-comers to the prisons are practically stripped of their clothing by the older prisoners and the clothing is sold for liquor . . . debtors and innocent witnesses are corrupted by forced association with hardened criminals and prostitutes . . . incorrigible daughters and bond-women and girls are debauched by being forced to associate with female delinquents, even in those rare cases where the female prisoners are kept separate from the male criminals . . ."

This, then, is a picture of jail conditions in the first state to make any move toward correcting and punishing crime by imprisonment, and it may be assumed that it fairly represents conditions throughout the rest of the states at that time.

England soon was moving toward the idea of imprisonment, and the prison at Norfolk, England, was probably the first to use separate cells. The warden of that prison announced to the world that "solitary confinement at hard labor was more effective than whipping . . . a great reforming agency . . . and so terrifying to potential wrongdoers that offenses were very great reduced in number."

Pennsylvania adopted that idea. Prisoners were confined in separate cells at hard labor and were permitted to see no one save the person who brought their food. The Pennsylvania authorities claimed great success. New York next tried the idea. In 1821, they locked eighty hardened criminals in solitary confinement at hard labor — and by 1823 those eighty were so broken in mind and body that New York gave it up and turned to solitary confinement at night and group labor by day — which was soon known as the Auburn System.

The controversy between the Pennsylvania system and the Auburn system raged violently in this country, but most of the newer states patterned their penal system after that of New York. Then came news that a prison in Ireland was securing remarkable results in reforming prisoners by a process of promotion and partial freedom, depending upon good conduct and evidence of reform. From this Irish experiment result what penologists called the Elmira System, because it was first adopted here at the Elmira Reformatory in New York.

This system of more humane treatment of the prisoner was in effect in most parts of the United States at the time of the death of Grandfather Alonzo, in 1903. It had been in effect for nearly fifty years — and it was an almost total failure — for the records of those fifty years disclose the fact that some 90% of the convicts who were released from prison, after a thorough exposure to the Elmira system or any other system, promptly returned to a life of crime. It did not reform the criminal. Nor did it deter the criminal — for crime was increasing much faster than the population and more than one-half of the men in prison had been in prison before.

Shortly after the beginning of this present century the nation turned to the so-called humanitarian system of treating criminals. We began to give suspended sentences to first offenders. We began to give indeterminate sentences instead of fixed sentences, so that a convict who showed good conduct and evidence of reform

could be released before the end of his sentence. This was the parole system, of which we common folks hear so much and know so little.

What happened during this period of humane treatment? Here are some significant figures anent the sovereign state of Indiana. At the beginning of this period, in 1901, Indiana had in prison 70 people for each 100,000 population. In 1921, this had risen to 121 people in prison for each 100,000 population, in spite of thousands who had been given suspended sentences or had been released on parole. Twenty years of leniency saw an increase of about 50% in prison population and an increase of far more than 100% in volume of crime per 100,000 population. We also have official figures for another ten-year period almost immediately following, and these figures are not upset by not knowing the figures on suspended sentences and paroles. In 1923, Indiana threw some 33,000 people in jail — and in 1933 the jails booked 49,000 people.

The bloody laws and harsh justice of the colonies failed to protect the people against criminals. More than one hundred years of imprisonment under the plan of sending men to prison for long terms and keeping them there until their time was up also failed to protect the nation against criminals.

And now, after a thorough test of the suspended sentence and the indeterminate sentence and the parole, we find that there is more crime and a greater criminal population in the United States than ever before. By actual results, the present plan is the worst that has yet been developed by mankind for its protection, for it gives less protection to the public.

Why is the American nation the most criminal nation in the world today? Why do we make murder in its various forms a major sport, second only to baseball and football and golf? Why does England, the source of our first colonial blood and our laws and our social ideas, have but a small fraction of our volume of murders and major crimes, even under a quite similar criminal code and court system?

No one has been able to answer those questions to complete satisfaction. But I would call your attention to several facts that have some bearing on those questions.

For a couple of hundred years, at least, England was killing off her criminals at a rate of up to ten thousand a year, thus getting rid of much bad blood. She also got rid of much additional criminal blood by shipping her evil-doers to the American colonies, and later to Australia. She sent us something like 125,000 of the worst of her citizens during the colonial period — and their descendants are living here today. England purged herself of the

kind of people who commit crimes — who beget children who commit crimes — who teach their children that crime is a suitable mode of life. That, in my opinion, is the one great reason why the English nation is more law-abiding than the American nation — her moral bloodstream has been purged of impurities.

The small torrent of English criminals had not ceased to flow into America before similar filthy human streams started to flow across the Atlantic from the other nations of Europe. These outlaws by birth and mentality did not come as prisoners and bond-servants. They fled the countries of their birth to escape punishment.

It is impossible to even estimate how many felons and miscreants and their womenkind have come into America through the Atlantic ports, but the number must be far higher than one-half million — and it is from this ancestry that much of the criminal army and the criminal thoughts of today are descended.

I have no desire to discuss this subject at great length, but I wish to set down the prediction that none of my descendants will ever see crime checked in this country in the slightest degree until some method is devised for preventing the criminal and the feeble-minded and disreputable from having children — and until those convicted of habitual felony and habitual drunkenness and habitual immorality are set off — as we set off the Indians on some reservation — and completely and permanently prevented from having contact of any kind with the rest of humanity.

A man with the power and determination of Mussolini or Stalin could achieve that objective in far less than a year's time. He could round up every known felon, in prison or free, and make it impossible for him or her to ever again have children by a simple and painless exposure to the X-ray lamp. He could move them all to some great tract of land or to some island, provide them with the same sort of financial help in starting homes and industries that this country is now so freely furnishing to the law-abiding — and say to them, "Bless you, my children, go ahead and live your lives as you wish. We have proved that putting you in prison is as much of a crime as those which you insist upon committing, for it achieves no good and produces much suffering and evil. Stay here, where you have the sunshine and the fresh air and the good soil under your feet. Do your best to make a living and I will help you. But do not come back where the white folks are, because we know that you simply cannot stand temptation. If you must steal and fight and rape and kill, do it here among folks who understand and like that sort of thing. I am going to let you make your own laws and run your own courts, and I have a hunch that they both are going to be pretty tough — a good deal like an ex-hired girl is when she gets a hired

girl of her own to boss. But, of course, I had to fix you so that you could not have any more children, because the kind of children you have been producing and training keep turning up in our reform schools and our juvenile courts and our jails and prisons and epileptic villages and insane asylums and houses of prostitution and poor farms."

That, I think, and that only, would come near to solving the criminal problem of America. But it will never be done by any government that is run "of the people and by the people." Why do I say that it will never be done? Well, since 1907 the progressive and somewhat distracted state of Indiana, for example, has had what they call a Habitual Criminal Law on the statute books. That law provides that any person who shall have been convicted of three felonies may be sentenced to the state penitentiary for life, which is certainly where he belongs until we have a criminal reservation in which to confine him. We have had that law, as I said, since 1907 — and this is 1934. According to the official records, only 33 felons had been sentenced under that act up to the end of 1932 — and yet, on the last day of September of that year, Indiana had on hand in its two penitentiaries a total of 578 prisoners who were known to have been convicted of three or more felonies — and only 22 of them were in for life as habitual criminals. Why was this the case? Because the law says that the prosecutor must ask for such convictions — and in all of these 556 cases of people far more dangerous than the most ferocious Indians of colonial times, either the prosecutor had not wished to send these human wolves up for life, or he had feared that the jury would set them entirely free if they were asked to convict for life, or the prosecutor did ask for such a conviction and the jury failed to convict. A republic simply cannot function for its own self-protection.



HOW FEAR CAME TO AMERICA

Many years ago, Rudyard Kipling, my favorite author, wrote a story titled "How Fear Came to the Jungle." It was not one of his most interesting jungle stories, because he very evidently did not expect any of his readers to believe his story. Now I would set down some facts about how fear came to America — and you can believe them because they are true.

I spent the summer of 1898 — my fourteenth summer — in the home of my distant cousins, Fred and Ada Hurley, on a four hundred-acre wheat ranch four miles eastward from the little prairie village of Walhalla, North Dakota. Ada was the daughter of my Grandmother Bolte's sister, Milly, who lived half a mile up the black road between the wheat fields in a two-story log cabin with her son. The cabin had two floors, but the second floor only extended half the length of the building and you had to climb a ladder to go to bed.

Fred Hurley's house was much better. The old log part had been sheathed with siding outside, and with lath and plaster within. It had a frame addition, thus making three rooms downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. Fred and Ada and their two small boys slept in one room — and the hired girl and I slept in the other room, but chaperonage was provided by leaving the door open between the rooms.

The house was warm and clean and light. It was carpeted downstairs — there were curtains at the windows but no screens — it was provided with a cooking range and a heating stove and two oil lamps, one for reading and one for going to bed. There was a pump on the side porch and a rain-water barrel under the downspout. Underneath the kitchen part was a cellar where they kept potatoes and a few barrels of kraut and salt pork. You got down to the cellar by lifting a trap door in the kitchen floor and going down a ladder. A thousand flies spent the night on the ceilings — flies that lit on your nose at early daylight and thereafter rapidly shuttled between the privy and the dining table. The two hired men slept in the granary, between the two great wheat bins, in summer — and went home to Canada in the winter, for they were then not needed. If the mosquitoes were too bad in the granary, the hired men made a smudge in a tin pan and filled their "bedroom" with acrid smoke — usually burning damp horse manure.

That was a wonderful country and a wonderful time to live in it. From the top of our wood-pile — wood that had to be hauled from the banks of the Pembina River because the only trees grew along the river courses — I could look for miles across the gently rolling prairie with its swelling rounded hillocks and winding coulees — clear across into Canada with its row of Menonite villages.

The black dirt roads led you through endless miles of growing grain with never a fence except for a square of barbed wire to confine the horses and the occasional milch cow. When you came to a field of flax you knew that land had been plowed for the first time — for men had not yet learned about wilt-resisting flax and their flax could only be grown on land that had never known flax. Most of the land was planted to spring wheat — with just enough oats for the horses — and a good-sized patch of potatoes and cabbages. Corn was grown for forage. It would not make ears in such a short growing season, so they planted it thick in rows and cut it for green feed.

Life was simple. During the long cold winters there was nothing to do, except feed the stock and milk a cow or two and clean out the horse stable. Some of the neighbors were still using sod stables — stables with walls of prairie sod laid up like great flat bricks and a roof of poles laid flat across the top of the sod walls with two or three layers of sod on top of the poles. In the spring the sod on the roof sent up grass and flowers just as it did in its native state. Twenty years earlier people had been living in sod houses — many of them dug deep into the ground for protection against the cold. But nature had been kind to the pioneer settlers in that country and there was practically no poverty — even if there was no wealth. Fred Hurley expected to make forty bushels of wheat per acre that year, and wheat was selling at a little over a dollar a bushel.

Growing it was simple. When the ground was fit to plow you did your plowing — three plows with four horses to each plow. The black loess soil, forty feet deep, turned over like so much damp cocoa. Then you dragged it and seeded it and rolled it. When the wheat was a few inches high you rolled it once more, this time with a roller with cogged teeth and a team of six horses. This rolling was to smash it down and make it stool out.

After that there was not much to do until fall, when you cut it with a Harvester King binder, in the case of Fred Hurley. The Harvester King had a twelve-foot cut and it was pushed on ahead of six horses. The pole came back between the horses to a platform which rode over a tiller wheel. The driver had a seat on the platform and he steered the shebang by twisting the seat, and the tiller wheel under it, from side to side. In heavy wheat

that binder threw out bundles as fast as four men could set them up in shocks — and there they stayed until the threshing crew got around to threshing your grain. After that you had no more need of hired men. You hauled your wheat to the red elevator in Walhalla and got your money and paid off your men and paid your bills for the entire year, and what you had left over was profit.

When I arrived at the Hurley ranch in June — riding out from town on a sulky with one of Cousin Byron Lee's sons and nearly sliding off of the flat seat into the spinning high wheel beside me every time we hit a rut — the livestock consisted of a flock of hens, forty young pigs in a hog lot fenced with stumps, and ten horses in the barn. The barn was of frame construction, with a huge stack of hay on one side and a huge pile of manure on the other. When the manure pile grew too high they planned to drag the barn away from it, for you could not burn the stuff and it was too much trouble to spread it on the land by hand. The floor was of planks, laid on top of the soil, and they were practically floating in liquid ordure. I imagine that Fred had to move that barn shortly after I left in order to keep it from floating down into the coulee.

Two of the best horses, Jeff and Daisy, were away from home. Gelbeth Shraum, the oldest of the two hired men, had them with him over in Montana. Gelbeth did not have a nickel to his name, but Montana was opening up fast and Gelbeth had gone over there the previous year and had filed a claim on 160 acres of homestead and another 160 acres as a timber claim. Now he had 320 acres of grand land and all he had to do to keep it was to do a certain amount of work on it each year for a number of years. He borrowed a team and a wagon and a plow from Fred, as soon as planting was finished, and took out for Montana with a few groceries in the back of a wagon. The first year he slept under the wagon, but now he had a sod shack. That was the way men got land in those days, and if I had been old enough to qualify, I would certainly have done the same thing and thus changed the destiny of my immediate branch of the family. But you had to be twenty-one and I was only fourteen — and the chance never again came my way.

I have given you this brief picture for several reasons. One was to show you what the great American wheat country was like while it was still young. Another was to let you know how simple and safe life could be, before fear came to America. And the third was to show you why there was no fear, of the kind I mean, so long as life was simple and so long as a man could secure a farm by the process of borrowing a team and a wagon and a plow and doing a little work to "prove up" his government land.

Fear came to America when men found it necessary to work for other men in order to earn a living — when the free and the cheap land was gone and improved agricultural machinery began to do away with men's jobs on the farm and they began to clot together in the cities and compete for work in the factories and stores and the transportation and building and mining and service industries. It was the deadly fear of losing one's job — the constant fear that lives with the man and his wife, when in the hands of some other man lies the power to say that after Saturday night of this week he shall have no money for food or fuel or rent.

This type of fear was negligible in those days when only one out of eighteen Americans lived in towns — the days when Grandmother Willard's rhyming geography was written. If a man lost his job and could not get another, all he had to do was to follow the Irishman's instructions: "take his foot in his hand" and go West until he found a piece of land that could be had for the asking. But the West filled up and turned back on itself. Today far more than half of the total population lives in towns and cities. Today the vast majority of men must work for someone else — and they live in fear. It is the price we have paid for what we call progress.

I have noted the major inventions and discoveries that occurred during the lifetime of Grandfather Alonzo. The thirty-one years that have elapsed since his death have seen other startling events in that field, as well as many refinements and new applications of those older inventions. Chief among them, in my opinion, are the radio and the automobile. At least, these two inventions have had much more influence on my own life than anything else that I have seen come into general use.

The first automobile I remember seeing was a Brush Buckboard, which was owned by James Pugh in Winnetka. It was a true buckboard — a sort of buggy frame with an open seat suspended upon long wood slats for spring effect, with a gasoline engine mounted over the rear axle.

When I went to college in Lansing, Michigan, in 1901, the Oldsmobile Company was in full career and the funny Oldsmobiles with their buggy seats and dashboards used to snort out to the college grounds in their road tests.

I did not ride in an automobile until about 1904, when the uncle of the young lady whom I afterwards married drove us to the station in Grand Rapids in a red Cadillac — a grand equipage that had a rear door in the middle with a folding seat attached to the door. I sat on that seat, and fully expected the door to open and dump me out on the back of my apprehensive neck.

Time payments had not been invented and I never was able to accumulate enough money to buy an automobile until I came to Indianapolis. Then I managed to make a loan at the bank and bought a Model T Ford, for which I paid nearly a thousand dollars, including the Gray & Davis self-starter and a spare tire and some other gimcracks. I went into owning automobiles in a big way.

Since then I have never been without an automobile. I have worn out three Fords and two Chevrolets. And they have made a vast difference in my life, and that of my family. They have enabled me to drive to work each day instead of riding the street car, thereby saving me much time and a great deal of standing up and breathing other people's discarded air and germs. They have enabled me to drive all over the territory bounded by Mackinac Island on the north, St. Louis on the west, Lexington, Kentucky, on the south, and Hartford, Connecticut, on the east. They have enabled my three sons to court young ladies who lived ten miles away and get back home in something like twenty minutes when they could finally tear themselves away. And they have increased my living expenses something like forty dollars a month, which sum would have kept Fred Hurley's family in the lap of luxury in North Dakota.

We point with pride to what the automobile has done for the American nation — its cultural advantages and its immense profits and the millions of new jobs that have been created. But this year of our Lord, 1934, the automobile will probably kill approximately 35,000 American citizens and it will wound and injure more than a million others. Within the next ten years the automobile will probably kill a full half million people in this country — and one person out of every ten in the entire country will have been hurt, either in a motor vehicle or by a motor vehicle. And I, for one, say that nothing on earth is worth that terrible price. I say that the American nation would have been far better off if the automobile had never been invented.

The radio, on the other hand, is far more miraculous and has made an equally drastic change in daily human life, without killing off its beneficiaries. Up to the time when I was half through high school (I went to four of them, by the way, Winnetka, Evanston, Lewis Institute and New Trier, and never did graduate), I had never even talked over a telephone. The most distant conversation I had ever carried on was hollering at Demarest Lloyd from the top of the Winnetka water tower. Twenty years later I suddenly woke up to the fact that people were talking through the air without using wires. There was no longer any sense to the old conundrum that asked if you could "tel-a-phone from a ship" — where it developed that you must be a fool if you could not tell a phone from a ship. There was a new broadcasting station called

KDKA in Pittsburgh and if you put a lot of do-hickeys and crystals and wires together just right you could hear music through a head phone when the weather conditions were propitious.

The whole thing crept up on me unawares. I could not have been more impressed if God had talked to me out of a burning bush. One day we were often finding it impossible to hear what a man in Pittsburgh was saying over the long-distance telephone — and the next day that same man could talk to us over the air. The mere possession of such a talking box would have caused a jury of my early New England ancestors to hang you by the neck until you were dead.

As a result of this invention I can sit in my home and hear what is going on in every corner of the globe — right while it is going on. I can hear the best music and the best speakers. I can get the news of the world and the knowledge of the world. And this miracle is available to anyone who can manage to get possession of a radio receiver — for the service costs nothing and it reaches every corner of the globe. As an invention it ranks with reading and writing and printing — and it may be more important than all three combined.



THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIANITY

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, my grandfather No. 77 was living somewhere on earth. Counting four generations to the hundred years, just 77 men stand between me and those days when all men were something else than Christians — those days when the Roman Empire contained more than fifty million slaves. Probably my Grandfather No. 77 was a slave, for I had so many millions of grandfathers in that generation that most of them could not have escaped that fate.

Seventy-seven grandfathers between today and that first Christmas. All of them could stand in one row on my front sidewalk without lapping over onto the neighbors' property. I would not have to crowd the chairs very close together to seat the whole crew at one time in my three living rooms — and what an experience that would be, forsooth.

With the coming of Christ and the rise of the Christian religion, men had a definite objective in life for the first time in the history of the world. That objective was to save their souls from hell-fire — and this remained the chief objective of the Christian religion until early in the last century. Then things began to change. Men and women, in this country, began to lose their interest in both the practice and the objective of the Christian religion. And since this change was both radical and, I think, permanent, I believe that it should be considered in some detail.

The best way that I know of to describe this change is to tell you what has happened to my religious life and beliefs in my fifty years, for I believe it to be quite typical of what has happened, in greater or less degree, to much of Protestant America.

It seems to me that when a man reaches the half-century mark he should begin to get ready for the hereafter. The life insurance actuaries can tell him that he has a normal expectancy of living to be seventy-four, or whatever it is, but a good many of the grey-heads and bald-heads of my age bracket are dropping off every month and I may not make the average. And if I let things go on the way they have been going, I shall come to the end of my days without having taken any intentional steps to prepare myself for what may come to me after I join those seventy-seven grandfathers.

As a matter of fact, I have no idea what to do about the hereafter. My ideas of the life beyond the grave are not only indefinite but they are chaotic. I practically never think of a future life, and when I do I am all mixed up. I have no idea where I am going after I die, nor why I am going there, nor whether I want to go there, nor what to do here to either insure or prevent my reaching my final destination. In other words, I am in just about the same frame of mind as the average man who has attempted to apply reason or logic to religious teachings and has finally given up the whole subject in disgust and confusion.

At the present time I am a member of the Congregational Church in a distant city. That is, I suppose that I am still a member, as I have never called for a letter or notified them to take my name off the rolls. But I have not been inside of a Congregational Church in more than sixteen years.

At the time I left Oak Park, Illinois, I was in the habit of going to that church practically every Sunday — not because I was particularly religious but because we were strangers in town and we were lonesome. It was my intention to continue that practice when I moved to Indianapolis, and for the same reason, but the only Congregational Church in the city was too distant for a family without an automobile.

Seeking a substitute church, I visited all of the nearby Protestant churches to pick out the one that I liked best. In the Methodist Church I happened to run into an old-fashioned hell-fire-and-brimstone sermon, with the elder members throwing in Amen and Hallelujah from various angles of fire, and I was too embarrassed to go back there. In my first visit to both the Christian Church and the Presbyterian Church, most of the services were devoted to exhorting the congregations to part with money to pay for a new gymnasium and a new church, respectively — and I found that discouraging. The Episcopal Church (I had sung in the boy choir in the Winnetka Episcopal Church for three years) had so few members that I did some private financial figuring and decided that each member must be contributing about four times as much toward the rector's salary as were the members of the larger churches. Either that, or he was being grossly underpaid. I also remembered with pain all of that kneeling and getting up and bowing and sitting down and standing up again.

The result of this discouraging survey was that we stopped going to church, except for weddings and funerals and Easter — and I have not been to an Easter service for at least five years, because I can hear better Easter music over the radio and I do not have to go to church an hour before the service in order to get a seat to hear it.

If I am to be judged by the yardstick of orthodox Christianity I am at present a lost soul. I have been baptized and confessed my faith and repented of such of my previous sins as I could at that time remember — all of which is presumably in my favor. But that was way back in 1907, down in Kingston, Rhode Island, and this is 1934 in Indianapolis, Indiana. In between those years I have violated each and every one of the Ten Commandments many times over. By that I mean that I have actually done those things which I was commanded not to do, and I have left undone those things which I was commanded to do, and the Law says that there is no health in me.

I will admit that I have transgressed one or two of the Commandments only in my mind, but does not the Scripture say that the sins you think are just as real as those which you actually commit?

I was too old and too married to be a soldier in the Great War, hence I did not violate the commandment against killing at that time. But I was wrought up to the pitch where I would gladly have given my life in exchange for just one shot at the Kaiser or his oldest son. And there have been several occasions where I had an immense desire to kill some obnoxious individual. I have not kept the commandment against killing.

I have stolen many things in my fifty years, in spite of the fact that I knew that stealing was wrong. If the stolen pocket-money and fruit and odds and ends of childhood can be excused on the grounds of youthfulness, this clemency cannot be extended to cover the sins of my adult years. My room at college was lined with stolen signs and other mementoes. On several occasions I have been guilty of keeping the money when someone gave me too much change. I have padded my expense account by charging my employer for hotel rooms and meals and transportation which were paid for by someone else. And in several cases I would have stolen outright if I had not been afraid of the law. I have not kept the commandment against stealing.

I have borne false witness against my neighbor, in that I have said that he did certain things which I myself had done. And I have also borne false witness for my neighbor, by testifying that he did not do certain things that he really did do. In one case I violated an oath by testifying in court that I had known a certain woman for more than two years, whereas I had known her only by sight and had never spoken a word to her. I have not kept the commandment against bearing false witness.

I have not coveted my neighbor's ox nor his ass, for I never had a neighbor who owned either an ox or an ass. But I have coveted his man servant and his maid servant and his automobile and his home and his boat and his money and his job and his

ability and his looks — and how I coveted his wife and daughter at times. I certainly have not kept the commandment against coveting.

I have loved my father and my mother, but I have not always honored them. For I have been given a much broader education, in many subjects, than they received, and I have not honored their opinions and their judgement in those things where I thought that I knew more than did they. Nor have I always honored their opinions in matters where they had as much or even more information and experience, for my egotism has led me to think that my judgement was better than theirs in many things. I have not kept the commandment to honor my father and my mother.

I have taken the Name of the Lord in vain, so many times and in so many ways, that only He could number them. And I departed from the truth, or at least from the whole truth, so many times that I doubt if even He could keep my score. I have not kept that commandment.

I have not respected the Sabbath Day and kept it holy. I have used the Sabbath Day for my own selfish rest and recreation, and have done on that day any and all of the things that I would do on any other day. For months on end the thought that the Sabbath was a holy day did not enter my mind, and when I happened to think of that I did nothing about it. To me, for sixteen years, the Sabbath has been a day to sleep late, read the paper at leisure, play golf or tennis, go fishing, listen to the radio, take a ride, cut the grass, wash the automobile, play bridge, go swimming, and wonder why it was such an unsatisfactory day. I have devoted no part of that day to the worship of the Lord or to His work.

From the standpoint that a man may sin in his mind as well as in his flesh, I have committed the sin of adultery full many times. For I have held that thought about many women, and have been prevented from its consummation only by circumstances beyond my control. I have not kept the commandment against adultery.

If I have followed the Golden Rule in any degree, it has not been because it was the Golden Rule but because of a certain degree of fairness and kindness that was born in me and for which I can claim no credit. I do not remember ever to have decided for or against a certain thing on the grounds that that was the way I would want the other fellow to treat me.

I have obeyed none of the man-made laws and regulations of any of the religious sects. I have eaten meat almost every Friday. I have eaten pork almost every week and usually several times each week. I never knew whether or not a chicken or a steer was bled to death in the presence of a rabbi. I never gave up anything

during Lent. I have not fasted on fast days, unless it happened to be by the doctor's orders. In fact, I have never known what days were fast days — or why. For sixteen years I have not contributed toward the support of any church or any foreign or domestic mission. I have used tobacco and intoxicating liquor. I have worn a necktie and shaved my beard and used buttons on my pants instead of hooks and eyes.

I have never believed that chopping off the foreskin of a male child had anything to do with his getting to Heaven — or my getting there. I have cooked and worked and played all manner of games on the Sabbath — and I have encouraged both my sons and my friends to do likewise.

I have practiced birth control, thereby preventing the conception and birth of additional children. I have not worshipped the Lord. I have not prayed for sixteen years — even with lip-service — nor have I partaken of communion during that period.

This, then, is my confession. This is how I find my soul at the time that I take one of my few serious looks at the unseeable future. And it seems to me that I have written myself a clear ticket to Hell, in the light of all the information that has been afforded to mortal man.

At the present time I have no idea whether there is such a place, or such a state of mind, as Hell. I grant you that the Bible and the Koran and the religious writings of other great religions tell us that there most certainly is a Hell, or even a whole series of Hells, awaiting the transgressor. But I am far from convinced that any of them know what they are talking about.

Nor am I convinced that there is a Heaven, in spite of similar testimony from almost every type of religious faith. I do not repudiate the idea of either Hell or Heaven. I simply do not know.

However, I find myself confronted with the fact that a great many people whom I admire and respect do believe that there is a Heaven and a Hell. I hope that they are wrong. I hope that, when my heart finally ceases to beat, my soul as well as my body shall be at rest for evermore. I have not the slightest interest in Eternity. I do not wish to live forever, even in Heaven. I find in my heart not the slightest desire to gaze upon the face of God or to walk on streets on gold or to live in one of the many mansions or to see seraphim and cherubim or to hear the heavenly angels sing.

On the other hand, I find all of the advertised features of Hell to be singularly unattractive. I am decidedly opposed to being cooked or frozen or tortured with thirst or hunger, especially since I understand that these things are supposed to keep right on, day and night, forever and forever.

But the point is that what I want has nothing to do with it. I may hope that there is no afterlife — no Heaven and no Hell — but most of my ancestors firmly did believe these things to be true, and they may be right. And if, perchance, they are right, it clearly behooves me to take steps.

What steps to take I do not know, as I have said. I have taken those few formal steps that were indicated by the Congregational Church. I have repented sins and confessed faith and been baptized, both physically and spiritually. And now I stand at the threshold of the backdoor of life, without repentance and without faith and without knowledge.

Christianity has failed me throughout practically my entire adult life, and I am trying to look back over the years and discover why. For it is possible, nay probable, that Christianity never had a more promising believer than I was in my youth.

I believed everything that they told me in Sunday school and in church. For years I had the idea that God, and if not God then certainly Jesus, had written the Bible in English with His Own Hand. And when I gradually absorbed the idea that the books that were named Matthew and Mark and Luke and John were written by men of that name, I naturally assumed that these consecrated writers were the actual apostles of the same name who walked with Jesus. In fact, it was not until a year or two ago, when I read this book called "Since Calvary," that I learned that not a single one of those four writers of the four books of the Gospel ever saw Jesus. Not a single one of them knew what he was writing about.

Back in my highly religious boyhood, and very surprising it was to parents who did not go to church, the Parables were not parables to me. They were the stories of actual happenings. I had not the least doubt that God talked out of the burning bush, although I wondered why God set fire to the bush before He climbed into it and whether, perchance, the Devil might have set fire to it to spite God. I did not question the story about Adam and Eve, nor did I ever wonder where Cain and Abel got their wives, if Adam and Eve were the first of the human race and had no daughters.

Somewhere I got the idea that Jesus had made a camel pass through the eye of a needle, and I wished that I had been there to see it done. I did not know that no whale or other monster of the sea had a throat sufficiently large to swallow Jonah in one piece. If this objection had been suggested to me, I could have seen no possible reason why God could not have enlarged the throat and internal quarters of that particular whale to enable it to attend to this particular miracle. And if Mrs. Prouty, my Sunday School teacher, had told me that Jonah swallowed the

whale and then took to the air and flew across the entire Arabian desert to deposit the whale in the Red Sea, I would have believed it. Why not? To me, nothing was impossible for a Being who had created everything in the universe in six days and six nights. I would not have been surprised to awake some morning and find that our chickens had four legs and our horse had feathers. What I mean is that I Believed.

I believed in the virgin birth of Christ, long before I knew what a virgin was, and long afterward. To me it did not seem much of a miracle for God to cause Mary to conceive without connection with a man, when He had already demonstrated His ability to create Adam without either a father or a mother. I thought that it would have been a much more effective miracle if He had caused Joseph to conceive and bear the Christ Child instead of Mary. That would have been a real demonstration of his powers, and would have saved a lot of hard work in convincing the rest of the world that Christ was not just an ordinary man, and that Mary was not telling all she knew about the affair.

I knew exactly where Hell was located and what they did to you after you got there. Hell was directly under your feet and about half-way to China. Volcanoes and hot springs proved what was going on down there, too. I knew what they did to you because Dante had been down there and had taken some pictures — and we had his book. They took most or all of your clothes off and dunked you in boiling hot lakes of water or asphalt. They dropped you into pits full of serpents or stuck you upside-down into holes in the rock floor that had flames coming out of them. It was very hot and very dry and they never gave you a drink. I was impressed, however, with the beauty of some of the women. And they wore no clothes.

In much the same fashion I knew about Heaven. Undoubtedly Heaven was located somewhere in the sky, because the angels and Jesus and Little Eva ascended upward, and so did the golden stairs and Jacob's ladder. There were streets of gold and gates of pearl and many mansions and much singing and harp playing and perpetual adoration and no giving in marriage and God and Jesus each sat on a throne all of the time, but I did not know whether the Holy Ghost had a throne or not. I was always very hazy about the Holy Ghost, and so am I to this day. I do not know whose ghost he is. Neither God nor Jesus need a ghost, and if he is the ghost of some third party it is very upsetting.

I knew that the way to get to Heaven was to avoid doing those things for doing which you got sent to Hell. The idea was that if you just managed to keep from going to Hell you were bound to get to Heaven, for there were only those two places to go to. I did not know about Purgatory in those days. So I spend a

great amount of effort avoiding the list of sins, or being extremely repentant and afraid of Heavenly wrath after doing something or other. I not only believed in punishment in the Hereafter, but I likewise believed that God could, and would, reach down and smite you, hip and thigh, if you lied to your mother or stole apples from the neighbors.

Most of the sins of the Ten Commandments were too grown-up for me to understand, but my respect for those against lying and stealing developed very early, and I somewhere gathered the idea that if you took the name of the Lord in vain He was liable to strike you dumb. Apparently He was too busy to apply this punishment to my associates and many grown-ups of my acquaintance, but I was convinced that He was laying for me — and I must have been all of thirteen years of age before I ever had sufficient hardihood to say “God Damn You” to anybody.

The one single commandment that really functioned with me for any great length of time was that which forbids adultery. To this day I am not sure just what Moses included in that term. In the light of the way the leaders of Israel conducted themselves with concubines and handmaidens and other unmarried women, without official reproach, I suspect that the only adultery in those days was that which involved a married woman — and the Puritans who wrote the Capital Laws of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay must have had the same idea of it, for they did not describe affairs with unmarried women as Adultery, save when those women were “Betrothed.” But in my boyhood scheme of things, adultery took in the whole business. I did not know what it was when I first encountered it in its usual juvenile form. They did not call it adultery and I was not sure what they were doing, so I asked my mother.

She told me. She told me plenty. Without so much as bringing in the idea of sin or the Ten Commandments, she so thoroughly convinced me of the importance of maintaining my sexual continence that I did just that thing. Failing her inspiration, and her eternal watchfulness, I would never have won through the procession of temptations that every youth has to meet, both from without and from within himself. And even with this maternal fortification I sinned many times mentally, and there were numerous occasions when nothing but chance interruption or delay saved me from sinning in the flesh.

I believed that the Devil put such thoughts into your head, and that God had his eye on you every minute and knew exactly what you were thinking as well as what you did. They told me that He even knew about it when a sparrow fell out of the nest. Where He kept himself in the daytime I did not know. Probably up in Heaven, on that throne. But at night He was right in the room with me, especially after the light was put out. When I was

very small, and had to go outdoors into the dark, I wished that He would come out of the house and keep me from getting scared of things. But He did not seem to want to do that. I could never feel His Presence out of doors, but at the same time I could always feel His Eye on me.

I believed in the efficacy of prayer. I believed that if I forgot to say "Now I lay me down to sleep" when I went to bed, and I happened to die in that night, then I would not go to Heaven. And I wanted to go to Heaven.

My prayers seemed to work fairly well for a time. I simply asked God to bless everybody in the family, including the pets, and so far as I was able to tell He complied with that modest request, although I was not very sure just what it meant to "God bless" somebody. If I prayed for a pair of skates, and eventually got them, I knew that prayer worked. If I prayed for a pony, and did not get it, I was under the conviction that I was an unworthy sinner and God would not listen to my prayer for that reason. My line of thought was exactly the same as that of a Christian Scientist when Science fails to instantly heal a broken leg or a couple of blind eyes. The trouble was not with the system, but with the patient. The system knew no failure if the patient was attuned to the system.

My first serious doubt of the efficacy of prayer came when my small brother Don was shot. While the doctors were struggling to save his life, I went apart and prayed. I told God that He knew that this little boy was too young to be punished for his sins, for he knew not the meaning of sin. I told Him that if this innocent life was being taken away to punish some of the rest of us for our sins, then let Him be just — let Him take the sinner. Let Him take me and spare my brother.

He took baby Don and left me. And from that day I have had absolutely no faith in the power of prayer, so far as my personal affairs were concerned. Nor has anything happened throughout my life that led me to believe that other and more righteous people were having any better luck with their prayers. I have known many things to come to pass, which people had prayed for — but I have also known many more things that they have prayed for, and they did not come to pass. It does not satisfy me to have people tell me that God knows best. It does not satisfy me to pray that God's will be done. Of course He knows best. And if His will is going to be done, regardless of my wishes, I feel that it is both useless and impudent of me to attempt to interfere with the process by making suggestions and asking for special favors and dispensations.

Several times during my adolescent years I was filled with the Spirit. I was enabled to see that if I lived a life of true sanctifica-

tion, nothing but good could come to me. The ways and the works of earth were all vain and illusory. But each of these brief periods of exhaltation—periods similar to those which set the feet of young Protestants in the missionary paths — the feet of young Catholics in the paths that lead to the priesthood or the nunnery — each of them was extinguished by my meeting some attractive new girl or deciding to go to West Point or discovering that some person whom I had regarded as a saintly Christian was some variety of stinker in his private life.

As the years passed and I approached manhood I gradually lost interest in going to church, simply because I was getting nothing out of it that was worth the effort. The music and the hush of the stained glass would lift me up — and then the minister would cast me down with twenty-minute prayers and hour-long sermons about everything in general and nothing in particular. Mrs. Prouty and my other Sunday-school teachers had laid a firm foundation, and I could see no profit in hearing the minister go over and over the same ground every Sunday. Those prayers were without religious meaning, anyway, and the preacher was about the only one who did not open his eyes after about fifteen minutes of it and look around the church to see who was there. And I am sure that he wanted to, because it meant his bread and butter. But I somehow got the impression that none of them, including the minister, expected that those church prayers were going to be answered, and I still have that same opinion. They were lip-service — nothing more than lip-service.

Then I married and moved to Kingston and was baptized and joined the church, as earlier set forth. Up to that time I had been something of a church-goer but not a church member. I felt no particular call to join the church, and I think now that I did it more as a matter of policy than as a result of conviction. And the only reason that I joined the Congregational Church was because it was the only church in our little village. However, I probably would have gone Congregational anyway, for that was the friendly church of my childhood and the church of my forefathers.

Looking backward, I find that there have been but two periods in my life when I achieved what the exhorters call “getting right with God.” One of these was the period before I was able to talk — my baby years. The other was at the moment when I joined the church, for then I actually repented all of my sins and confessed my belief in the character and ability of Jesus, the Son of God.

But I was unable to hold my ground. Joining the church did not change my mode of life in any particular, nor did it improve my morals. I still coveted my neighbor’s wife and his daughter

and his comely maid servant. I still, at times, wished that the rest of Christianity were more like the Mormons in their ideas about wives. I still told my wife more or less gentle lies about why I could not get home to work in the garden or wash the kitchen floor. I still used the Lord's name in vain when I wished to express my thorough disapproval of something. I honored the judgement of my father and my mother less and less as the years ran by. The only reason why I kept the Sabbath day holy in any respect was because I was a college professor in a small New England village, and it might cost me my job if I violated the local ground rules. About the only improvement in my general conduct consisted of my wearing a frock coat to church each Sunday — and saying grace over the dinner table until one day I caught my wife looking out of the window while I was going through that ritual and I never again said grace. Somehow it had not occurred to me to say grace over breakfast or lunch, although lunch was usually a mess of leftovers and undoubtedly needed to be blessed if any of our food needed it.

It was during this first year of my church membership that I took up the casual use of both tobacco and intoxicating liquor. For twenty-two years I had kept away from both of these habits, not as a matter of religion but simply because I did not care for them. My church took no stand in such matters, other than to oppose excess and abuse. And if it had been a church that attempted to dictate in these and similar matters of daily life I should never have become a member — for those man-made rules infuriate me almost beyond control.

As I became better acquainted with the individual members of my church, I discovered that, in most cases, their Christianity consisted almost entirely of outward conformity to the accepted rules of Christian conduct. They wore their Christianity as the widows of their day wore their weeds — when they were where people might see them. Christianity in that village, as elsewhere, consisted in going to church at the appointed time and being a good church worker and giving to the support of the church and to foreign and home missions. It consisted in keeping a close watch over other people to see that they did what was right. It consisted in saying grace over all meals and saying your prayers each night before going to bed. It consisted in condemning cigarettes and liquor and gambling and profanity and divorce and any activity on the Sabbath other than religious devotions and spending the rest of the day quietly indoors. And not many years previously it had likewise included vigorous condemnation of the theatre and dancing and cards, plus a daily indulgence in scripture reading to the assembled family and servants.

So far as I was able to discover, this was the total sum and substance of their Christianity — and in the twenty-seven years

which have passed since then I have failed to discover any different type of Christianity, although certain of the accepted rules of Christian conduct have varied and changed with the years.

In my younger days, a person who was converted and who espoused the Christian life was sometimes called a "professor." It seems to me that this designation should have been kept alive — that it is more than appropriate. For to me it is an apt description of one who professes to be a Christian and who goes through all the prescribed motions and says all of the prescribed words — and hopes that this outward conformity will take the place of keeping the Ten Commandments.

I personally believe that rigid and unfailing keeping of the Ten Commandments throughout life is utterly impossible for any human being — and that there never was an adult human being who came anywhere near to keeping them all. In seeking such a goal of human conduct we are seeking the impossible. The goal is so far above human reach — so far, in fact, beyond human desire — that the striving is hopeless. And a goal beyond hope is a goal which causes people to cease striving.

If I am right in my belief that no man lives who has kept the Ten Commandments immaculate, then I do not feel so badly about my own shortcomings. For I shall have plenty of pleasant company in the Great Beyond, no matter which destination I finally reach. On a strict interpretation of the Scriptural Laws, I believe each and every grown human being to be a sinner and subject to such punishment, and such means of escaping punishment, as shall be provided.

My discovery of these facts was the beginning of the end of my church going. I had long been in doubt regarding the depth of my own conviction, but my gradual discovery that the real genuine "professors" were getting nothing out of Christianity except man-made rules of what and when to eat and drink and what one could and could not do on the Sabbath and for amusements on other days of the week — that was the finish for me. I quit going to church and decided that I would go ahead and try to live my own idea of a decent life and not worry about other people's definitions of sin. So far as I was concerned, from now on in the only sin that amounted to shucks was something that did harm to other people — and the avoidance of that one thing has been my sole rule of conduct since that day.

I have not been permitted to follow my chosen path without argument. Total strangers have come into my home and labored with me that I might again see the light and join some church which needed members to help lift the mortgage. In fact, I have never been solicited to join any church that did not have a mortgage — and usually a great deal of trouble in raising the money for church maintenance as well.

Piously inclined friends and relatives have pointed out to me the error of my ways. They have insisted that playing golf and bridge and going fishing, and not going to church on Sunday, could not be defended. They have made it plain that the use of tobacco and liquor was not only wasteful and actually harmful and foolish, but that, even if I had no regard for my own health and morals and reputation, I was setting a harmful example for my three sons.

I admit all this. My boys have grown up to do all of the evil things of which I am guilty. But so have the children of most of the rigidly orthodox church members of my acquaintances — as soon as they could get out of sight of their parents. I might have made my boys rebellious and unhappy by setting them a “good example” and insisting that they follow it — but what merit is there in outward manifestation without inward conviction. What merit is there in the man who sits on the pier all day Sunday watching others fish, but will not drop a hook in the water himself until one minute past midnight.

At the present time I do not — and I cannot — take any portion of the Bible literally. I do not believe any portion of it is what we call Holy Writ — the direct word of God. And if that be true — if it is not the direct word of God — then it is nothing but the work of men.

I have already called your attention to the fact that none of the men who wrote about Jesus — who told us what he did and where he went and what he said — ever saw Jesus or heard the sound of his voice. They set down what someone else told about Jesus — and the stories may have passed through a hundred hands before reaching these writers, for all we know. It was hearsay evidence.

And the happenings in the Old Testament occurred hundreds of years before they were set down in writing. They were handed down from father to son by men who could not read and write — by men who were far more ignorant and superstitious than the most benighted black savage in the heart of Africa today.

Yet men take this book called the Bible and demand that we revere every word in it as sacred — as Holy Writ — when they must know that every word which lies between its covers was set down by human translators within the knowledge of men — written first in Greek, translated to the Hebrew and the Latin — then translated into English by men who did the work, not for love and not because of inspiration, but at the command of a king of England — by men who took some earlier Bible, which came they knew not whence, in all probability — and changed it to suit their kingly master and his church rulers.

When certain men then take this Holy Bible and select a certain verse to prove that I must be baptized by full immersion — and others take another verse and prove that I am entitled to have more than one wife — shall I accept the one and not the other? Both are Holy Writ. I have been told that by the Bible one can prove that everything mentioned in the Ten Commandments is right — and that by the same Bible another can prove that everything mentioned in the Ten Comamndments is wrong.

The Bible has proved to be a second Tower of Babel. Regardless of the authenticity of its authorship, and the accuracy of its transmission and translation, it is the attempt of a large group of men, some of whom were great, to set forth rules and guide posts for right living, if nothing more, in those days in which it was collated. And from these writings men have formulated more divergent religious beliefs than there are fish in the sea.

They were not content to accept the teachings of Jesus and the Ten Commandments. They were not content to do the things that He told them to do in order to be saved — to love one another and to repent their sins and to Believe. So far as I know He never told them to build churches and employ priests and ministers and take up collections and force people to attend church. So far as I know He did not care whether they attended church or not. He was just as likely to preach on Monday as on Sunday — and Saturday was the Sabbath in His country. Nobody ever told me that He observed the Sabbath — and if He did it must have been the Jewish Sabbath.

Did He ever say whether one should be baptized by immersion or by sprinkling? Did He ever prescribe unleavened bread instead of leavened bread for communion? Did He say whether the wine should be fermented or sweet? Did He ever say that a couple who were not married by a priest were not married in the sight of God — that they were living in adultery?

Did He ever say that instrumental music should not be used in religious ceremonies — or that men and women should sit separately — or that women must keep their heads covered before the altar — or that the feet must be bathed before partaking of communion — or that any man should inherit the power to forgive sin — or that any sinner could be so deeply sunk in sin that his body might not be buried in holy ground? For that matter, did He ever say that it would help matters to have the body buried in holy ground?

Did He ever indicate that men should fast or do without certain things on certain days or for certain periods — or have churchmen simply taken His sporadic and non-ritualistic fast periods as an example and builded on them? Did He ever say anything about preventing the conception of children? If so, I cannot find it.

Did He ever rule against the use of tobacco and distilled liquors — neither of which were known in His part of the world? Did He use wine or did He not? Did He say that there was one God whom we were to worship — or did He say that we were to worship a God and His Son and the Holy Ghost?

Did He ever say one single word to directly substantiate the idea of the Immaculate Conception?

Did He say anything about cooking or playing cards or dancing on the Sabbath — or wearing clothes without buttons — or wearing union suits with holes torn in the breast and the knees and calling them Endowment Garments — or joining a church — or refusing His communion to one not a member of a certain faith — or the use or condemnation of statues and pictures in church — or the use of incense — or the vocal confession of sins to another human being — or a Purgatory in addition to Hell — or penance to be done on earth — or popes and cardinals and bishops and moderators and deacons?

Verily, the Bible has been a second Tower of Babel — a fount of eternal confusion. It says all things to all men. Twenty preachers can take the same verse of the same chapter of St. Luke, for example, and from it draw twenty sermons that will not have one single point of similarity. New sects are formed over a dispute regarding the meaning of a single sentence — families are broken up and men die in battle — and no one knows for certain who wrote that sentence or exactly what he meant by it.

The trouble with Christianity — the reason why it has achieved such a tiny portion of the success it might have had in elevating men's lives — lies not in Christianity but in the men who sought to interpret and improve on Christianity.

I say that Christianity, by itself, has achieved practically no success in elevating the lives of so-called Christians, because I believe that to be the truth. I grant that there has been a material improvement in the relations and personal conduct of men since the birth of Christ, but most of that improvement has been paralleled in non-Christian nations, which would indicate that those universal gains have been due to something in addition to, or aside from, Christianity. The Jews, for example, do not believe in Christ — but they show in their culture all of the virtues of Christianity and frequently to a greater degree than do the Christians among whom they live.

Christianity can take no credit for the abolition of slavery, for the church owned millions of slaves in the dark ages and defended the system for centuries, even as it owned armies of white serfs and defended serfdom when slavery had become a thing of the past in Europe.

Christianity can take no credit for the elevation of women, for it fought against the elevation of women for centuries — and the greatest of all Christian churches still rules that no woman has the right to deny her husband sexual contact whenever he desires it — and that she has no right to limit the number of her children.

Christianity can claim little credit for the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule — for both were borrowed almost intact from older heathen religions — and they were forced on the pagan world, not by Christians but by a Roman Emperor and his pagan legions.

Christianity had its opportunity — and it failed. It had to strike while the iron was hot — before men learned so much of the history of the Bible that they began to doubt its authenticity. And they failed to strike because of the dogmatic, repressive, tyrannical, wholly worldly policy of the Catholic Church and likewise because of the senseless, petty, jealous, ignorant bickering between the leaders of the Protestant sects when they got started in business. The Christian church, as a whole, has attempted to make men Christians by telling them what to wear and what to eat and how to pray and exactly what they may and may not believe about certain portions of the Bible. It is the most striking example in all history of the facts that a house divided against itself cannot stand. It is a living demonstration of the confusion that comes from many counsellors.

The ministers and the devout church people — particularly the Sabbitarians — are wondering what is the matter with the church. They are wondering why they are losing their young people. They are wondering why the highways and the waterways and the golf courses are crowded — and the churches are empty. And they are now taking a little temporary comfort from the fact that the prolonged business depression has brought back some of their missing congregation. They say that, when real trouble comes, men remember that their only hope lies in God. But the men and women who have drifted back to an occasional Sunday service do not believe that.

So far as I am able to judge, the trouble with the Protestant churches lies in the fact that they offer nothing than most people want or need — today.

Most people do not actually believe that if they pray to God and ask Him for some vitally important favor they are going to get it. They have tried it during these parlous years and it did not work. They did not get the job they prayed for — and it did not rain when they prayed for rain.

Nor do most people go to church for fear of going to Hell. They no longer believe in Hell. They know what is in the center

of the earth — and Hell is not there. And after what they have been through here on earth, even Hell has its attractions.

Most people, those that I know anyway, are nearly as uncertain about Heaven as I am. Astronomy makes it impossible for the educated to visualize any possible location for a definite Heaven. And if, perchance, it be located on one of the other planets, the idea of going there is not much more attractive than the Hindu idea of coming back to this earth again and again and again.

Most people are becoming very doubtful of the petty rules of thought and conduct which separate one Christian sect from another. This doubt is fully as strong in the ministry as it is in the congregation. And when a minister no longer believes in dire calamity and damnation for those who do not belong to his particular sect — or for those of his own congregation who fail to live up to its law of acceptable thought and acceptable conduct — then the salt has indeed lost its savor.

To me it seems that the Protestant sects are hip-deep in the swamp of doubt and petty confusion. They still call themselves Methodists and Baptists and the like, but it is as hard to tell them apart as it is to tell a Democrat from a Republican. Apparently the only religious sects that seem to know where they are going — the only churches that are filled — are the Roman Catholics and the Christian Scientist bodies.

These two faiths — the oldest and perhaps the youngest — are holding their ground in the present confusion and decline of Christianity by almost exactly the same methods. And by far the most important of those methods is the fact that they do not permit their members to do their own thinking. Catholics and Scientists must live by the Law — and they must think by the Law. And, of the two, the Law of the Christian Science Church is by far the most rigid and unyielding.

The Catholic Church no longer has the chained Bible. Its members may read the Scriptures and its priests may preach to their heart's dictate, so long as they do not transgress, and thus confuse, the fundamental laws and interpretations that are laid down by the authorities in Rome.

But the Christian Science Church has put the chain back on the Bible. No member and no teacher is permitted to do independent thinking or independent teaching in the slightest degree. Every word of every sermon must be selected by some hidden member in the Mother Church in Boston. The same sermon must be used — in exactly the same way — on exactly the same day — in every Christian Science Church in America. The only approach to the sermon that other churches know is the occasional

lecture which is given in some hall or theatre — and which is given, incidentally, for the sole purpose of securing converts for Christian Science. These lectures may be given only by authorized lecturers — and every word uttered must be approved, if not actually written, by the board of censorship of the Mother Church. Incidentally, the Christian Science Church is remarkably like the Mormon Church in that it seeks converts from other Christian faiths instead of from the heathen.

The Science church insists upon regimented thought — and no man outside of the Mother Church knows the exact origin of that thought. The Catholic church, on the contrary, gives more freedom of thought but much less liberty of action. It interferes more with the physical life, and less with the mental life, of its members. Realizing the frailty of human nature, it provides for that frailty. Realizing the impossibility of keeping the Ten Commandments, it provided a method of forgiving a man his transgressions and failures and giving him a fresh start and fresh hope.

Several times I have been tempted to join the Roman Catholic Church. I have coveted the comfort and security which it seems to bring to its members. And I would join it today — go back to the real Mother Church to which all of our grandfathers belonged a mere five hundred years ago — if I could just bring myself to believe that I could avoid Hell and win Heaven by not eating meat on Friday — by going to Mass every Sunday — by contributing to the church — by confessing my sins and partaking communion at least once each year — and by believing that the pope, whoever he might be at the moment, is God's duly appointed Vice-regent on earth and thus anointed with equal authority. And I may join it yet, for, even if their plan for salvation may not be the best plan, at least it has the merit of bringing a maximum degree of mental comfort in this life.

I have likewise been tempted to join the Christian Science Church. I have seen Science perform miracles — not second-hand miracles and but miracles that took place in my own family and in my own mind and body. But in spite of these demonstrations of its possibilities, I have not joined that church and for several reasons. The first reason is that every time I hear them say their rigamarole about "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy," I find it utterly impossible for me to keep from adding in my own mind these words, "With Kind Permission of the Copyright Owners." And if you do that the charm does not work.

The second reason is that Christian Science, and I have watched it right close up for years, does not seem to work any better or any worse than just old-fashioned prayer or kissing some holy relic or carrying St. Christopher in your automobile to pre-

vent accidents. There are just as many Christian Scientists out of work today, in proportion to total numbers and mental quality, as there are members of any other sect or no sect at all. Their children have just as many measles and other infantile diseases and there is no available and credible evidence that the Scientists live any longer or have any fewer troubles than other people.

And the third reason that I have not become a Scientist is because, so far as I can learn, Christian Science spends practically all of its efforts in teaching people how to keep out of trouble in their daily lives, and practically none of it in telling them how to avoid trouble in the life hereafter.

I am not interested in a religion which merely proposes to remove fear of going broke on Tuesday and to abolish a toothache on Thursday. What I want is a religion that will tell me where I am going after I play my last game of Sunday golf — exactly what to do about it in the meantime — and make me believe it.

When Grandfather Samuel Willard was a boy in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, men's conduct on Sunday was governed by the law, and the law was written by the Church.

When Grandfather Alonzo Willard was a boy in Wilton, men's conduct on Sunday was governed by social laws — and it was enforced by the old men of the families.

When my mother was a girl in Chicago, shortly before the Civil War, the rigid Sabbath was being broken down. The Irish Catholics went to the earliest Mass available and then raised hell the rest of the day. The Lutheran Germans went to church in the morning — and then to the schutzenfest or the beer garden. They even established a theatre — the second theatre in Chicago — and performances were given only on Sunday, to the horror and dismay of the New England portion of the population. For the New Englanders were still strict Sabbatarians — and they frowned upon the theatre. Joseph Jefferson played in Chicago's first theatre as a boy, and in his memoirs he wrote that the Sabbatarians called the theatre "a nursery of crime" and "an alarming assault on the stronghold of youthful rectitude." His audiences consisted almost exclusively of men — for years the only women who dared go to the theatre were prostitutes — and it was necessary to have police on hand to quell fights and protect the actors from the drunken audience.

The mental plane of my mother's girlhood is brilliantly illuminated by quotations that I find in her autograph album of 1874.

Her cousin, Julius Alphonso Willard, wrote, "Dear Jessie: You ask me for a sentiment for these pages. Album means white. White is the symbol of purity. Keep your heart and life pure with goodness and truth."

F. A. Bradley had this wish for a young girl of eighteen:

"Hearts like apples are hard and sour
Till crushed by pain's resistless power
And yield their juices rich and bland
To nought but sorrow's heavy hand
The first are turbidest and meanest
The last are purest and serenest."

W. H. Thomson wrote for the young lady: "May you have many long and happy years, a peaceful death and a glorious immortality."

But W. N. Chapin was already breaking away from this gloomy school, it seems, for he wrote:

"You ask me to write in your album today
I'm sure I don't know what you want me to say
Poetry, mottoes, advice and so forth
Are now out of date and esteemed little worth
So I'll just sign my name and hope you will be
Ever a true and sincere friend to me."

Lizzie Smith of Westfield, Mass., was loyal to the old tradition. She solemnly "Prayed that her soul be forever kept from stain and sin, that Christ might live in her and through her life shine into other souls."

These old quotations show the religious tempo — the ever presence of religion in daily thought and speech — in Mother's girlhood. Religion might be harsh and rigid, but it was alive.

Now came my boyhood. The World's Columbian Exposition was held in Chicago in 1893. To give it financial assistance the Congress voted to provide two and one-half million dollars in souvenir coins — and the Sabbatarians managed without trouble to have that appropriation law specify that this money should be available only if the World's Fair were closed on Sunday. The people wanted it open on Sunday — and the Fair management was agreeable to the idea. Finding a wide loophole in the law they eventually did open the Fair on Sunday, and the general manager of the Fair reported that: "Men of the best intentions, and aiming only to do right according to their views, were accused of being enemies of society and religion — and were thundered at from many pulpits, often intemperately."

That was forty years ago. Today not more than two out of ten of my close friends and relatives go to church with any regularity — and those that go do so with little enthusiasm and, I suspect, with equally small benefit.

Nor do I think that this situation will ever change in this country. For the church has too often outlived its social usefulness — and when men and women ceased to consider the salvation of their souls as the chief objective of life, then the church has lost its religious usefulness.



WHAT HAPPENED TO WOMEN?

No story of my times would be complete without some mention of changes that have come to women — and to the rest of the world as a result of the coming.

Through the activity of my mother in those things for which good women have fought, it has been my privilege to at least meet some of the really great women of America — Jane Adams, Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt, and others of that generation. I have seen Dr. Mary Walker in her trousers and man's coat. I have heard Margaret Sanger — the apostle of birth control. But I missed Carrie Nation when she brought her hatchet to Chicago — and I never saw my own distant cousin, gentle Frances E. Willard — who spread the gospel of temperance without ever mentioning prohibition.

Through the long years, beginning with the middle of the last century, these women and others like them fought for the rights of women and children — and even for the rights of men. They fought for free hospitals and free schools and free kindergartens. They fought for juvenile courts and reform schools and psychiatric clinics and insane asylums instead of prisons for the insane. They fought for homes for the feeble-minded and the epileptic — for orphan asylums — for homes for unmarried mothers. They fought for school and visiting nurses — for courses in manual training and cooking and sewing and personal health and sanitation — for body-building calisthenics and good light and fresh air and the abolition of the contagion-spreading drinking cup and the common towel. They fought for equal rights for women — for the vote and for property rights and for the right to sit on juries and for full rights in connection with divorce — and these fights they won, to their immense credit.

They fought the houses of prostitution, won that battle, and lost the war. For the prostitutes were thus scattered throughout the residence portion of each such city and the social evil was not killed but merely spread.

They fought for temperance and for local option, and came out with national prohibition. And that was a disastrous affair, for it created a vast army of law-breakers — it filled the prisons and jails with people who had done something that was not illegal before the World War and is not illegal today — it drove drinking into private homes and dance halls and football games — it

made drinking not only permissible for women and young girls, but also made it common — and today in the bars of Indianapolis, and every other city that I know, there are as many women drinking at the bar as there are men, and frequently many more women than men.

Public drinking is not the only drastic change that has occurred in the affairs of women since the war. There has been a startling change in the standard of feminine chastity, and it is of this that I would speak.

My generation — the older fathers and the younger grandfathers of the nation — has had strong reason to suspect that this change has been taking place — that the younger generation has abandoned the code of feminine chastity which we attempted to hand down to them — but we have not been sure. Our difficulty lies in the fact that never before has there been so wide a gap between two generations of the same people. We were getting along nicely, hand in hand, and we suddenly discovered that the handclasp was broken and could never again be joined. Our children were gone from us, as surely as if they had stayed in Flanders' Fields. They were cut loose from our traditions and freed from our parental government. They were finished with our codes — they were in process of developing a new code of their own — and it was not the code which we had inherited. They alone know what it is — and they do not talk freely with us older folks, because they know that we disapprove.

For this reason, any attempt to analyze and define the new standards of chastity that were developed by the war generation, and that were then inherited by their younger brothers and sisters, is largely guesswork — for most of the members of those generations hardly realize that there is a new code, or that it differs from our code. They are so busy living that they have had little time for self-analysis.

In comparison with most of my friends who were born before 1890, I have had a very much better opportunity to keep in close touch with the generation behind me, and for several reasons. The youngest of my three sons is less than twenty-five years my junior. All three of them were in college together one year. All three of them lived at home throughout their college years. And to my occasional intense exasperation I found that my nervous system was firmly spliced to theirs — I twitched when they twitched — I helped them pass or flunk — I helped them woo and win their wives — I almost helped them draw every breath.

And because of this close liaison I nearly bridged the gap. There is no subject that they will not discuss with or before me — they and their wives and their friends. The youths of today apparently fail to recognize me as "old folks." If I wished to get

the "dirt" about any particular youth or damsel, I have but to ask. And, if I do not ask, I can eventually get it by just sitting still and listening.

One result of this peculiarly intimate relationship with my own sons is that I have been forced into the position of a sort of father confessor to a long line of college students — those who were away from home and those who were reluctant to talk to their own fathers. They brought intimate problems to me which they would not think of discussing with their own parents — simply because my ungrateful sons advertised me as a sort of friendly type of oracle for young men. Had I been so inclined, I have no doubt that I could have secured from these various sources quite accurate information on the sexual affairs of perhaps one-half of the college-student population of the entire state of Indiana, with corroborative evidence from institutions as widely scattered as Dartmouth and Leland Stanford.

From these and other sources I have derived certain facts and certain thoughts which I propose to place before you, with the hope that they may be helpful in identifying, and possibly explaining, the new guideposts of sexual conduct. But in order to do this it is necessary to define the old landmarks, as they existed in my youth, so that we may have a starting point from which to measure the changes — a baseline for establishing the new angles of acceptable conduct.

As you know, my grade-school and high-school years were spent in Winnetka, Illinois — a community that was then entirely free from slums and the type of people who live in slums. At one time I knew every man, woman and child, every horse, cow and dog, in the entire community.

The town was divided between those families where the man went to Chicago to business every day — and those families where the man worked in Winnetka, a doctor or two and a banker and a few storekeepers and their employees and all of the folks who cut the grass and built the houses and drove the wagons.

In a compact, almost homogeneous, all-American community of this sort, the private life of the individual becomes the public conversation of the community. News gets around — and the slightest step off of the beaten path is almost certain to be noted — and reported. For this reason, I think it quite likely that I was adequately informed on the sexual conduct of that village for a long period of years — at least so far as such affairs were confined within the village limits. And I feel that I knew what girls were vulnerable.

I lost this intimate contact when I went away to college, but from 1893 to 1901 I knew of the birth of but two children to

unmarried mothers and I knew of something less than ten girls, of all ages, who were publicly reported to be sexually accessible. The two unmarried mothers were of the laborer class — both were betrayed by men with whom they were in love — both men were forced by the priest to marry the girls — and both men promptly fled the town after the wedding ceremony.

The handful of delinquent girls were of all classes of society. All of them started their delinquency before reaching the age of puberty. All of them were promiscuous, which was undoubtedly the reason why their conduct became public information. Two of them had intimate relationship with their own brothers — for the brothers told about it. So far as I know, at least fifty boys were involved, to a greater or less extent, with those delinquent girls. Almost all of the girls married in time, but they did not marry men who had grown up in that town — and they did not stay in that town after marriage. They were afraid to.

That fact should be remembered, because it seems to me to be vital. For in those days no self-respecting boy or young man would be seen in public with any girl who was publicly known to have ever been sexually indiscreet — no matter how young and innocent she may have been at the time of her indiscretion. And even after she married she could not live it down. She was a permanent pariah.

In 1901 I enrolled at the Michigan Agricultural College — where there were then some nine hundred boys and three hundred girls. Here was another community of twelve hundred — all at the dangerous mating age — all away from the restraints of home and parents — and all in such close daily contact that news of misconduct got around much faster than it did in my village community. It was like living in a glass bowl with the goldfish.

By the end of my sophomore year I knew every single student in the college. I lost this 100% acquaintance as the newer classes came in, but during my four years I probably was acquainted with at least six hundred of the girls, and I knew a hundred or more of the rest of them by sight. And in those four years I never heard of but three cases where it was even suspected that one of those hundreds of girls was sexually approachable. The boys talked as much as they do now, but there was nothing to say along those lines.

From having talked with many men of my age — men brought up in other towns and sometimes in other colleges — I realize that my town and my college were not representative, even for those days. These men tell me that sexual delinquency was much more common in their early surroundings than I found it in mine. But they all agree that no self-respecting young man felt that he could be seen in public with a girl of questionable virtue.

Practically the same code prevailed with the girls. It was quietly taken for granted that the sowing of a reasonable crop of the wild oat had always been a masculine prerogative, but it was insisted that said sowing be done in the dark of the moon. It was not what a man did, but what people said about him, that counted. A nice girl was not expected to be seen in the company of a young man who was said not to be nice. That would promptly brand her as not nice herself. To accept the escort of a man who flaunted his indiscretions was accepted as *prima facie* evidence that the young lady was no better than she should be. Appearing in public with such a man was far worse than marrying him, for the marriage might reflect upon her common sense, but not upon her moral character. To sum matters up, in my so-called day the young lady who was not publicly respectable was invited to no respectable functions and received no offers of marriage from men who knew anything of her reputation. And the young man who was too indiscreet about his indiscretions was not considered to be an eligible escort, or an eligible suitor, by either a young lady or her parents.

This was the heart of our code — and it is this heart which has been changed. In spite of the existence of a vast number of exceptions, I think it is safe to say that the respectable young man no longer insists upon having a virgin for his bride. Marriage after marriage takes place in which I know, or at least have been credibly informed with much detailed evidence, that the bride had indulged in previous sex-experimentation — and it seems incredible to me that such widespread information should be unknown to all of these bridegrooms.

Now when young men are willing and eager to marry young women who have known men outside of wedlock, then it is obvious that there has been almost total abolition of the old rule that would have prevented these men from even appearing with such marked and “ruined” women in public.

Today there seems to be a tacit understanding that a girl’s sexual conduct is her own private business — and that pre-marital indulgence need not constitute a permanent or even a temporary blot on her character. But there still are rules of acceptable conduct, even though the old rules have been thrown away, and she must obey those new rules or pay the penalty.

I do not know that I can put the new rules into so many words. They are still too new — still in a state of flux and preliminary crystallization. But, from the sources of information at my command, I gather that the main rule concerning women and girls is that pre-marital coition must be confined within a love affair. Any young woman who is intimate with a number of men at the same time is looked down upon. They do not call her a tart or a chippie,

as we did. They say that she can be "made" — that she can be "layed" — she has "round heels" — and her social affairs soon are almost exclusively confined to that field of human activity. She is not the social leper that we would have made her — but she will probably have to find a man in some town where people do not know so much about her. However, there is little or no social obloquy for the girl who has been too generous with a lover, or even with a succession of lovers, provided there is reason to believe that she expects said lover to marry her. Nor has this startling change of public opinion been confined to the younger generation. Within the week the charming and cultured and highly moral mother of an equally cultured young married daughter said to me that she could not find it in her heart to blame any young couple for anything they did provided they were in love and expected to get married. Shades of my Grandfather Samuel! He would have hanged them both.

Pre-marital indulgence has always been a serious problem for the engaged couple. The announcement of the engagement was a frank admission to each other, and to the entire world, that they wished and intended to enter into such a relationship with each other. The consummation of that intention was presumably in the not distant future. All of the preliminaries leading up to coition were permissible — only the very act itself being prohibited until certain formal words were exchanged in the presence of witnesses.

In countries where the duenna system prevailed, the period between the engagement and the marriage was properly recognized as one of extreme danger — and care was taken to see that the young couple had no possible opportunity to give way to their very natural passions before the wedding ceremony took place.

In this country of greater personal freedom, there were three factors, in my estimation, which were most effective in keeping such matters under control. The most important of these was fear of the first child coming too soon. The second was a chivalrous belief on the part of the man that it was his sacred duty to protect the woman against any moments of uncontrollable emotional abandon. And the third was a feeling on the part of the woman that if she did surrender before the marriage she might lose her lover. For she had been brought up to firmly believe that the only way to bring a man to the altar was to withhold the final gift of marriage until after marriage.

These three protective influences no longer protect the engaged couple, in a multitude of cases. Knowledge of contraceptives has removed the fear of having to explain away a seven-months' baby. The woman knows from the experience of her friends that a premature surrender on her part does not necessarily result in the loss of her lover. And the man no longer feels any obligation to protect the woman against something which is not

only natural and pleasant but also fraught with no visible harm if properly managed.

The first big break with our old code, which demanded virginity in the bride and discretion in the bridegroom, came as a direct result of the World War. It is undoubtedly true that there was a gradual relaxation of the old rules of acceptable sexual conduct for many years prior to the war — a relaxation which was directly parallel to the gradual loss of belief in the certainty of hell-fire for adulterers. But with the war came that break with the past which makes it so difficult for the elders of the nation to understand the younger generation.

We are all familiar with the emotion which we call patriotism — that product of war hysteria which makes men eager to risk their lives — to die, if need be — in fighting the enemy of their nation. And we think that we observe the same emotion in women — but few of us dig deep enough to discover that the war emotion in women is an emotion toward the soldier instead of toward the flag. To her, the soldier is not going out to fight and die for his country — he is going out to fight and die for her — personally. He may never come back, and if there is any way by which she can pay him in advance she feels impelled to make that payment.

Therefore — when war comes to a nation — not all of the war-babies are borne by women of the conquered territories. Far from it. The well-recognized impulse toward a sex sacrifice on the part of the women who are left at home may merely be Nature's method of providing a new generation to take the place of the men who die — but it certainly exists, and it crosses all social lines.

When our soldiers came home from the war, they came home with the knowledge that a great many "nice" women and girls were accessible — and that they were no less desirable for being accessible. It was this experience — this knowledge — that changed the code. And the new code which came out of the war became the code of the younger brothers and sisters of the war generation — just as all codes are transmitted from the slightly older to the slightly younger, instead of from father to son.

In its actual application, the new code seems to be working fairly well. By that I mean that it seems to be observed just about as well as our older code was observed. There is a great deal more pre-marital coition on the part of women and girls than the older code permitted — but probably little more indulgence on the part of the men and boys. And, from a purely hygienic standpoint, it is far better for young men to secure sexual satisfaction from women and girls of their own social class, rather than to secretly consort with the moronic girls and professional prostitutes who constituted the only accessible class in my youth.

Where the new code of chastity has wrought its greatest harm is among young people of high school age. Its acceptance by the youngsters of fourteen to eighteen years of age has resulted in a nation-wide collapse of sexual restraint. It has resulted in evils which cannot be controlled by school authorities — which cannot be controlled by the church or the law — and which cannot be controlled by the adherents of the old code. This new code was handed down to these children by the war generation — they are the only one who can check it — and the responsibility is most definitely theirs.

I find a disposition on the part of college authorities and high school principals to deny the existence of widespread sexual libertinism among their young people. They are inclined to tell us that it is just the same old story of a few “bad” girls — that if, perchance, there are more bad girls in school than there were twenty-five years ago it is just because the law forces the children of the slums to stay in school until they are well into the flaming years of puberty — or just because the prosperous years of the Twenties started a great army of the daughters of the lower social classes toward college. They seek to do away with the existence of the problem by ignoring it.

If you doubt its existence — if you believe what the elders say about it — do as I did and go to the youngsters. For they and they alone know the true facts. They have furnished me with enough “copy” to write a book of a hundred thousand words. And I have substantiated many of the facts that they gave me. Within the month I have talked with a man who has worked as a drug clerk in every drug store in a certain Indiana city of nearly one hundred thousand population — and he informed me that he personally knew nearly one thousand unmarried girls and women in that city who had bought from him rubber contraceptives. Q.E.D. Ask your druggist.

The problem is far from new, but never before in this country did it get entirely out of control. Even as far back as my high school days I remember a terrific scandal that got into the newspapers in the capital city of a neighboring state. In the largest high school of that particular city the social affairs of the school were in the hands of a certain boys’ fraternity — a group which included in its membership practically all of the athletes and the social elect of the city. Through one of these sporadic outbursts of “Original Sin,” this group decided to make their social power serve their sexual desires — with the result that no girl was invited to any worthwhile dance or social function unless she was willing to surrender her body to the wishes of her escort. There was ample evidence that the system worked and that the surrender was made. And, since this was before these present days of widespread knowledge of contraceptives, that city was eventu-

ally horrified over the birth of some dozen or more children to high-school girls, many of whom belonged to the most prominent families in the city.

This bit of ancient history — those girls and boys are slightly older than myself if they are still living — is an acute example of a rather chronic condition in thousands of our high schools and colleges today. For our younger, younger generation has adopted the new code without adopting its restrictions. It certainly has accepted the idea that sexual compliance on the part of a girl does not disqualify her from polite society. But apparently it is not content with this. For there is strong evidence, in many cases, that it insists upon compliance if the girl is to be included in the most desirable social affairs. It reminds me of the story of the oldish member of the English cabinet who was being heckled by a beligerent feminine member of Parliament. She insisted that he take a stand on a bill which would raise the legal age of consent to twenty-five years. Finally he could stand her yapping no longer. He rose to his feet and solemnly stated that, speaking for the Government, he was in favor of raising the age of consent to twenty-five — and making it compulsory thereafter.

I commend the situation to the attention of the men and women who won the war. They let down the bars of feminine chastity — and it is for them to repair the damage. We more elderly gentlemen and ladies can do nothing but sit by the sidelines and wonder whether it really was the sexual breakdown that destroyed Rome.

When I was a boy, women wore bustles and long skirts that trailed in the mud. One might not mention the word “bull” or “stallion” in their presence. One might not smoke indoors without asking their permission. Grandmother Bolte was a little ashamed of the fact that she sometimes took a little port wine for the sake of her “stummick.” Women drank only wine — very little of that — and very few of them. The German women drank beer — and the common Irish drank whiskey and howled and fought.

Little girls in school wore starched drawers — and were horribly ashamed if anyone saw the edge of them.

In 1910 I saw a woman smoking a cigarette for the first time in public. She was from Boston and she sat in a chair in the lobby of Old Faithful Inn, in Yellowstone Park, and smoked a cigarette in a long holder just as brazen as you please. Not only that, but her small son and daughter stood by her and saw her do it.

And that same summer I rode in a smoking car from Philadelphia to Atlantic City and five women sat in that smoker. I was as astounded as I would have been if I had encountered them in the men's toilet.

This year, 1934, I began to see women smoking cigarettes on the street — to see stenographers and telephone operators smoking in their offices. And, while this is going on, there are multitudes of offices in which even men employees are prohibited from smoking by some fanatical boss. A queer world.

I lived through the uproar that was created by women wearing bloomers when they rode bicycles. They were cussed out from the pulpits. The peek-a-boo waist was condemned in my college days — but bloomers had been accepted for girls to wear in gymnasium. They still wore skirts and long stockings and shoes when they went in bathing.

Someone took me to Sam T. Jack's burlesque in Chicago in 1904. It was supposed to be particularly devilish because the girls wore tights without these breech-clouts over them — something nobody had previously dared to essay, even in burlesque.

This year I saw girls in floor shows in New York City who did not have on as much as a string of beads. They were bare naked and shaved as close as an egg — the way they shave you for an abdominal operation. They circulated between the tables where sat hundreds of women patrons, among the hundreds of men patrons — and nobody thought much about it. And I saw thousands of presumably respectable and respected women and girls at the pools and beaches — wearing barely enough in the shape of pants to cover the pelvic region — and decidedly not enough to hide the shape and color of the nipples. Almost the last trace of modesty has departed from our midst.

When Grandfather Alonzo was a boy, divorce in this country was almost unknown. It was a man's world — and the women could take it and like it. When I was a boy this had changed for the better. Now a woman could get a divorce for more reasons than infidelity — and many of them did. But the divorced woman was still looked down on. People whispered when she passed.

Today divorce is as commonplace as marriage. We already have about one divorce for every six marriages and there is every reason to believe that the ratio of divorce will increase, year by year. Women no longer have to take it and like it. They do not have to stay with a rotten husband simply because it is the only way they can make a living. They can step out and get a job, and frequently have more of the good things of life than they ever could have while they were still married. They can remove their children, if they have children, from the unfortunate atmosphere

of an unhappy home — an atmosphere that is far worse than the loss of the companionship of one of their parents. They are not looked down on — unless they have done something disgraceful. And they have no trouble in getting married again, for the old divorce stigma is gone. All of which I believe to be a good thing. Divorce carries with it many evils, but I feel that the advantages of easy and commonplace divorce considerably outweigh the evils. For we pass this way but once, unless the Hindus are right in their idea of coming back in the shape of a dog or a worm or some loathsome beast, and I can see no valid reason for wasting this one lifetime in the unhappiness of an unfortunate marriage.



ONE LAST WORD

This is the end of my record. I have no awe-inspiring message for you — no golden words of wisdom. I cannot tell you how to get rich or how to save your soul or how to get the most out of your few years here. I do not know why we are here on earth or where we came from or where we are going — and neither does anybody else in all the world, so don't let them kid you. Take no man's word for anything until you have proved him to be right. Most of the things that men have believed — particularly about religion — we now know to be wrong. Most of the things that you know to be facts will not be believed by your descendants — for which reason it behooves you to tread softly and take no pride in your own stubborn opinions.

Be modest — and be kind. And have the best time you can out of this, your only life, so long as you do nothing to make others unhappy. That is my thought.

And, in saying goodbye, may I leave with you this little verse that I once wrote — long ago and far away:

Let Me Be Happy

Oh, Lord, of all the blessings men may have I ask but one:

. . . . Let me be happy.

Others may pray for wealth or health or some specific thing — which once attained still leaves them discontent:

. . . . I seek not these.

A better car — a better gown — a finer home — a bank account. Can they bring happiness?

. . . . I have not found it so.

When I look back upon the path my feet have trod, I see the dim milestones where happiness was surely to be overtaken.

But when I reached each goal it was not there. So now, Oh, Lord, I come to Thee with just one prayer:

. . . Let me be happy.

JOHN WILLARD BOLTE

APPENDIX

The following approximate census figures show the amazing population growth during the years that have elapsed between the birth of my Grandfather Alonzo Joseph Willard (1817) and the writing of this chronicle (1934). There were only 19 states in the Union when he was born — and he lived to see a total of 48 states before his death in 1903.

	United States	Chicago
1790	4,900,000
1800	5,300,000
1810	7,200,000
1820	9,600,000
1830	12,800,000
1840	17,000,000	4,470
1850	23,000,000	29,963
1860	31,400,000	109,260
1870	38,500,000	298,977
1880	50,100,000	505,185
1890	62,900,000	1,099,850
1900	75,900,000	1,698,575
1910	91,900,000	2,185,283
1920	105,700,000	2,701,705
1930	122,700,000	3,376,483

Today (1962), both America and the rest of the world are experiencing a fantastic and highly ominous population bulge — a veritable tidal wave of children — with no visible prospect of diminution.

Statisticians tell us that the population of the United States should double every fifty years — and this for generation after generation.

With this prospect in mind — and with the absolute certainty that in due time we will have used up the last pound of coal and the last drop of fuel oil in all the world — I wish to indulge in prophecy. And in casting this prophecy I would use the language of the Prophets of ancient days. Let the future be my judge.

THIS IS MY PROPHECY

Lo! and Behold! The day came and the morning thereof when certain things came to pass and the multitude stood confounded. For this land of America was at last swarming with people — swarming as an overcrowded ant hill swarmeth with ants — for the land now encompassed within its confines an thousand million souls. Yea, from a population of less than thirty-two million at the outbreak of the War between the Brethren in 1860, the people now numbered an thousand million — and the end was not yet.

No longer was the land burdened with a staggering overplus of food — for the time had come when there was a staggering shortage of food — a time when multitudes then living had never known a day without hunger gnawing at their bellies. There was not enough food in the land — and never again would there be enough food.

The last drop of petroleum oil was long gone from the bowels of the earth. No living man could remember seeing petroleum oil or any of its by-products. No natural gas — no crude oil — no gasoline — no kerosene — none of an thousand by-products. The petroleum had vanished as if it had never been — and it was not permitted that man should solve the secret of making more.

The last ounce of coal had finally been mined and consumed — and this so long ago that only the oldest men could remember ever having seen coal. The coal was gone — and it was gone forever.

The petroleum was gone and the coal was gone and there was no fuel in all the world save farm wastes — for there was no wood left for burning. The swarming peoples must use every acre of usable land for the growing of food — and the scanty wood produced on the steep hills must needs be saved for the making of paper.

The motor cars were gone and the buses and the trucks. No vehicles moved save those that moved by electricity or by horses — hence they moved not far nor moved they fast.

The tractors were gone from the farms, together with all farm machinery that drank gasoline — and the horses came back. They came back to do the plowing and the harvesting, else no plowing and harvesting might be accomplished. Horses moved the fruits of the farms to market — horses moving wagons and men pushing carts as in days long gone.

The motor boats were gone — millions of motor boats — and the waters were quiet again. For the uproar of the motor boats had abated — and the only vessels that moved faster than those with sail moved by steam — by steam that was brought to life by a raging heat that lived in huge nuclear furnaces within the bowels of each such ship.

As the waters were quiet, so likewise were the skies now quiet. The skies of all the world were quiet save when the thunder spoke to mankind. The airplanes were dead and gone, for there now was nothing wherewith to move them through the air. Nuclear power failed to serve them — hence it failed to save them — for nuclear furnaces weighed far too much to fly in an airplane.

The railroads came back and expanded greatly — for they offered the sole practical means of transporting goods and people from city to city overland. The railroads came back — but they moved exclusively by electricity — by electricity that was produced by huge nuclear power plants and was then sent to the trains over trolley wires and rails.

Quiet came also to the highways and to the city streets — for the motor vehicles that ran by explosions were gone — their uproar had subsided and their stench no longer afflicted mankind. Grass grew in the crevices of an hundred million miles of ancient motor thoroughfares — and millions of men walked, even as they walked before the invention of the wheel.

Even as there was not enough food, so there was not enough fresh water for the teeming populace. Half of all the people in the land must needs use sea water — sea water from which the salt had been removed — the water thereof being brought to them through the vast pipelines that were no longer needed for the conveying of gas and oil. And the salt taken from this sea water became an immense burden — for men found no use for this salt. Much they dumped in old mine shafts — and the vast overplus was hauled to desert areas and dumped where it could not pass back into the sea.

And the atomic war that fearful people dreaded so long and so greatly had come to pass — and it had gone and the nations still survived. Bombs destroyed certain great cities and they likewise destroyed vast numbers of people in those cities — people who died thus before their time. But the bombs likewise destroyed the leaders responsible for loosing that holocaust upon the world. Yea, the sun rose upon the day thereof — and before its setting those leaders were blotted out and totally destroyed. And then — and then only — this great fear passed on and came not back — for the nations survived.

The fantastic Space Age had long since passed into history — to join the age of Flying Saucers and other like periods of international insanity. The nations shot men into the air — and beyond the air into nothingness — and men knew them no more.

Yea, all of these things came to pass — they were foretold by the old men of each generation — but the multitude held them to be doddering old fools. As in the days of Abraham and Moses, they were held without honor. They died unhonored and they died unsung — but the day came and the morning thereof. Selah!



THE FAMILY IN AMERICA

In attempting to record the known facts about our family in America, I find it advisable to start with my four sets of great grandparents. They represent my ancestors in the Bolte Line — the Willard Line — the Baker Line — and the Walter Line.

The Bolte family is the comparative newcomer to these shores, having been established in Canada shortly after 1800 by my great grandparents, Henry Bolte (born in Frankfort-On-Main in Germany) and his wife, Grace Tolfrey (born in Portsmouth, England).

The Willard family has been both prominent and widespread here, being first established in 1634 in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay by Maj. Simon Willard and his wife, Mary (Sharpe) Willard (both born in Horsmonden, Kent, England). I am of the 10th generation in descent from this couple, and my great grandparents in the Willard Line were Maj. John Haven Willard and his wife, Beede Mary (Cooper) Willard, both of whom died in Wilton, Maine, and are buried within a stone's throw of my present home there.

The Baker family (Grandmother Bolte's progenitors) was established here by Alexander Baker and his wife, Elizabeth (Farrar) Baker. They sailed from England to the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, sometime before 1642, in the good ship "Elizabeth & Anne." My great grandparents in the Baker Line were Guy Carleton Baker and his wife, Maria Christine (Strohm) Baker.

I have almost no information about the Walter Line of my ancestry (Grandmother Willard's progenitors), but apparently they were established in or near Goshen, Connecticut, at an early date. She was born there and eventually moved to Chicago, but we have no record of whether this was before or after her marriage to her first husband, David Wooster. Her elder brother, Joel Walter, also settled in Chicago and I knew him there in his later years. His wife we called "Aunt Evvie," and they had one son, Alfred Walter, whom I also knew. Alfred married, but had no children to my knowledge. I also think that Joel had another brother who settled on a farm near Northfield, Ill., but I have no facts.

THE WALTER LINE

(1) **ETHAN WALTER:** Married Anne Collins. (No further facts available to me.) Their daughter was my maternal grandmother and I think she was their only daughter, as she never mentioned a sister.

CHILDREN:

- i Joel: (No further data.)
 - ii Laura Anne: Born Goshen, Conn., Aug. 9, 1817. Died Chicago, Feb. 4, 1893. Married (1) David Wooster (No dates available). Married (2) Alonzo Joseph Willard, born Lancaster, N. H., Feb. 11, 1817. Died Winnetka, Ill., Aug. 23, 1903. (See Alonzo Joseph Willard.)
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THE BAKER LINE

(1) **GUY CARLETON BAKER:** Born Manchester, Vt., Apr. 13, 1787. Died Trenton, Ontario, some time before 1876. Married Maria Christine Strohm, Mar. 6, 1809, in Cornwall, Vt. The daughter of Melchias Strohm and Fanny (Usher) Strohm, she was born Ashfield, Mass., in 1791, and died in Trenton, Ontario, in 1878. His parents were Joseph Baker and Jane (Usher) Baker. Joseph was born somewhere in Massachusetts, Aug. 2, 1738, and died Ira, Vt., 1796, where he is buried. He served in two Vermont companies in the Revolutionary War. Guy Carleton served with the New York militia at the battle of Plattsburg in the War of 1812. He was a millwright by profession and his work took him to Canada, where several of his children were born.

CHILDREN:

- i Guy: Born Nov. 16, 1809.
- ii Fanny Ann: Born July 22, 1811. Married Antoine Le-May. Died Salmon River, Ontario.
- iii William Nelson: Born Mar. 6, 1813.
- iv Maria Christine: Born Brownsville, N.Y., June 19, 1816. Died Grand Rapids, Mich. Married (1) Herbert W. Wickham at Bath, N. Y. Married (2) Dr. Rodolphus Fuller, Sr., at Grand Rapids, Mich. (During my college days I became well acquainted with this Dr. Fuller; his son, Dr. William Fuller, and wife Emma, and their five children, Maude, Annie, Grace, Blanche and Rodolphus II.)

- v Caroline Matilda: Born Morristown, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1819. Died Cortland, N. Y., June 10, 1889. Married (1) Mr. Church. Married (2) Mr. Julian.
- vi Julius Caesar: Born Brownsville, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1821. Died Grand Rapids, Mich. Married Celinda Smith.
- vii Harriet T.: Born Brownsville, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1823. Died Grand Rapids, Mich.
- viii Jane Usher (my paternal grandmother): Born Shannonville, Ont., July 25, 1826. Died Winnetka, Ill., Mar. 23, 1913. Married William Henry Bolte, born Quebec City, Oct. 20, 1819. Died Chicago, July 3, 1884 (See William Henry Bolte).
- ix Hannah C: Born Aug. 29, 1827.
- x Hannah Eliza (Twin sister of Hannah C.): Born Aug. 29, 1827. Died October, 1828.
- xi Emmeline: Born Jan. 3, 1830. Married Maj. Patrick Geherty of the British army, lived for several years in India, and died London, England.
- xii George Washington: Born Jan. 6, 1832.
- xiii Minerva: Born Oct. 28, 1834. Died Syracuse, N. Y.
- xiv Amelia Appleby (The "Aunt Milly" of my summer in Walhalla, N. D.): Born Mar. 30, 1836. Died Walhalla, N. D. Married (1) Anson Lee. Four children were born to this union—Eddie Guy, Byron, Harry and Ada (who married Fred Hurley). The last three were living on wheat farms near Walhalla at the time of my visit. Amelia married (2) Fred Hurley's father after the death of her first husband. No children by this marriage.
- xv James Edwin: Born Jan. 1, 1839. Died Syracuse, N. Y. (He was the only man of that family that I ever knew, and he visited us in Chicago several times.)
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THE BOLTE LINE

(1) HENRY BOLTE: Born Frankfort, Germany. Emigrated to England, where he married Grace Tolfrey, English widow of another German soldier. Served in the 60th British infantry regiment (now called The King's Royal Rifle Corps). Fought at Waterloo and the Siege of Quebec. His eldest son, William Henry (my paternal grandfather) was born in the Citadel in Quebec while this regiment was stationed there on garrison duty. Henry was mustered out of the service with the rank of sergeant major and eventually settled in Kingston, Ontario, where he kept a tavern near the Soldiers' Gate. (Note: My brother's son, Charles Guy Bolte III, served in this same regiment during the Second World War and lost his leg at the battle of Alamein in Egypt.)

CHILDREN:

- i William Henry: Born Quebec, Oct. 20, 1819. Died Chicago, July 3, 1884. Married Jane Usher Baker, born Shannonville, Ontario, July 25, 1827. Died Winnetka, Ill., Mar. 23, 1913.
 - ii George: Harness-maker by profession. Died Brockville, Ontario. (No further records.)
 - iii Philip: Went to California during the gold rush of 1849. (Never heard from thereafter.)
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(2) WILLIAM HENRY BOLTE: Married Jane Usher Baker (aged 17) at Nappanee, Ontario, Oct. 10, 1843. He engaged in storekeeping at various locations in Canada, before moving his family to Chicago shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War. There he and his wife kept a boarding house on Wabash Avenue at the time of his death in 1884. All but two of their seven children were born in Canada.

CHILDREN:

- i Guy: Killed accidentally in childhood.
- ii Henry: Killed accidentally in childhood.
- iii Emeline Grace: Born Kingston, Ontario, Nov. 10, 1846. Died Chicago, January, 1905. Married Emory Hall in Chicago, 1872. Emory was born Castine, Maine — served as a drummer boy in the Union Army during the Civil War — later became the outstanding minstrel-show banjoist of his day — and died in the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago in 1903. Four children were born to the union, but all died without issue.

iv Philip: Born Brockville, Ontario. Married Mary McLaughlin in Chicago. Plumber by profession. No children.

v Charles Guy (my father): Born Brockville, Ontario, Feb. 8, 1857. Died Chicago, November, 1919. Married Jessie Willard, born Chicago, June 27, 1856. Died Fairhope, Ala., Aug. 31, 1938.

vi Anson Lee: Born Lexington, Mich., Sept. 20, 1860. Died Washington, D. C., July 25, 1939. Married Marian Endicott, born Chicago, Sept. 26, 1866. Died San Diego, Cal., Mar. 31, 1939.

vii Edith Maude Marie: Born Chicago, Feb. 16, 1869. Died Ashland, Ore., Apr. 21, 1946. Married Dr. Samuel Gordon MacCracken, born Alleghany, Pa., Oct. 5, 1870. Died Ashland, Ore., Sept. 16, 1955.

(3) CHARLES GUY BOLTE: Married Jessie Willard in Chicago, December 18, 1882. She was the only daughter of Alonzo Joseph Willard and Laura Anne (Walter) Willard. Stricken with infantile paralysis at the age of two years, she went through her long and useful life with one completely helpless leg. Being denied all athletic pursuits, she became an accomplished pianist. Her education included private schools in Chicago and two years at Howland College in New York state. Charles Bolte's formal education was secured in the Chicago public schools and ended with the eighth grade, at which time it was necessary for him to go to work. A salesman by profession, he engaged in the manufacture of gasoline lighting and heating equipment in his later years. He served in the 1st Infantry (Illinois National Guard) for 19 years, retiring in 1897 with the rank of Captain.

CHILDREN:

i Charles: Died at birth.

ii John Willard: Born Chicago, Sept. 21, 1884. Married (1) Jessie Brown, born Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 6, 1885. Died Indianapolis, Jan. 2, 1952. Married (2) Anne Louise Bass, born Wilton, Maine, Nov. 26, 1888.

iii Guy Willard: Born Chicago, Apr. 26, 1888. Died Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 21, 1947. Married (1) Mary Stuart, born Chicago, Jan. 8, 1888. Died Greenwich, May 7, 1934. Married (2) Janet (Babbitt) Winters, born Arlington, Kans., Mar. 7, 1895.

iv Linda Willard: Born Chicago, Mar. 22, 1890. Died Winnetka, Ill., Dec. 30, 1903 (accidental).

v Alonzo Willard: Born Winnetka, Feb. 16, 1893. Died there May 21, 1898 (accidental).

(4) JOHN WILLARD BOLTE: Married (1) Jessie Brown, June 21, 1906, at Grand Rapids, Mich. She was a classmate of his at Michigan State University (then M. A. C.) in the class of 1905, and the eldest daughter of George Henry Brown and Elva (Norton) Brown. Three sons resulted from this marriage. He married (2) Anne Louise Bass at Wilton, Maine. The youngest child of George Henry Bass and Mary Louise (Streeter) Bass; she was his second cousin, due to the fact that her maternal grandmother, Sarah Jane (Willard) Streeter, was a sister of his maternal grandfather, Alonzo Joseph Willard. No children resulted from this second marriage. John Willard majored in animal husbandry in college and taught at Utah State College and R. I. State College, after which he spent all of his active business years in sales, publicity, advertising, editorial work and related fields. Children by the first marriage follow:

CHILDREN:

- i John Henry: Born Kingston, R. I., Apr. 20, 1907. Married (1) Martha Belle Pierce, born Indianapolis, Apr. 9, 1905. Married (2) Elsie Rossiter, born Newark, N. J.
- ii Brown: Born Winnetka, Ill., Dec. 23, 1908. Married Hilda Bernice Nicholson, born Indianapolis, July 29, 1910.
- iii Charles Guy II: Born Winnetka, Ill., May 19, 1910. Married (1) Katherine Sue Kinnaird, born Ft. Worth, Texas, Feb. 6, 1910. Married (2) Frances Pierson, born Providence, R. I., Oct. 19, 1920. No children by either union.

(5) JOHN HENRY BOLTE: Married (1) Martha Belle Pierce in Indianapolis, Jan. 11, 1930. Born in Indianapolis, Apr. 9, 1905, she was the second daughter of James Edward Pierce and Belle Rolin (Hurley) Pierce. John and Martha Belle were classmates in Butler University, class of 1928. Two daughters resulted from this marriage. Married (2) Elsie Rossiter in Forked River, N. J., Aug. 23, 1942. She was the daughter of William Edward Rossiter and Katherine Emelia (Freche) Rossiter. No children resulted from this union. At the end of the Second World War he was discharged from the U. S. Navy with the rank of Lieutenant. He is a salesman by profession.

CHILDREN:

- i Martha: Born Indianapolis, Jan. 12, 1933. Married John Joseph McCardle, born Indianapolis, Jan. 20, 1933.
- ii Natalie: Born Muncie, Ind., Oct. 6, 1936. Married Norva Peter Lavengood, born Wabash, Ind., Oct. 17, 1936.

(6) MARTHA BOLTE: Married John Joseph McCardle in Indianapolis on Nov. 12, 1955. Born Indianapolis, Jan. 20, 1933, he was the son of John Wesley McCardle and Ruth (Bills) McCardle. John graduated Butler University 1954, while Martha graduated Butler 1955. A specialist in public relations, John served for several years in the U. S. Air Force, and later was employed by the General Motors Corp. in Indianapolis.

CHILDREN:

- i Matthew: Born Indianapolis, Apr. 6, 1958.
 - ii Lynne: Born Indianapolis, Mar. 19, 1961.
-

(6) NATALIE BOLTE: Married Norva Peter Lavengood in Indianapolis. Born in Wabash, Indiana, Oct. 17, 1936, he was the son of Norva Ritter Lavengood and Augusta (Downey) Lavengood. She graduated from Purdue University 1958. He graduated from the mechanical engineering school at Purdue 1959, and has followed that profession since.

CHILDREN:

- i Peter Kent: Born Indianapolis, Jan. 16, 1959.
 - ii Carol: Born Indianapolis, June 2, 1961.
-

(5) BROWN BOLTE: Married Hilda Bernice Nicholson in my home in Indianapolis on Jan. 3, 1930. She was born in Indianapolis on July 29, 1910, the youngest of three daughters of Edward Brown Nicholson and Hilda (Christiansen) Nicholson. Brown attended Butler University with the class of 1930. A salesman and advertising executive by profession, his avocation is musical composition. He was discharged from the U. S. Army at the close of the Second World War with the rank of Major.

CHILDREN:

- i Celia: Born Indianapolis, Apr. 10, 1931. Married John William Griesé, Jr., born Orange, N. J., Jan. 19, 1931.
-

(6) CELIA BOLTE: Married John William Griesé, Jr., in New Canaan, Conn., Aug. 28, 1954. He was born Orange, N. J., Jan. 19, 1931, the son of John William Griesé, and Anne (Faison) Griesé. They were classmates at Middlebury College in Vermont, class of 1953. An advertising executive by profession, he makes his home in New Canaan.

CHILDREN:

- i John William III: Born New Canaan, Sept. 27, 1955.
 - ii Nicole Anne: Born New Canaan, June 24, 1958.
 - iii Melissa Bolte: Born New Canaan, May 24, 1961.
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(5) CHARLES GUY BOLTE II: Married (1) Katherine Sue Kinnaird in Indianapolis, Mar. 5, 1933. Born Sept. 6, 1910, in Ft. Worth, Texas, she was the daughter of Robert Kinnaird and Florence (Coppage) Kinnaird. Charles and Katherine were classmates in Butler University, class of 1931. No children. Married (2) Frances Madeline Pierson in New York City, Oct. 6, 1942. Born in Providence, R. I., Oct. 19, 1920, she was the daughter of James Josef Pierson and Gabrielle (Tamulewicz) Pierson. No children. A radio script writer by profession, Charles retired from the U. S. Navy at the end of the Second World War with the rank of Lieutenant.

(4) GUY WILLARD BOLTE: Married (1) Mary Stuart in December, 1917, at my home in Oak Park, Ill. She was born Chicago, Jan. 8, 1888, the daughter of Charles Stuart and Leonora (Kenneally) Stuart. Guy graduated University of Michigan 1910 as a mechanical engineer, but never followed that profession. After being discharged from the army with the rank of 2nd Lt. (Artillery) he settled in the New York area and spent the rest of his life in the advertising field. In addition to the two children born to this union, he also adopted Alan, son of his wife by a previous marriage. Mary died Greenwich, Conn., May 7, 1934. Guy later married (2) Janet (Babbit) Winters, born Arlington, Kans., Mar. 7, 1895. No children resulted. Guy died Greenwich Sept. 21, 1947.

CHILDREN:

- i Alan: Born Chicago, June 4, 1909. Married Bonnie Verda Robinson, born Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 29, 1913.
 - ii Charles Guy III: Born New York City, Jan. 19, 1920. Married Mary Elwell, born Riverton, N. J., Aug. 1, 1924.
 - iii Linda: Born Yonkers, N. Y., Apr. 8, 1923. Married Victor Whitlock, Jr., born New York City, May 8, 1917.
-

(5) ALAN BOLTE: Married Bonnie Verda Robinson in Harrison, N. Y., on Oct. 15, 1934. She was born at Birmingham, Ala.,

on Jan. 29, 1913, the daughter of Kelly Columbus Robinson and Laura Verda (Holloman) Robinson. Alan graduated Dartmouth College 1930. After being discharged from the U. S. Navy with the rank of Lieutenant, at the close of the Second World War, he settled in Greenwich, Conn. He is an advertising executive by profession.

CHILDREN:

- i Bonnie Marion: Born Greenwich, Jan. 31, 1937. Married Richard Arnold Anderson, born July 28, 1936.
 - ii Brenda Verda: Born Greenwich, Aug. 15, 1942. Married Peter Bidenway, born New York City, May 8, 1941.
 - iii Alan, Jr.: Born Greenwich, July 22, 1944.
 - iv Brown II: Born Greenwich, Dec. 2, 1952.
-

(6) BONNIE MARION BOLTE: Married Richard Arnold Anderson in Greenwich. Born Naugatuck, Conn., July 28, 1936, he was the son of Arnold and Evelyn (Esbjornson) Anderson. Richard attended Yale University — graduated from Wesleyan 1956 — and finished medical training at Columbia University 1960. At present writing he is a Navy physician.

CHILDREN:

- i Valerie Ellen: Born Burlington, Vt., June 24, 1961.
-

(6) BRENDA VERDA BOLTE: Married Peter Bidenway in Greenwich. Born New York City, May 8, 1941, he was the son of Milton Tremont Bidenway and Rhoda Elizabeth Bidenway.

CHILDREN:

- i Thaisa: Born Rochester, N. Y., Apr. 2, 1960.
-

(5) CHARLES GUY BOLTE III: Married Mary Elwell in New Haven, Conn., July 24, 1943. Born Aug. 1, 1921, in Riverton, N. J., she was the daughter of Francis Bolton Elwell and Marian (Pell) Elwell. She graduated Wellesley College 1943. He graduated Dartmouth College 1941 and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, England, from 1947 through 1949. A specialist in public relations, he was one of the founders of the American Veterans' Committee and its active head for several years. Later he was executive secretary of the American Book Publishers Assn., and eventually became an officer in one of the large book publishing

concerns in New York City. During the Second World War he was a Lieutenant in The King's Royal Rifle Corps, the same regiment in which his great, great, grandfather Henry Bolte served during the Napoleonic Wars. He lost a leg in the battle of Alamein in Africa. No children resulted from this union, but the following three were adopted:

CHILDREN:

- i Guy Willard: Born Apr. 25, 1950.
 - ii John Cox: Born July 3, 1953.
 - iii Brooks: Born Aug. 12, 1956.
-

(5) LINDA BOLTE II: Married Victor Whitlock, Jr., in Greenwich, Conn., on Apr. 6, 1946. Born in New York City, May 8, 1917, he was the son of Victor Whitlock and Rhoda Compton (Shepard) Whitlock. She graduated Wellesley College 1945. He graduated Dartmouth College 1939 and served in the Signal Corps of the Canadian Army during the Second World War. Both are teachers by profession.

CHILDREN:

- i Linda Bolte: Born Greenwich, Dec. 26, 1946.
 - ii Rhoda Stuart: Born Greenwich, Nov. 14, 1949.
 - iii Marion Shepard: Born Greenwich, July 5, 1951.
-

(3) ANSON LEE BOLTE: Married Marian Endicott in Chicago, Oct. 13, 1887. Born in Chicago, Sept. 26, 1866, she was the only child of Edward Endicott and Julia (Lawrence) Endicott. She died in San Diego, Cal., on Mar. 31, 1939. An accountant by profession, Anson was a soldier at heart. Joining the Illinois National Guard (1st Infantry) before reaching his majority, he served as a Captain through the Spanish-American War — as Colonel of the 3rd Illinois Reserve Infantry through the First World War — and as Colonel of the 131st Ill. Infantry (his old 1st Infantry under a new name) after the close of that war. He died on July 25, 1939, in Washington, D. C., while visiting his second son, Maj. Charles Lawrence Bolte, who at that time was on the faculty of the Army War College.

CHILDREN:

- i Dorothy: Born Chicago, 1893. Died there 1897.
- ii Edward Endicott: Born Chicago, June 13, 1888. Married Hazel Harrison, born Chicago, May 23, 1893.

iii Charles Lawrence: Born Chicago, May 8, 1895. Married Adelaide Poore, born Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, Dec. 29, 1899.

iv Roswell Anson: Born Chicago, Mar. 28, 1897. Married (1) Beatrice Lockwood, born Chicago, Nov. 14, 1897. Married (2) Betty Reed, born Evart, Mich., June 20, 1906.

(4) EDWARD ENDICOTT BOLTE: Married Hazel Harrison in Chicago, May 10, 1916. Born in Chicago on May 23, 1893, she was the daughter of James William Harrison and Eleanor (Bradford) Harrison. An engineering graduate of Armour Institute in 1910, he followed that profession for a number of years and then engaged in selling until failing eyesight caused his premature retirement. No children resulted from this marriage.

(4) CHARLES LAWRENCE BOLTE: Married Adelaide Poore, Apr. 3, 1923, at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. Born there on Dec. 29, 1899, she was the third daughter of Maj. General Benj. A. Poore and Adelaide J. (Carleton) Poore. Charles Lawrence graduated as a chemical engineer at Armour Institute in 1917, but never followed that profession. A graduate of the first officers' training camp (before this country entered the First World War), he served through that war as a Captain of infantry — finished the Second World War in command of the 34th Infantry Division — served later as Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army in Europe — was appointed Vice Chief-of-Staff of the Army in October, 1953 — and retired from active service with the rank of full General on Apr. 30, 1955. Both of his sons are graduates of West Point and are on active service in the Army, and his daughter, Damara, graduated from Purdue University in 1953.

CHILDREN:

i David Endicott: Born Washington, D. C., May 15, 1926. Married Mary Lee Pierce, born Watseka, Ill., Apr. 22, 1927.

ii Philip Lawrence: Born Ft. Benning, Ga., Mar. 24, 1928. Married Lorel Mae (Reaume) Christiansen, born Richmond, California, May 10, 1931.

iii Damara: Born Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., Sept. 29, 1931.

(5) DAVID ENDICOTT BOLTE: Married Mary Lee Pierce, born Watseka, Ill., Apr. 22, 1927, the daughter of Theodore

Pierce and Hazel Ruth (Earl) Pierce. David graduated West Point in 1949 and is a Major in the Army. She graduated McMurry College for Women.

CHILDREN:

- i Benjamin Lee: Born Frankfort, Germany, Jan. 3, 1958.
 - ii John Endicott: Born Watseka, Ill., Dec. 3, 1961.
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(5) PHILIP LAWRENCE BOLTE: Married Lorel Mae Christiansen at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri. Born Richmond, Cal., May 10, 1931, she was the adopted daughter of General and Mrs. Christiansen and a student at the University of Missouri. Philip graduated West Point in 1950 and is a Major in the Army.

CHILDREN:

- i David Lawrence: Born Frankfort, Germany, Oct. 13, 1954.
 - ii Christopher Rockwell: Born Frankfort, July 25, 1956.
 - iii Timothy Carleton: Born Atlanta, Ga., May 12, 1959.
 - iv Andrew Poore: Born Ft. Knox, Ky., Mar. 28, 1961.
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(5) DAMARA BOLTE: Born Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., Sept. 29, 1931. Graduated in agriculture from Purdue University in 1953. Her profession is dog showing and training.

(4) ROSWELL ANSON BOLTE: Married (1) Beatrice Lockwood in Chicago, Oct. 20, 1920. Born Chicago, Nov. 14, 1897, she was the daughter of Willoughby Lockwood and Jennie Lockwood. Two children were born to this marriage. Married (2) Betty Reed in San Diego, Cal., on Feb. 17, 1940. Born Evart, Mich., on June 20, 1906, she was the daughter of Frank W. Reed and Luella T. Reed. No children. Roswell started University of Wisconsin, class of 1919, but left college to enlist in the 1st Ill. Field Artillery — went with them to Texas during the trouble with Villa — and later to Europe in the 1st World War when his regiment was made the 149th Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division A. E. F. He retired at the end of the war with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. For many years he has been an executive in a large milk company in San Diego.

CHILDREN:

- i Anson Lockwood: Born Chicago, Sept. 14, 1921. Married Evelyn Louise Duncan, born Laramie, Wyo., Nov. 8, 1923.

ii Barbara Beth: Born Chicago, Aug. 16, 1924. Married Ralph Allen Bowman, born Oklahoma City, Nov. 27, 1920. She died San Diego, Dec. 16, 1956.

(5) ANSON LOCKWOOD BOLTE: Married Evelyn Louise Duncan in San Diego, Cal., June 8, 1946. Born Laramie, Wyo., Nov. 9, 1923, she was the daughter of Alexander Smith Duncan and Ethel Katherine (Runser) Duncan. Anson served in the Air Corps during the 2nd World War. He makes his home in Sacramento, Cal., where he is engaged in the construction business.

CHILDREN:

- i James Anson: Born San Diego, Apr. 3, 1947.
 - ii Katherine Louise: Born San Diego, July 13, 1949.
 - iii Suzanne Elizabeth: Born San Diego, Sept. 25, 1951.
 - iv Martha Ann: Born San Diego, Dec. 20, 1955.
 - v Roschelle Colleen: Born Sacramento, Dec. 21, 1959.
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(5) BARBARA BETH BOLTE: Married Ralph Allen Bowman in San Diego, Cal., on July 19, 1940. Born Oklahoma City on Nov. 27, 1920, he was the son of Wesley Parker Bowman and Lake (Colleen) Bowman. He was a baker by profession. She died San Diego, Dec. 16, 1956.

CHILDREN:

- i Nancy Jo: Born San Diego, Feb. 24, 1942. Married William Knowles, born San Diego, Sept. 1, 1940.
 - ii Judith Ann: Born San Diego, Nov. 22, 1943.
 - iii Michael Allen: Born San Diego, Nov. 22, 1947.
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(6) NANCY JO BOWMAN: Married William Knowles, born San Diego, Sept. 1, 1940, the son of LeRoy Allen Knowles and Ethel Mae (Farraday) Knowles.

CHILDREN:

- i Michael Heg: Born San Diego, Oct. 9, 1958.
 - ii Linda Leigh: Born San Diego, Dec. 26, 1959.
 - iii Pamela Jo: Born San Diego, Mar. 6, 1961.
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(3) EDITH MAUDE MARIE BOLTE: Married Dr. Samuel Gordon MacCracken in Winnetka, Ill., Mar. 15, 1900. Born Alleghany, Pa., Oct. 5, 1870, he was the son of Isaac MacCracken and Isabella (Caldwell) MacCracken. She taught in the Chicago public schools prior to their marriage, and they lived in Winnetka until 1915, at which time Dr. MacCracken retired from medical practice and moved his family to Ashland, Oregon. Here she became very active in the D. A. R. and eventually was elected State Regent. During the First World War, Dr. MacCracken was commissioned a Captain in the Army Medical Corps and was stationed at San Francisco. She died Ashland, Apr. 21, 1946. He died there Sept. 16, 1955.

CHILDREN:

- i Chester Caldwell: Born Winnetka, Ill., Aug. 8, 1901. Married Icy Irene Purcell, born El Dorado, Kans., Dec. 5, 1904.
- ii Charles Gordon: Born Winnetka, Aug. 16, 1908. Married Aileen Mary Chamberlain, born Aberdeen, Wash., May 31, 1912.
- iii Elliott Bolte: Born Winnetka, May 24, 1911. Married Flora Jane Schuster, born Corvallis, Ore., Jan. 17, 1932.

(4) CHESTER CALDWELL MacCRACKEN: Married Icy Irene Purcell, El Dorado, Kans., Sept. 23, 1928. Born El Dorado, Kans., Dec. 5, 1904, she was the daughter of Thomas Newton Purcell and Marian La Vance (Forgy) Purcell. She graduated Stephens College 1924 and Kansas University 1926. He graduated Oregon State University 1923. He is a chemical engineer by training but never followed that profession. Employed first by The Skelley Oil Co., he was diverted to their advertising department temporarily, and has remained in the advertising field in various executive capacities since then. No children.

(4) CHARLES GORDON MacCRACKEN: Married Aileen Mary Chamberlain in Ashland, Ore., Nov. 2, 1946. Born in Aberdeen, Washington, May 31, 1912, she was the daughter of Harry Almon Chamberlain and Edith Agnes (McWhinney) Chamberlain. Charles Gordon attended Reed College and the Northwestern College of Law. He retired from the field artillery of the U. S. Army with the rank of Captain at the end of the Second World War. He is an accountant by profession and makes his home in Roseburg, Ore.

CHILDREN:

- i Gordon Stuart: Born Roseburg, July 28, 1954.

(4) ELLIOTT BOLTE MacCRACKEN: Married Flora Jane Schuster in Roseburg, Ore., Oct. 6, 1956. Born in Corvallis, Ore., Jan. 17, 1932, she was the daughter of Carl Ephriam Schuster and Agnes Jane (Ryder) Schuster. She graduated Oregon State University 1953 (followed by an Ed.M. 1955). He graduated Oregon State University 1933 (followed by an M.A. Columbia University 1941 and an Ed.D. Leland Stanford University 1953). Retiring from the U. S. Army Signal Corps with the rank of 1st Lt. at the end of the Second World War, he has devoted his life to teaching at the college level.

CHILDREN:

- i Susan Jane: Born Ashland, Ore., May 13, 1957.
 - ii Kathryn Anne: Born Ashland, May 12, 1958.
 - iii Robert Elliott: Born Ashland, Nov. 23, 1959.
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THE WILLARD LINE

(1) JOHN HAVEN WILLARD: Born Lancaster, N. H., Feb. 4, 1795. Died Wilton, Maine, Aug. 3, 1876. The son of the Rev. Joseph Willard (first Congregational minister in Lancaster) and Olive (Haven) Willard, he married (1) Beede Mary Cooper, who was born New Canaan, Vt., in 1796. She died Wilton, Maine, Apr. 18, 1837. He married (2) Eliza Parrot, Nov. 2, 1837. Born Lancaster, 1793, she died Wilton, July 3, 1880. In Lancaster, John Haven was deputy sheriff and Major in the N. H. Militia. After moving his family (including his widowed mother, Olive) to Wilton in 1837, he kept store — kept a "Temperance Tavern" — and for several years was postmaster (quite possibly during the years when the postoffice was located in one of the front rooms of my present home there). He was one of the early owners of the present Bass family homestead in which my wife and her sister and brothers all were born. The following children are of the first marriage, the second being childless:

CHILDREN:

- i Alonzo Joseph: Born Lancaster, Feb. 11, 1817. Died Winnetka, Ill., Aug. 13, 1903. Married Laura Anne (Walter) Wooster. Born Goshen, Conn., Aug. 9, 1817, she died Chicago, Feb. 4, 1893.
- ii Sarah Jane: Born Lancaster, Dec. 16, 1818. Married Rev. Sereno Wright Streeter, born Rowe, Mass., Dec. 12, 1810. She died in Chicago, Dec. 6, 1892.
- iii Louise Olive: Born Lancaster, Aug. 15, 1821. Married Rev. Jeremiah Butler. (One child, Clarence Willard, born May 1, 1848. No descendants.)
- iv Jesse Cooper: Born Lancaster, Dec. 24, 1823. Died at sea, May 1, 1846.
- v Beede Mary: Born Lancaster, Apr. 10, 1826. Married Dr. Jas. L. Brooks, born June 3, 1813. He died May 1, 1848. (Three children: Cony Augustus, born January, 1848; died 1853. Mary Louisa, born April, 1847. Caroline Frances, born April, 1852. No descendants.)
- vi John Haven II: Born Lancaster 1828. Died there that same year.
- vii Frances Lydia: Born Lancaster, Mar. 21, 1830. Died Wilton, Sept. 21, 1856.
- viii Francis Lawrence (twin of Frances Lydia): Born Lancaster, Mar. 21, 1830. (No death record.)
- ix Laura Dwight: Born Lancaster, 1834. Died there the same year.

(2) ALONZO JOSEPH WILLARD (my maternal grandfather): Married Laura Anne (Walter) Wooster in Chicago, Aug. 9, 1855. Born in Goshen, Conn., Aug. 9, 1817, the daughter of Ethan Walter and Anne (Collins) Walter, she was the widow of David Wooster, to whom she bore three children — Jennie, Louise and George. George died unmarried in the Civil War. Jennie was married first to a man named Miner, to whom she bore two children — Laura and Jerry. Her second marriage, to John T. McRoy, was childless. Louise married a Captain Larned in the regular army, made her home thereafter in Texas, and I think she had several children. The only one of her children that I knew of was Lucy, wife of Dr. Henry T. Byford of Chicago. I grew up with their three children: Mary, who died in her youth — Heath, a tennis expert who twice won the western doubles championship with Burdick or Hayes as his partner — and William, later a practicing physician in Chicago. After arriving in Chicago from Wilton, Maine, in 1839, Alonzo Willard worked at various odd jobs — including several years as deck hand (and later captain) of a canal boat on the newly-opened Illinois & Michigan Canal — and eventually started the Washington Ice Company (second oldest in Chicago), which he owned and managed until he sold it to the Consumers Company in his later days.

CHILDREN:

i Jessie (my mother): Born Chicago, June 27, 1856. Died Fairhope, Ala., Aug. 31, 1938. Married Charles Guy Bolte, born Brockville, Ont., Feb. 8, 1857. Died Chicago, October, 1919.

ii John Haven III (the uncle for whom I was named): Born Chicago, July 27, 1858. Died there Apr. 8, 1928. Married Ada Eldredge, born Union Springs, N. Y., Apr. 28, 1858. Died Chicago, Apr. 26, 1936.

(3) JOHN HAVEN WILLARD III: Married Ada Eldredge in Chicago, June 9, 1891. Born Union Springs, N. Y., Apr. 28, 1858, she was the daughter of Isaac Eldredge and Margaret (Winegar) Eldredge. Ada died Chicago, Apr. 26, 1936. She was a school-mate of my mother at the old Howland School in Union Springs, N. Y. — one of mother's bridesmaids — and her lifelong friend. John Haven graduated University of Michigan 1880 and immediately entered his father's ice business in Chicago. He was an accountant by profession — served for several years in the Illinois Natl. Guard in his younger days — and died in Chicago, Apr. 8, 1928.

CHILDREN:

i Margaret: Born Chicago, Mar. 22, 1892. Married Fred Leonard Starbuck, born New York City, Feb. 15, 1890.

(4) MARGARET WILLARD: Married Fred Leonard Starbuck in Chicago, Aug. 14, 1919. Born New York City, Feb. 15, 1890, he was the son of Charles Leonard Starbuck and Imogene (Chapman) Starbuck. Fred was a brother of Margaret's roommate at Wells College in Aurora; N. Y., from which she graduated in 1914. Fred graduated Cornell 1913 and followed the architectural profession until failing health caused his retirement in 1959.

CHILDREN:

- i Margaret: Born New York City, Jan. 28, 1922. Married Roy Thomas Clark, born Pittsburgh, July 12, 1917.
 - ii Charles Willard: Born Chicago, Mar. 6, 1926.
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(5) MARGARET STARBUCK: Married Roy Thomas Clark in Northbrook, Ill., Jan. 5, 1946. Born in Pittsburgh, July 12, 1917, he was the son of Roy E. Clark and Eleanor (Philips) Clark. A lawyer by profession, he is a graduate of Oberlin College and the Harvard Law School. He retired from the Navy with the rank of Lieutenant at the close of the Second World War. Margaret graduated from Wells College in 1944.

CHILDREN:

- i Thomas Philips: Born Pittsburgh, Dec. 17, 1947.
 - ii Carolyn Elizabeth: Born Pittsburgh, May 5, 1950.
 - iii Eleanor Anne: Born Pittsburgh, June 14, 1955.
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(5) CHARLES WILLARD STARBUCK: Only son of Fred L. and Margaret (Willard) Starbuck. An engineer by profession, he attended Cornell University and graduated from Illinois Tech. in 1952.

(2) SARAH JANE WILLARD: Born Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 16, 1818. Died in Chicago, Dec. 6, 1892. Married Rev. Sereno Wright Streeter, Feb. 15, 1844. Born Rowe, Mass., Dec. 12, 1810, he was the son of Rufus Streeter and Sarah (Fisher) Streeter. Sarah Jane was the eldest daughter of Maj. John Haven Willard and Beede Mary (Cooper) Willard — a sister of my maternal grandfather, Alonzo Joseph Willard — and the maternal grandmother of my wife, Anne Louise (Bass) Bolte.

CHILDREN:

- i Albert Taylor: Born Dec. 22, 1844. Married Nancy G. Worrel, born Aug. 27, 1854.
 - ii Mary Louise (my wife's mother): Born Saybrook, Ohio, Mar. 9, 1847. Died Wilton, Maine, May 2, 1896. Married George Henry Bass, born Wilton, July 22, 1843. Died there Sept. 30, 1925.
 - iii Jane Willard: Born Sept. 22, 1850. Died Minneapolis, 1924. Married Charles Cutter Tucker, born 1848. He died Minneapolis, 1933.
 - iv Harriet Putnam: Born Oct. 11, 1862. Died Redwood City, Cal., Oct. 30, 1892. Married Rev. Leland Dee Rathbone, born Rome, Ohio, Aug. 4, 1860. Died Santa Rosa, Cal., May 26, 1939.
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(3) ALBERT TAYLOR STREETER: Married Nancy G. Worrall in New York City, Feb. 17, 1874. Albert settled in Houghton, Michigan, where he practiced law and was a judge for many years. The children of this marriage included Howard, born Houghton, Sept. 2, 1878 — and Nina, born Houghton, Oct. 4, 1881. Both graduated from the University of Michigan and Howard graduated from the Law School of that university and practiced patent law in Detroit. Nina never married. Howard married but there were no children. Both Howard and Nina visited my home in Winnetka and I visited Howard in Ann Arbor while I was at Michigan State University and he was still in law school.

(3) MARY LOUISE STREETER: Married George Henry Bass, Nov. 10, 1884, in Saybrook, Ohio. The son of Seth Bass and Nancy (Russell) Bass, he was born in Wilton, Maine, July 22, 1843, and died there Sept. 30, 1925. He was apprenticed in his youth to a local tanner, bought that tanning business later, and eventually founded the G. H. Bass & Co. shoe factory, which remains a wholly-owned family enterprise. Strong in frame and strong in character, George Henry Bass stood out in a state that has long been noted for its strong men. Following in the footsteps of his father, Seth Bass, he was for years a deacon in the Wilton Congregational Church.

CHILDREN:

- i Willard Streeter: Born Wilton, July 27, 1876. Died there Feb. 10, 1956. Married (1) Elizabeth Adams. She died Chicago, Mar. 9, 1907. Married (2) Harriett Spencer Carson, born Greenville, Ill., Dec. 28, 1881. She died Wilton, May 21, 1942. Married (3) Sarah Balch Hackett, born Newton, Mass., Apr. 23, 1887.

- ii John Russell: Born Wilton, Sept. 6, 1878. Married Alice Mary Ness, born Howick, Quebec, Oct. 18, 1885.
 - iii Elisabeth: Born Wilton, Aug. 4, 1881.
 - iv Anne Louise: Born Wilton, Nov. 26, 1888. Married John Willard Bolte, born Chicago, Sept. 21, 1884.
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(4) WILLARD STREETER BASS: Married (1) Elizabeth Adams, Aug. 2, 1904, at Tower Hill, Wis. She died Chicago, Mar. 9, 1907, without offspring. He married (2) Harriet Spencer Carson at Greenville, Ill., on June 24, 1913. Born Woodburn, Ill., Dec. 28, 1881, the daughter of William Thomas Carson and Abigail Elizabeth (Colcord) Carson, she died Wilton, May 21, 1942. Three children resulted from this marriage. He married (3) Sarah Balch Hackett in New York City, July 10, 1943. Born Newton, Mass., Apr. 23, 1887, she was the daughter of Horatio Balch Hackett and Sarah Maria (Field) Hackett. She graduated Smith College 1909. His college training included B. A. Bowdoin 1896 and M. A. Harvard 1898. He taught school in Chicago for a few years and eventually became president of G. H. Bass & Co. in Wilton upon the death of his father, George Henry Bass. Willard was a devoted Christian worker and an outstanding public servant. The following children resulted from his second marriage.

CHILDREN:

- i Mary Louise: Born Wilton, Mar. 25, 1914. Married Edwin Lathrop Giddings, born Hartford, Conn., Aug. 1, 1911.
 - ii Willard Streeter, Jr.: Born Wilton, Sept. 24, 1915. Married Rita Katherine Schwep, born Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 29, 1917.
 - iii Henry Carson: Born Wilton, Mar. 21, 1918. Died there Apr. 2, 1919.
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(5) MARY LOUISE BASS: Married Edwin Lathrop Giddings in Wilton, Maine, Jan. 10, 1942. He was born Hartford, Conn., Aug. 1, 1911, the son of Eugene Alden Giddings and Gwendolen Marshall (Jones) Giddings. She graduated Wellesley College 1937. He graduated University of Maine 1933 and Yale University Forestry School 1934. He makes his home in Orono, Maine, where he previously was on the faculty of the state university and now is forester for a large paper pulp manufacturing company. He served in the U. S. Navy during the 2nd World War, retiring with the rank of Lt. Commander.

CHILDREN:

- i Sarah Wight: Born Orono, Me., May 16, 1946.
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(5) WILLARD STREETER BASS, JR.: Married Rita Katherine Schwep in Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 11, 1940. She was born in Plainfield, Nov. 29, 1917, the daughter of Charles Franklin Schwep and Reita (Weaver) Schwep. She graduated Pine Manor 1937. He graduated Bowdoin College 1938 and received an M.A. at Harvard 1949. After several years of teaching he entered the government intelligence service in Washington. He retired from the U. S. Army with the rank of 1st Lt. at the end of the 2nd World War.

CHILDREN:

- i Harriet Carson: Born Plainfield, July 27, 1942.
 - ii Priscilla Hadley: Born Plainfield, Jan. 25, 1945. Died Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1959.
 - iii Charles Willard: Born Washington, D. C., Apr. 17, 1953.
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(4) JOHN RUSSELL BASS: Married Alice Mary Ness in Howick, Quebec, on Sept. 13, 1913. Born in Howick on Oct. 18, 1885, she was the daughter of Robert Ness and Margaret (Anderson) Ness. John Bass graduated from Bowdoin College in 1900 and immediately went to work in his father's shoe factory in Wilton, where he has acted as treasurer for many years. He has been devoted to the welfare of his community and is a deacon in the Wilton Congregational Church. Alice Bass, a trained vocalist, sang in the Congregational choir for many years, in addition to long and devoted service in the primary department of the Sunday School.

CHILDREN:

- i George Henry II: Born Wilton, Aug. 30, 1914. Married Catherine Forbush, born Brockton, Mass., Nov. 15, 1918.
 - ii Margaret Anderson: Born Wilton, Feb. 15, 1916. Married William Hopson Nixon, Jr., born Greenwood, S. C., Dec. 10, 1908.
 - iii Robert Ness: Born Wilton, Aug. 23, 1918. Married Martha Wheeler Lord, born Augusta, Maine, Oct. 17, 1923.
 - iv John Russell, Jr.: Born Wilton, Dec. 11, 1925. Died there Dec. 14, 1925.
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(5) GEORGE HENRY BASS II: Married Catherine Forbush in Brockton, Mass., Nov. 26, 1938. Born Brockton, Nov. 15, 1918, she was the daughter of Walter Alfred Forbush and Helen (Dill) Forbush and was a student at Pembroke College, class of 1941, at the time of her marriage. George Bass graduated from Bowdoin College in 1937, served in the U. S. Navy during the 2nd World War, and later entered the family shoe factory, where he

eventually became president following the death of his uncle, Willard Bass. For a number of years he also owned and managed a dairy and woodland estate of more than three thousand acres near Strong, Maine, but the pressure of other affairs caused him to dispose of the dairy end of the project in 1961.

CHILDREN:

- i Nancy Russell: Born Brockton, Mass., Oct. 3, 1942.
 - ii Joanne Dill: Born Wilton, Maine, Apr. 11, 1946.
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(5) MARGARET ANDERSON BASS: Married William Hopson Nixon, Jr., at Wilton, Maine, Aug. 31, 1946. Born Greenwood, S. C., Dec. 10, 1908, he was the son of William Hopson Nixon and Annie Lee (Timmerman) Nixon. Margaret graduated Wellesley College 1938. He graduated Furman College 1928 and received M.A. from University of Michigan 1930. He retired from the U. S. Navy with the rank of Lt. Commander at the end of the 2nd World War. They make their home in Columbia, S. C., where he is in charge of Federal Social Security for a large part of the state.

CHILDREN:

- i George Bonham: Born Montgomery, Ala., July 26, 1947.
 - ii Alice Anne: Born Columbia, S. C., June 27, 1950.
-

(5) ROBERT NESS BASS: Married Martha Wheeler Lord in Augusta, Maine, Aug. 6, 1948. A graduate of Mt. Holyoke College in 1945, she was the daughter of Fred Raymond Lord and Madeleine (Lord) Lord. A graduate of Bowdoin College in 1940, and Harvard Business School 1942, Robert Bass retired from the U. S. Navy with the rank of Lieutenant at the of the 2nd World War. His entire business career has been devoted to the family shoe business, where he is both sales manager and assistant treasurer at this writing. Devoted to the sport of skiing, he was one of the founders and the first president of the Sugarloaf Mountain Corporation in Maine.

CHILDREN:

- i John Russell II: Born Wilton, June 12, 1949.
 - ii Peter Lord: Born Wilton, July 16, 1950.
 - iii Ann Elisabeth: Born Wilton, Oct. 11, 1952.
 - iv Robert Ness, Jr.: Born Wilton, Feb. 6, 1957.
 - v Mary Lord: Born Wilton, Jan. 7, 1960.
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(4) ELISABETH BASS: Graduated Wellesley College 1903, followed by several years of post-graduate training in physical culture. She has devoted her life to the welfare of girls — first as an instructor in physical education at the University of Wisconsin — next as Acting Dean of Women at Colby College — and thereafter she was part-owner and director of Kineowatha Camps for Girls at Wilton for more than thirty years.

(4) ANNE LOUISE BASS: Married her second cousin, John Willard Bolte, in Wilton, Maine, on Nov. 15, 1952. Before her marriage she devoted more than twenty years (in association with her sister Elisabeth) to the management of the Kineowatha Camps for Girls in Wilton. No children resulted from this marriage. (See John Willard Bolte.)

(3) JANE WILLARD STREETER: Married Charles Cutter Tucker. Born in 1848, he was the son of John Bernard Tucker and Sarah Ermina (Cutter) Tucker. Charles studied at both Olivet College and the University of Michigan. He died in Minneapolis in 1933. Jane died there in 1924.

CHILDREN:

i Edna Louise: Born Union City, Mich., July 12, 1873. Died Minneapolis, 1932. Married William Herbert Muth in 1914. No children resulted from this union.

ii John Bernard II: Born Union City, Mich., Sept. 7, 1874. Died Oberlin, Ohio, in 1956. Married Margaret Theresa Charley, born La Salle, Ill., Oct. 23, 1873.

iii Sarah Ermina: Born Union City, Mich., Oct. 25, 1878. Died Minneapolis, 1941. A graduate of Oberlin College in 1904, she was a teacher of physical education by profession.

iv Mazie: Born Lansing, Mich., Oct. 15, 1885. Married Alvin Clarence Pelton, born Oberlin, Ohio, May 16, 1885.

v Ruth Harvey: Born Jackson, Mich., Apr. 1, 1892. Married George Melvin Schwartz, born Oakfield, Wis., Sept. 23, 1892.

(4) JOHN BERNARD TUCKER II: Married Margaret Theresa Charley in Chicago, July 22, 1896. Born Oct. 23, 1873, in La-Salle, Ill., she was the daughter of Patrick Charley and Mary (Dyer) Charley, both of whom were born in Ireland. John Tucker was a building contractor by profession.

CHILDREN:

- i Jennie Streeter: Born Oberlin, Ohio, June 10, 1908. A librarian by profession, she graduated from Oberlin College in 1926.
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(4) MAZIE TUCKER: Married Alvin Clarence Pelton in Oberlin, Ohio, Aug. 1, 1911. Born Oberlin, May 16, 1885, he was the son of Clarence Newell Pelton and Ella Augusta (Jewitt) Pelton. A graduate of Oberlin College in 1910, he at present writing is Director of Physical Education in the Seattle, Wash., public schools. Mazie graduated from the kindergarten training course at Oberlin.

CHILDREN:

- i Jean Jewett: Born Seattle, Oct. 12, 1920. Died there Dec. 5, 1932.
 - ii Ruth Tucker: Born Seattle, Mar. 14, 1927. Married Weston C. Wilsing, born Sheboygan, Wis., June 4, 1921.
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(5) RUTH TUCKER PELTON: Married Weston C. Wilsing in Seattle, Wash., Aug. 27, 1954. Born Sheboygan, Wis., June 4, 1921, his college training included the following: B.A. Wisconsin State Teachers 1943; M.A. Columbia 1946; Ph. D. Washington 1959. Weston served in the army finance corps during the 2nd World War, and is now on the faculty of the University of Washington. No children resulted from this union.

(4) RUTH HARVEY TUCKER: Married George Melvin Schwartz in Minneapolis in 1920. Born Oakfield, Wis., Sept. 23, 1892, he was the son of George Schwartz and Hannah (Bastian) Schwartz. A Second Lieutenant in the 1st World War, his college training included the following: B.A. Wisconsin 1915; M.A. Wisconsin 1916; Ph.D. Minnesota 1923. A geologist by profession, George is Director of the Minnesota Geological Survey and a professor on the faculty at Minnesota. Ruth graduated Eastern Michigan University 1915.

CHILDREN:

- i George Melvin, Jr.: Born Minneapolis, Nov. 10, 1924. Married Marcile Scanlan, born Minneapolis, Mar. 27, 1926.
 - ii John Bernard: Born Minneapolis, 1926. Married Avon Gold, born Clear Lake, Wis., Nov. 14, 1927.
 - iii Ruth: Born Minneapolis, Sept. 19, 1931. A professional musician and teacher, she graduated from MacPhail College of Music in 1958.
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(5) GEORGE MELVIN SCHWARTZ, JR.: Married Marcile Scanlan in Minneapolis, Oct. 8, 1949. Born there Mar. 27, 1926, she was the daughter of Arthur Scanlan and Leah (Beauchaine) Scanlan. A graduate of Minnesota in 1948, he is a newspaperman by profession. He served in the U. S. Army in the 2nd World War.

CHILDREN:

- i Mary Kathlene: Born New Ulm, Minn., Sept. 22, 1951.
 - ii Paul George: Born New Ulm, Mar. 20, 1954.
 - iii Nancy Ann: Born Minneapolis, Sept. 11, 1958.
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(5) JOHN BERNARD SCHWARTZ: Married Avon Gold, Aug. 27, 1949. Born Clear Lake, Wis., Nov. 14, 1927, she was the daughter of Edward Gold and Mabel (Johnson) Gold. A federal employee, John served in the U. S. Army in the 2nd World War and graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1949.

CHILDREN:

- i Patsy Anne: Born Mankato, Minn., July 13, 1952.
 - ii Kristin Mary: Born Minneapolis, Mar. 15, 1955.
-

(3) HARRIET PUTNAM STREETER: Married Rev. Leland Dee Rathbone. Born Rome, Ohio, Aug. 4, 1860, he was the son of Albert Rathbone and Delina (Peck) Rathbone. Graduated Oberlin College in 1884 and Oakland Theological Seminary in 1890. A Congregational Minister, he served as Superintendent of the Northern California Congregational Conference until his retirement. He died Santa Rosa, Cal., May 26, 1939. She graduated Oberlin College in 1885. Died Redwood City, Cal., Oct. 30, 1892.

CHILDREN:

- i Carleton Streeter: Born Redwood City, Cal., Apr. 13, 1887. Died Rockford, Ill., May, 1939. Married Clara Rose Richards, born Grass Valley, Cal. She died Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 20, 1938.
 - ii Albert John: Born Redwood City, Cal., Oct. 28, 1888. Married Katherine Scott, born Bethany, Cal., Jan. 24, 1888.
 - iii Leland Sereno: Born Redwood City, Cal., Apr. 9, 1891.
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(4) CARLTON STREETER RATHBONE: Married Clara Rose Richards, born Grass Valley, Cal. Died Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 20, 1938. He attended the University of California with the class of 1909. An insurance man by profession, he died Rockford, Ill., in May, 1939.

CHILDREN:

- i Cecyl: Born Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 10, 1911. Married Lawrence Walls Cooper, born Clifton, Ariz., Oct. 16, 1906.
 - ii Carlton Richards: Born Santa Rosa, Cal., Jan. 28, 1914. Married (1) Genevieve Gertrude Gay, born Mar. 13, 1912. Died Los Angeles in November, 1953. Married (2) Ruby Lillian Lindgren, born Tulare, Cal.
-

(5) CECYL RATHBONE: Married Lawrence Walls Cooper in Berkeley, Cal., Feb. 18, 1933. She attended the University of California with the class of 1933. He is engaged in church administrative work at Klamath Falls, Ore.

CHILDREN:

- i Lawrence Gordon: Born San Francisco, Nov. 10, 1933. Married Marie Castelli, born May 25, 1929.
 - ii Janet Elizabeth: Born San Francisco, Feb. 4, 1935. Married Delaine Lafayette Luft, born Iowa, June 16, 1932.
 - iii David Richards: Born Berkeley, Cal., Jan. 26, 1937. Served four years in the U. S. Navy.
 - iv Katherine Cecyl: Born Berkeley, Jan. 3, 1946.
 - v Mary Carol: Born Berkeley, Oct. 3, 1947.
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(6) LAWRENCE GORDON COOPER: Married Marie Castelli, Jan. 16, 1957.

CHILDREN:

- i Michael Thomas: Born Salinas, Cal., Dec. 29, 1957.
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(6) JANET ELIZABETH COOPER: Married Delaine Lafayette Tuft, July 10, 1954.

CHILDREN:

- i Jeffery Lawrence: Born Salinas, Cal., Jan. 22, 1959.
 - ii Sandra Jean: Born Monterey, Cal., Jan. 23, 1961.
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(5) **CARLTON RICHARDS RATHBONE:** Married (1) Gertrude Gay in Berkeley, Cal., Feb. 20, 1937. She died Los Angeles in November, 1953. (Two children.) He married (2) Ruby Lillian Lindgren, Feb. 19, 1955. (One child.) He graduated University of California in 1936.

CHILDREN:

- i Robert Carlton: Born Fresno, Cal., July 1, 1939. A graduate of the University of California in 1936, he is a 2nd Lt. in the U. S. Army Reserve.
 - ii Donald Gay: Born Kingsburg, Cal., Mar. 28, 1943.
 - iii Richard Nils (Ruby's son): Born Fresno, Cal., Apr. 14, 1956.
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(4) **ALBERT JOHN RATHBONE:** Married Katherine Scott in Berkeley, Cal., July 19, 1913. Born Bethany, Cal., Jan. 24, 1888, she was the daughter of James Scott and Katherine (King) Scott, both of whom were born in Scotland. Albert graduated in agriculture from the University of California in 1912, followed by an M. A. in Education. He retired from school administration in 1950 and is now engaged in church administration work at Santa Barbara, Cal.

CHILDREN:

- i John Streeter: Born Santa Rosa, Cal., Dec. 3, 1916. Married Leona Solon, born Niles, Cal., Feb. 27, 1918.
 - ii Katherine King: Born Santa Rosa, July 27, 1919. Married William Parrish.
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(5) **JOHN STREETER RATHBONE:** Married Leona Solon at Niles, Cal., Dec. 21, 1940. Born there Feb. 27, 1918, she was the daughter of Leon Solon and Mary (Bertolozzi) Solon. John graduated in dental surgery from the University of California in 1940 and served as a Lt. Commander (Dentistry) in the U. S. Navy during the 2nd World War.

CHILDREN:

- i John Robert: Born Santa Barbara, Aug. 16, 1946.
 - ii Mary Katherine: Born Santa Barbara, Jan. 27, 1949.
 - iii Nancy Lee: Born Santa Barbara, Oct. 8, 1955.
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(5) KATHERINE KING RATHBONE: Married William Parrish in Berkeley, July 19, 1940. He graduated in mechanical engineering at the University of California in 1940 and is at present stationed at Vandenberg Air Base.

CHILDREN:

- i William Scott: Born Chicago, Mar. 6, 1945.
- ii Katherine Ann: Born Schenectady, N. Y., May 7, 1948.
- iii James Gordon: Born Pasadena, Cal., May 11, 1954.

(4) LELAND SERENO RATHBONE: Born Apr. 9, 1891, at Redwood City, Cal., he graduated in agriculture from the University of California in 1914. He served in the U. S. Marine Corps during the 1st World War and eventually took up the profession of civil engineer.

MILITARY SERVICE ROSTER

Joseph Baker: Vermont Militia, Revolutionary War
Henry Bolte: 60th British Infantry, Waterloo and Siege of Quebec
Guy Carleton Baker: N. Y. Militia, War of 1812
John Haven Willard: Major, N. H. Militia
George Wooster: Ill. Volunteer Infantry, Civil War
Charles Guy Bolte: Captain, Ill. National Guard
Anson Lee Bolte: Captain, Ill. National Guard, Spanish American War; Colonel, 3rd Ill. Provisional Infantry, 1st World War; Colonel, 131 Ill. Infantry, following that war.
John Haven Willard III: Ill. National Guard
John Willard Bolte: 1st Lt., 3rd Ill. Provisional Infantry, 1st World War
Guy Willard Bolte: 2nd Lt., 18th Field Artillery, 1st World War
Charles Lawrence Bolte: General and Vice Chief of Staff: U. S. Army; served in both World Wars
Roswell Anson Bolte: 2nd Lt., 149th Field Artillery, 1st World War
Leland Sereno Rathbone: U. S. Marine Corps, 1st World War
John Henry Bolte: Lt., U. S. Navy, 2nd World War
Brown Bolte: Major, U. S. Army, 2nd World War
Charles Guy Bolte II: Lt., U. S. Navy, 2nd World War
Alan Bolte: Lt., U. S. Navy, 2nd World War
Charles Guy Bolte III: 2nd Lt., British Infantry (Same regiment in which his great grandfather, Henry Bolte, served at Waterloo), 2nd World War
Charles Gordon MacCracken: Captain, Field Artillery, 2nd World War
Elliott Bolte MacCracken: Lt., Army Signal Corps, 2nd World War
George Henry Bass II: U. S. Navy, 2nd World War
Willard Streeter Bass, Jr.: 1st Lt., U. S. Army, 2nd World War
Robert Ness Bass: Lt., U. S. Navy, 2nd World War
Dr. John Streeter Rathbone: Lt. Commander, U. S. Navy Dental Corps, 2nd World War
Anson Lockwood Bolte: U. S. Air Corps, 2nd World War
David Endicott Bolte: Major, U. S. Regular Army, Korean Conflict
Philip Lawrence Bolte: Major, U. S. Regular Army, Korean Conflict
George Melvin Schwartz, Jr.: U. S. Army, 2nd World War
John Bernard Schwartz: U. S. Army, 2nd World War
David Richards Rathbone: Four years in the U. S. Navy
Robert Carlton Rathbone: 2nd Lieutenant, U. S. Army Reserve

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